THE

WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

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BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY

HENRY WEBER, Esq.

VOLUME THE FOURTEENTH,

CONTAINING

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.
THE MAID OF THE MILL.
LOVE'S PILGRIMAGE.
THE LOVERS' PROGRESS.

EDINBURGH:

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1812.

THE

NIGHT-WALKER;

OR,

THE LITTLE THIEF.

BY

FLETCHER AND SHIRLEY.

VOL. XIV.

THE NIGHT-WALKER.

This Comedy was printed in quarto in the year 1640, with the following title:—"The Night Walker, or, The Little Theife. A Comedy. As it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the Private House in Drury-Lane. Written by John Fletcher, Gent. London, Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Andrew Cooke, and William Cooke. 1640." Another quarto appeared in 1661. Eight years after the death of Fletcher it was put into the hands of Shirley, and received some additions from him, as will appear from the following entry among Sir Henry Herbert's memorandums: "For a play of Fletcher's, *corrected by Shirley*, called the Night-Warker, the 11th May, 1633, 2*l.* 0*s.* 0*d.* For the queen's players." From the same MS. it appears that it was acted at court, and favourably received the same year. "The Night-Walker was acted on Thursday night, the 30th January, 1633, before the king and queen. Likt as a merry play, made by Fletcher." After the Restoration, this comedy still continued in favour; and Langbaine informs us, that he had seen it "acted by the king's servants, with great applause, both in the city and country." In later times, it has shared the neglect of most of our author's plays, being entirely laid aside.

The greater portion of the play beas strong and characteristic marks of being Fletcher's production; but part of the third act, in which Prynne's Histriomastix is ridiculed, must have been added by Shirley, in 1633, when it was brought on the stage, and when Prynne's virulent attack on the theatres appeared.

The comedy is justly characterized by Sir Henry Herbert as "a merry play." It is full of bustle and amusing incidents; but it bears evident marks, like the Noble Gentleman, of not having been very carefully polished by the author. The *dramatis personæ* are not distinguished by minute shades of character; most of them bearing a strong resemblance to others in the earlier comedies of our poets. Algripe naturally brings Morecraft, in the Scornful Lady, to our recollection, but his conversion is managed

with infinitely more art; Wildbrain reminds us of Monsieur Thomas; and the amours of Heartlove and Maria bear a considerable resemblance to those of Francisco and Cellidè in the same comedy; finally, Alathe is a striking parallel to Alinda in The Pilgrim.[1]

[1] In the general introduction to these volumes, the editor has hazarded a supposition, that the present comedy was a revival, with alterations by Shirley, of Fletcher's Devil of Dowgate; or, Usury put to Use, mentioned in Sir Henry Herbert's MSS.

To the worthily deserving all his ingenuous Attributes, William Hudson, Esq.[1]

WORTHY SIR,

I should derogate from your worth to doubt of your pardon, and I should wrong too much your goodness to present the endeavours of some frothy brain to the trial of your judgment, when the more ignorant world had already condemned it; but, sir, this is one of the coheirs of much admired, much lamented Fletcher, whose matchless fancies are fit only for the perusal of such as you, who have candour and knowledge so united, that there cannot be a reprieve for those poems you condemn. Accept this weak testimony of my service, and, as yours by familiar acquaintance with them, favourably entertain these witty conceits particularly presented unto you, by him who shall glory in nothing more than to be styled the honourer of your virtues,

A. C.[2]

[1] From the first quarto.

[2] Andrew Cooke the stationer.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Justice Algripe, *married to Maria.*
Frank Heartlove, *enamoured of Maria.*
Tom Lurcher, *brother to Alathe.*
Jack Wildbrain, *nephew to the lady.*
Toby, *coachman to the lady.*
Gentlemen.
Servants.
Sexton.
Bell-ringers.

Lady,[1] *mother to Maria.*
Maria, *in love with Heartlove.*
Alathe, *contracted to Algripe, disguised as a boy.*
Nurse.
Mistress Newlove.
Women.
Mistress, *a courtezan to Lurcher.*

SCENE,—London.

[1] *Lady.*] In the third act she is called *Mistress Win.*

THE

NIGHT-WALKER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before the House of Algripe.

Enter LURCHER *and* WILDBRAIN.

Lurc. Jack!
Wildb. What wind brought thee hither?
In what old hollow tree, or rotten wall,
Hast thou been, like a swallow, all this winter?
Where hast thou been, man?
Lurc. Following the plough.
Wildb. What plough? Thou hast no land;
Stealing's thy only purchase.[1]

[1] *Stealing's thy own purchase.*] Mason proposed the variation now inserted in the text, which I have no doubt whatever was the word intended by the author. *Purchase* means evidently *way of livelihood*, and in the next page it is used as a verb, for acquiring property. Having obtained a kind of cant-meaning, it was applied with great latitude by old writers.

Lurc. The best inheritance.
Wildb. Not in my opinion;
Thou hadst five hundred pound a-year.
Lurc. 'Tis gone:
Pr'ythee, no more on't! Have I not told thee,
And oftentimes, Nature made all men equal,
Her distribution to each child alike;
Till Labour came and thrust a new will in,
Which I allow not; till men won a privilege
By that they call *endeavour*, which indeed
Is nothing but a lawful cozenage,
An allowed way to cheat? Why should my neighbour,
That hath no more soul than his horsekeeper,
Nor bounteous faculties above a broom-man,
Have forty thousand pounds, and I four groats?
Why should he keep it?
Wildb. Thy old opinion still.
Lurc. Why should that scrivener,
That ne'er writ reason in his life, nor any thing
That time e'er gloried in; that never knew
How to keep any courtesy conceal'd,
But *noverint universi* must proclaim it,
Purchase perpetually, and I a rascal?
Consider this; why should that mouldy cobler
Marry his daughter to a wealthy merchant,
And give five thousand pound? is this good justice?
Because he has a tougher constitution,
Can feed upon old songs, and save his money,
Therefore must I go beg?
Wildb. What's this to thee?
Thou canst not mend it: If thou be'st determined
To rob all, like a tyrant, yet take heed
A keener justice do not overtake thee,
And catch you in a noose.
Lurc. I am no woodcock;

He that shall sit down frighted with that foolery
Is not worth pity; let me alone to shuffle!
Thou art for wenching.

Wildb. For beauty I, a safe course:
No halter hangs in my way; I defy it.

Lurc. But a worse fate, a wilful poverty;
For where thou gain'st by one that indeed loves thee,
A thousand will draw from thee; 'tis thy destiny!
One is a kind of weeping cross, Jack,
A gentle purgatory: Do not fling at all;
You'll pay the box so often, till you perish.

Wildb. Take you no care for that, sir, 'tis my pleasure:
I will employ my wits a great deal faster
Than you shall do your fingers; and my loves,
If I mistake not, shall prove riper harvest
And handsomer, and come within less danger.
Where's thy young sister?

Lurc. I know not where she is; she's not worth caring for,
She has no wit. Oh, you'd be nibbling with her!
She's far enough, I hope: I know not where:
She's not worth caring for, a sullen thing,
She would not take my counsel, Jack; and so
I parted from her.

Wildb. Leave her to her wants?

Lurc. I gave her a little money, what I could spare;
She had a mind to th' country; she is turn'd,
By this, some farmer's dairy-maid;[2] I may meet her
Riding from market one day, 'twixt her dorsers;[3]
If I do, by this hand I wo'not spare

[2] *Some* farrier's *dairy maid.*] Corrected by Sympson.

[3] *Dorsers.*] i. e. *Panniers.*—Ed. 1778.

Her butter-pence.

Wildb. Thou wilt not rob thy sister?

Lurc. She shall account me for her eggs and cheeses.

Wildb. A pretty girl. Did not old Algripe love her?
A very pretty girl she was.

Lurc. Some such thing;
But he was too wise to fasten. Let her pass.

Wildb. Then where's thy mistress?

Lurc. Where you sha' not find her,
Nor know what stuff she is made on; no, indeed, sir,
I chose her not for your use.

Wildb. Sure she's handsome.

Lurc. Yes, indeed is she; she is very handsome;
But that's all one.

Wildb. You'll come to th' marriage?

Lurc. Is it
To-day?

Wildb. Now, now, they are come from church now.

Lurc. Any great preparation?
Does Justice Algripe shew his power?

Wildb. Very glorious,
And glorious people there.

Lurc. I may meet with him
Yet ere I die, as cunning as he is.

Wildb. You may do good, Tom, at the marriage;
We have plate and dainty things.

Lurc. Do you no harm, sir;
For yet methinks the marriage should be marr'd
If thou may'st have thy will: Farewell! say nothing! [*Exit.*

Enter Gentlemen.

Wildb. You are welcome, noble friends.
1 *Gent.* I thank you, sir.—
Nephew to the old lady; his name's Wildbrain,
And wild his best condition.
2 *Gent.* I have heard of him.—
I pray you tell me, sir, is young Maria merry
After her marriage-rites? Does she look lively?
How does she like her man?
Wildb. Very scurvily;
And as untowardly she prepares herself:
But it is mine aunt's will, that this dull metal
Must be mix'd with her, to allay her handsomeness.
1 *Gent.* Had Heartlove no fast friends?
Wildb. His means are little;
And where those littles are, as little comforts
Ever keep company: I know she loves him,
His memory beyond the hopes of Heaven,[4]
Beyond the Indies in his mouldy cabinets;
But 'tis her unhandsome fate——

Enter HEARTLOVE.

1 *Gent.* I am sorry for't.
Here comes poor Frank.—Nay, we are friends; start not, sir!
We see your willow, and are sorry for't;
And, though it be a wedding, we are half mourners.
Heartl. Good gentlemen, remember not my fortunes;
They are not to be help'd with words.

[4] —— *beyond the hopes of*——] It is evident that this break, which has not been filled up hitherto, was occasioned by the delicacy of the licensers; certainly not of the printers, as Mason supposes.

Wildb. Look up, man!
A proper sensible fellow, and shrink for a wench?
Are there no more? or is she all the handsomeness?

Heartl. Pr'ythee, leave fooling.

Wildb. Pr'ythee, leave thou whining!
Have maids forgot to love?

Heartl. You are injurious.

Wildb. Let 'em alone a while, they'll follow thee.

1 *Gent.* Come, good Frank,
Forget now, since there is no remedy,
And shew a merry face, as wise men would do.

2 *Gent.* Be a free guest, and think not of those passages.

Wildb. Think how to nick him home; thou know'st she dotes on thee;
Graft me a dainty medlar on his crabstock;
Pay me the dreaming puppy.

Heartl. Well, make your mirth, the whilst I bear my misery:
Honest minds would have better thoughts.

Wildb. I am her kinsman,
And love her well, am tender of her youth;
Yet, honest Frank, before I would have that stinkard,
That walking rotten tomb, enjoy her maidenhead—

Heartl. Pr'ythee leave mocking!

Wildb. Pr'ythee, Frank, believe me;
Go to, consider. Hark, they knock to dinner!
[*Knock within.*
Come, wo't thou go?

2 *Gent.* I pr'ythee, Frank, go with us,
And laugh and dance as we do.

Heartl. You are light, gentlemen,
Nothing to weigh your hearts; pray give me leave!
I'll come and see, and take my leave.

Wildb. We'll look for you.
Do not despair; I have a trick yet. [*Exit.*

Heartl. Yes,
When I am mischievous I'll believe your projects!
She is gone, for ever gone, (I cannot help it,)
My hopes and all my happiness gone with her,
Gone like a pleasing dream! What mirth and jollity
Reigns round about this house! how every office
Sweats with new joys! Can she be merry too?
Is all this pleasure set by her appointment?
Sure she has a false heart then. Still they grow louder.
The old man's god, his gold, has won upon her,
(Light-hearted, cordial gold!) and all my services,
That offered naked truth, are clean forgotten:
Yet if she were compell'd—but it cannot be—
If I could but imagine her will mine,
Although he had her body——

Enter LADY *and* WILDBRAIN.

Lady. He shall come in!
Walk without doors o' this day! Though an enemy,
It must not be.

Wildb. You must compel him, madam.

Lady. No, she shall fetch him in, nephew; it shall be so.

Wildb. It will be fittest. [*Exit with* LADY.

Heartl. Can fair Maria look again upon me?
Can there be so much impudence in sweetness?
Or has she got a strong heart to defy me?

Enter MARIA.

She comes herself: How rich she is in jewels!
Methinks they shew like frozen isicles,

Cold Winter had hung on her. How the roses,
That kept continual spring within her cheeks,
Are wither'd with the old man's dull embraces!
She would speak to me.—I can sigh too, lady;
But from a sounder heart: Yes, and can weep too;
But 'tis for you, that ever I believed you,
Tears of more pious value than your marriage!
You would excuse yourself,[5] and I must credit you,
So much my old obedience compels from me.
Go, and forget me, and my poverty——
I need not bid you, you're too perfect that way:
But still remember that I loved Maria,
Loved with a loyal love. Nay, turn not from me!
I will not ask a tear more, you are bountiful;
Go, and rejoice, and I will wait upon you
That little of my life left!

Maria. Good sir, hear me!
What has been done, was the act of my obedience
And not my will, forced from me by my parents:
Now 'tis done, do as I do, bear it handsomely;
And if there can be more society,
Without dishonour to my tie of marriage,
Or place for noble love, I shall love you still.
You had the first; the last, had my will prosper'd.
You talk of little time of life, dear Frank;
Certain, I am not married for eternity:
The joy my marriage brings, tells me I am mortal,
And shorter-lived than you, else I were miserable;
Nor can the gold and ease his age hath brought me
Add what I coveted content. Go with me;

[5] *You would* encase *yourself.*] Sympson supposes *encase* a corruption, and would substitute *excuse.* We think *encase* may be genuine, and used in the sense of DEFEND, ARM *yourself with an excuse.*—Ed. 1778.

Encase, as explained in this note, bears such a forced and unauthorised meaning, that I have no hesitation in preferring Sympson's variation. The corruption might easily happen.

They seek a day of joy; pr'ythee let's shew it,
Though it be forced; and, by this kiss believe me,
However I must live at his command now,
I'll die at yours.

Heartl. I have enough; I'll honour you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter LURCHER.

Lurc. Here are my trinkets, and this lusty marriage
I mean to visit; I have shifts of all sorts,
And here are thousand wheels to set 'em working.
I am very merry, for I know this wedding
Will yield me lusty pillage: If mad Wildgoose,
That debosh'd rogue, keep but his ancient revels,
And breed a hubbub in the house, I am happy.—

Enter ALATHE, *as a Boy.*

Now, what are you?

Alathe. A poor distressed boy, sir,
Friendless and comfortless, that would entreat
Some charity and kindness from your worship.
I would fain serve, sir, and as fain endeavour
With duteous labour to deserve the love
Of that good gentleman shall entertain me.

Lurc. A pretty boy, but of too mild a breeding,
Too tender, and too bashful a behaviour.
What canst thou do?
Alathe. I can learn any thing
That's good and honest, and shall please a master.
Lurc. He blushes as he speaks, and that I like not;
I love a bold and secure confidence,
An impudence that one may trust: This boy now,
Had I instructed him, had been a jewel,
A treasure for my use.—Thou canst not lie?
Alathe. I would not willingly.
Lurc. Nor thou hast no wit
To dissemble neatly?
Alathe. Do you love such boys, sir?
Lurc. Oh, mainly, mainly; I would have my boy impudent,
Out-face all truth, yet do it piously;
Like Proteus, cast himself into all forms,
As sudden and as nimble as his thoughts;
Blench at no danger, though it be the gallows,
Nor make no conscience of a cozenage,
Though it be i' th' church. Your soft, demure, still children
Are good for nothing, but to get long graces,
And sing songs to dull tunes: I would keep thee,
And cherish thee, hadst thou any active quality,
And be a tender master to thy knavery;
But thou art not for my use.
Alathe. Do you speak this seriously?
Lurc. Yes, indeed do I.
Alathe. Would you have your boy, sir,
Read in these moral mischiefs?
Lurc. Now thou mov'st me.
Alathe. And be a well-train'd youth in all activities?
Lurc. By any means.

Alathe. Or do you this to try me,
Fearing a proneness?
Lurc. I speak this to make thee.
Alathe. Then take me, sir, and cherish me, and love me;
You have me what you would: Believe me, sir,
I can do any thing for your advantage.
I guess at what you mean; I can lie naturally,
As easily as I can sleep, sir, and securely;
As naturally I can steal too——
Lurc. That I am glad on,
Right heartily glad on; hold thee there, thou art excellent.
Alathe. Steal any thing from any body living.
Lurc. Not from thy master?
Alathe. That is mine own body,
And must not be.
Lurc. The boy mends mightily.
Alathe. A rich man, that like snow heaps up his monies,
I have a kind of pious zeal to meet still;
A fool, that not deserves 'em, I take pity on,
For fear he should run mad, and so I ease him.
Lurc. Excellent boy, and able to instruct me!
Of mine own nature just!
Alathe. I scorn all hazard,
And on the edge of danger I do best, sir.
I have a thousand faces to deceive,
And, to those, twice so many tongues to flatter;
An impudence, no brass was ever tougher;
And for my conscience——
Lurc. Peace! I have found a jewel,
A jewel all the Indies cannot match!
And thou shalt feel——
Alathe. This tittle, and I ha' done, sir:
I never can confess, I have that spell on me;
And such rare modesties before a magistrate,

Such innocence to catch a judge, such ignorance—
Lurc. I'll learn of thee; thou art mine own.
. Come, boy!
I'll give thee action presently.
Alathe. Have at you!
Lurc. What must I call thee?
Alathe. Snap, sir.
Lurc. 'Tis most natural;
A name born to thee: Sure thou art a fairy!
Shew but thy skill, and I shall make thee happy.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the House of Algripe.

Enter LADY, *Nurse, Mrs* NEWLOVE, *and* TOBY.

Lady. Where be these knaves? who serves up all the liveries?[6]
Is the bride's bed made?
Toby. Yes, madam, and a bell

[6] *Who* strues *up all the* liveries?] This is not sense as it stands. We should probably read,—"Who *sewer* up all the liveries?" That is, "Who serve up the portions of victuals to the servants," which was the business of the sewer.—*Mason.*

The correction of Mason is very harsh, and that introduced in the text has the authority of Spenser, who, in his State of Ireland, furnishes us with an explanation of the text: "In great houses the *livery* is said to be *served up* for all night, that is, their evening allowance of drink." It is strange that the editors of 1750 and 1778 neither saw the necessity of correcting this nonsensical corruption of the old copies, nor endeavoured to explain it.

Hung under it artificially.
Lady. Out, knave, out!
Must we have 'larums now?
Toby. A little warning,
That we may know when to begin our healths, madam.
The justice is a kind of old jade, madam,
That will go merriest with a bell.
Lady. All the house drunk?
Toby. This is a day of jubilee.
Lady. Are the best hangings up? and the plate set out?
Who makes the posset, Nurse?
Nurse. The dairy-maid,
And she will put that in will make him caper.—
Well, madam, well, you might ha' chose another,
A handsomer, for her years.[7]
Lady. Peace! he is rich, nurse;
He's rich, and that is beauty.
Nurse. I am sure he's rotten;
'Would he had been hang'd when he first saw her!
Lady. Termagant!
What an angry quean is this!—Where * * *
* * * * * * Who looks to him?[8]

[7] *A handsomer, for* your *years.*] The amendment proposed by Sympson.

[8] *'Would he had been hang'd when he first saw her.* Termagant!
Lady. *What an angry quean is this, where,*
Who looks to him?] So this passage is exhibited in the old quarto, and no doubt two material corruptions have taken place. The first (giving the exclamation *Termagant!* to the Nurse) was rectified by Sympson, who, however, unnecessarily strikes out *angry quean*, supposing the author to have first written so, and then to have crossed it out, and written Termagant over it. Both exclamations should certainly be retained.—The second corruption is more material. The question—"Where, who looks to him?" evidently referring to Heartlove, is so very abrupt, that some omission must have happened. Mason wishes to supply it thus,—

Toby. He's very merry, madam; Master Wild-brain
Has him in hand, i' th' bottom o' the cellar;
He sighs and tipples.
Nurse. Alas, good gentleman!
My heart's sore for thee.
Lady Sorrow must have his course. Sirrah,
Give him some sack to dry up his remembrance.
How does the bridegroom? I am afraid of him.
Nurse. He's a trim youth to be tender of, hemp take him!
Must my sweet new-blown rose find such a winter
Before her spring be near?
Lady. Peace, peace! thou'rt foolish.
Nurse. And dances like a town-top,[9] and reels and hobbles.
Lady. Alas, good gentleman! give him not much wine.
Toby. He shall ha' none by my consent.
Lady. Are the women comforting my daughter?

"Where's Heartlove? Who looks to him?" But, from the manner in which the text is printed, I have no doubt that a whole line was lost,—a corruption much more likely to have happened than the omission of Heartlove's name, which, being distinguished by a capital letter, was not very liable to be overlooked by the compositor. The sense of the omitted line may easily be guessed.

[9] Nurse. *And dances like a town-top.*] The putting this line in the *Nurse's* mouth is against all sense and reason, and confounds the discourse: I suspect these words belong to *Toby*, whose speech at *sighs and tipples* being interrupted by the Lady and the Nurse, is here resumed and finished.—*Sympson.*

This is a most needless and wanton alteration. The speech has no connection with the one referred to by Sympson which regards Heartlove, whereas the present one is a continuation of the Nurse's answer to her Lady's enquiry respecting the bridegroom.—It appears to have been formerly the custom to keep a large top in the towns and villages, probably, as Mr Steevens observes, for the exercise of the inhabitants during the winter. The *parish-top* is alluded to in the Midsummer Night's Dream.

Newl. Yes, yes, madam,
And reading to her a pattern of true patience;[1]
They read, and pray for her too.
Nurse. They had need!
You had better marry her to her grave a great deal;
There will be peace and rest. Alas, poor gentlewoman!
Must she become a nurse, now in her tenderness?
Well, madam, well! my heart bleeds!
Lady. Thou art a fool still——
Nurse. Pray Heaven I be!
Lady. And an old fool, to be vex'd thus!
'Tis late; she must to bed. Go, knave; be merry;
Drink for a boy: Away to all your charges!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the same.

Enter WILDBRAIN *and* HEARTLOVE.

Wildb. Do as thou wo't; but, if thou dost refuse it,
Thou art the stupid'st ass—There's no long arguing;
Time is too precious, Frank.
Heartl. I am hot with wine,
And apt now to believe; but if thou dost this
Out of a villainy, to make me wrong her,

[1] *A pattern of true patience.*] No doubt some manual of morality, well known at the time.

As thou art prone enough——
Wildb. Does she not love thee?
Did she not cry down-right, e'en now, to part with thee?
Had she not swounded* if I had not caught her?
Canst thou have more?
Heartl. I must confess all this.
Wildb. Do not stand prating, and misdoubting, casting!
If she go from thee now, she's lost for ever;
Now, now she's going, she that loves thee, going!
She whom thou lov'st——
Heartl. Pray let me think a little.
Wildb. There is no leisure; think when thou hast embraced her.
Can she imagine thou didst ever honour her?
Ever believe thy oaths, that tamely suffer'st
An old dry ham of horse-flesh to enjoy her,
Enjoy her maidenhead? Take but that from her,
That we may tell posterity a man had it,
A handsome man, a gentleman, a young man,
To save the honour of our house, the credit!
'Tis no great matter I desire.
Heartl. I hear you.
Wildb. Free us both from the fear of breeding fools
And oafs, got by this shadow: We talk too long.
Heartl. She is going now to bed, among the women;
What opportunity can I have to meet her?
Wildb. Let me alone! Hast thou a will? speak soundly,
Speak discretely, speak home and handsomely;
Is't not pity, nay misery, nay infamy, to leave

* *Swounded.*] On account of the metre it is necessary to restore this old way of pronouncing—*swooned.*

So rare a pye to be cut up by a rascal?
Heartl. I will go presently.—Now, now, I stay thee.[3]
Wildb. Such a dainty doe to be taken
By one that knows not neck-beef from a pheasant,
Nor cannot relish braggat from ambrosia?[4]

[3] *Now, now, I* stay thee.] Sympson reads,—"Now, now, *I say,*" and gives these words to Wildbrain. Mason properly observes, that no alteration of the words, which mean "I wait for thee," is requisite; but he approves of transferring the words to Wildbrain, because they suit the impetuosity of his character, and not the irresolution of Heartlove, who had just said that he would go *presently*, that is, *bye and bye*. But the very irresolution of Heartlove is best expressed by his first delaying to go, and then suddenly, after a pause, uttering his consent to go.

[4] *Nor cannot relish* braggat *from* ambrosia.] *Braggat*, i. e. mead and ale sweetened with honey. Our authors, in this place, have receded from the common acceptation of *ambrosia*, making that the liquor here, which the general run of the classics call the meat of the gods. But they are not destitute of good authority for so doing. Thus in Athenæus, b. ii. c. 2. Anaxandrides introduces one, saying, that he *eats* nectar and *drinks* ambrosia, &c. And Sappho too to the same purpose, a little lower, says in one of her poems,

A bowl ambrosial was mixed.

Apuleius, b. vi. among the Latins, takes the same liberty; when Psyche is to be made immortal, Mercury holds out a cup of *ambrosia* to her, and bids her drink of it, &c.

After I had wrote this, I found the same observation had been made by *Le Clerc* in his notes upon Hesiod's Theogony, ver 640. Neither are our authors the only English poets who make *ambrosia* the gods' *drink*. Taylor, the water-poet, has done the same in his Pennyless Pilgrimage:

"*And I intreat you take these words for no-lies;*
I had good aqua-vitæ, *rosa so-lies,*
With sweet ambrosia (*the gods own drink*)
Most excellent geere for mortals as I think."

But how this person came by the knowledge of such a thing I have neither will nor leisure to examine at present.—*Sympson.*

Probably Fletcher was utterly unacquainted with the classical authorities which Sympson has here furnished.

Is it not conscience?

Heartl. Yes, yes; now I feel it.

Wildb. A meritorious thing?

Heartl Good father Wildgoose,
I do confess it.

Wildb. Come then, follow me,
And pluck a man's heart up! I'll lock thee privately,
Where she alone shall presently pass by,
None near to interrupt thee: But be sure——

Heartl. I shall be sure enough; lead on, and crown me.

Wildb. No wringings in your mind now, as you love me! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Gallery in the same.

Enter Lady, Maria, Algripe, *Gentlewomen, Nurse, and Mrs* Newlove.

Lady. 'Tis time you were a-bed.

Alg. I pr'ythee, sweetheart,
Consider my necessity!—Why art sad?
I must tell you a tale in your ear anon——

Nurse. Of Tom Thumb;
I believe that will prove your stiffest story.

Newl. I pity thee, young wench!

1 *Gentlew.* And so do I too.

2 *Gentlew.* Come, old sticks take fire.

1 *Gentlew.* But the plague is, he'll burn out instantly.
Give him another cup.
2 *Gentlew.* Those are but flashes;
A tun of sack wo' not set him high enough.—
Will you to bed?
Maria. I must.
1 *Gentlew.* Come, have a good heart,
And win him like a bowl to lie close to you;[5]
Make your best use!
Alg. Nay, pr'ythee, duck, go instantly:
I'll dance a jig or two to warm my body.

Enter WILDBRAIN.

Wildb. 'Tis almost midnight.
Lady. Pr'ythee to bed, Maria.
Wildb. Go you afore, and let the ladies follow,
And leave her to her thoughts awhile; there must be
A time of taking leave of these same fooleries,
Bewailing o' their maidenheads.[6]
Lady. Come then,
We'll wait in the next room.
Alg. Do not tarry;
For if thou dost, by my troth I shall fall asleep, Mall.
[*Exeunt all but* WILDBRAIN *and* MARIA.
Wildb. Do, do, and dream of dottrels!—Get you to bed quickly,
And let us ha' no more stir; come, no crying!
'Tis too late now; carry yourself discretely:

[5] *And win him like a bowl.*] A single letter seems wanting here, *And wind him like a bowl.*—Sympson.
The allusion being to a game, proves the propriety of the text.

[6] *Bewailing* others *maidenheads.*] Corrected in 1750.

The old thief loves thee dearly, that's the benefit;
For the rest, you must make your own play. Nay, not that way!
They'll pull you all to pieces for your whim-whams,
Your garters and your gloves; go modestly,
And privately steal to bed; 'tis very late, Mall;
For if you go by them, such a new larum——

Maria. I know not which way to avoid 'em.

Wildb. This way,
This through the cloisters, and so steal to bed!
When you are there once, all will separate,
And give you rest: I came out of my pity
To shew you this.

Maria. I thank you.

Wildb. Here's the keys;
Go presently, and lock the doors fast after you,
That none shall follow.

Maria. Good night!

Wildb. Good night, sweet cousin!
A good and sweet night—or I'll curse thee, Frank.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A Dark Cloister.

Enter HEARTLOVE.

Heartl. She stays long: Sure young Wildgoose has abused me,
He has made sport wi' me. I may yet get out again,
And I may see his face once more: I ha' foul intentions;

But they are drawn on by a fouler dealing.

Enter MARIA.

Hark, hark! it was the door!
Something comes this way, wond'rous still and stealing!
May be, some walking spirit to affright me.
Maria. Oh, Heaven, my fortune!
Heartl. 'Tis her voice! stay. [*Seizes her.*
Maria. Save me,
Bless me, you better powers!
Heartl I am no devil.
Maria. You are little better, to disturb me now.
Heartl. My name is Heartlove.
Maria. Fy, fy, worthy friend!
Fy, noble sir!
Heartl. I must talk further with you:
You know my fair affection——
Maria. So preserve it;
You know I am married now. For shame, be civiler!
Not all the earth shall make me——
Heartl. Pray walk this way;
And if you ever loved me——
Maria. Take heed, Frank,
How you divert that love to hate: Go home, pr'ythee.
Heartl. Shall he enjoy that sweet——
Maria. Nay, pray unhand me.
Heartl. He that never felt what love was?
Maria. Then I charge you
Stand further off!
Heartl. I am tame; but let me walk wi' you,
Talk but a minute.
Maria. So your talk be honest,
And my untainted honour suffer not,

I'll walk a turn or two.

Heartl. Give me your hand then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

A Bed-room in the same House.

Enter WILDBRAIN, ALGRIPE, LADY, *Nurse, Gentlewomen, and Mrs* NEWLOVE.

Alg She is not in her chamber.

Lady. She is not here.

Wildb. And I'll tell you what I dream'd——

Alg. Give me a torch!

1 *Gentlew.* Be not too hasty, sir.

Wildb. Nay, let him go;
For if my dream be true he must be speedy;
He will be trick'd, and blazed else.[7]

Nurse. As I am a woman,
I cannot blame her if she take her liberty!
'Would she would make thee cuckold, thou old bully,
A notorious cuckold, for tormenting her!

Lady. I'll hang her then.

Nurse. I'll bless her then! she does justice:
Is this old stinking dog's-flesh for her diet?

Wildb. Pr'ythee, honest Nurse, do not fret too much;

[7] Trickt, *and* blazed.] *Tricking*, is drawing any person's arms with pen and ink; *blazoning* them is to set them forth in their proper colours.—*Sympson.*

For fear I dream you'll hang yourself too.

Alg. [WILDBRAIN *whispers* ALGRIPE.] The cloister?

Wildb. Such was my fancy; I do not say 'tis true, Nor do I bid you be too confident.

Alg. Where are the keys? the keys I say!

Wildb. I dream'd she had 'em to lock herself in.

Nurse. What a devil do you mean?

Enter Servant.

Wildb. No harm; good Nurse, be patient!

Serv. They are not in the window, where they use to be.

Wildb. What foolish dreams are these!

Alg. I am mad

Wildb. I hope so; [*Apart.*
If you be not mad, I'll do my best to make you.

1 *Gentlew.* This is some trick.

2 *Gentlew.* I smell the Wildgoose.

Alg. Come, gentlemen; come quickly, I beseech you.
Quick as you can! this may be your case, gentlemen.
And bring some lights, some lights! [*Exit.*

Wildb. Move faster, faster! you'll come too late else.
I'll stay behind and pray for you. I had rather
She were dishonest than thou shouldst have her.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

The Cloisters.

Enter MARIA *and* HEARTLOVE.

Maria. You are most unmanly! Yet I have some breath left,
And this steel to defend me: Come not near me!
For if you offer but another violence,
As I have life I'll kill you! if I miss that,
Upon my own heart will I execute,
And let that fair belief out, I had of you.

Heartl. Most virtuous maid, I have done: Forgive my follies;
Pardon, oh, pardon! I now see my wickedness,
And what a monstrous shape it puts upon me.
On your fair hand I seal—

Alg. [*Within.*] Down with the door!

Maria. We are betray'd! Oh, Frank, Frank!

Heartl. I'll die for you;
Rather than you shall suffer, I'll——

Enter ALGRIPE, LADY, *Nurse, Gentlewomen, Mrs* NEWLOVE, *and Servants.*

Alg. Now enter,
Enter, sweet gentlemen. Mine eyes, mine eyes!
Oh, how my head aches!

1 *Gentlew.* Is it possible?

2 *Gentlew.* Hold her; she sinks.

Maria. A plot upon my honour!
To poison my fair name, a studied villainy!
Farewell! As I have hope of peace, I am honest.
[*Faints.*

Alg. My brains, my brains, my monstrous brains! they bud sure.

Nurse. She is gone, she is gone!

Alg. A handsome riddance of her.
'Would I could as easily lose her memory!

Nurse. Is this the sweet of marriage? have I bred thee
For this reward?

1 *Gentlew.* Hold, hold! He's desperate too.

Alg. Be sure you hold him fast! we'll bind him over
To the next sessions, and, if I can, I'll hang him.
[*The Servants seize him.*

Heartl. Nay then, I'll live to be a terror to thee.—
Sweet virgin rose, farewell! Heaven has thy beauty,
That's only fit for Heaven. I'll live a little,
To find the villain out that wrought this injury,
And then, most blessed soul, I'll climb up to thee.
Farewell! I feel myself another creature.
[*He is led out.*

Lady. Oh, misery of miseries!

Nurse. I told you, madam.

Lady. Carry her in.—You will pay back her portion?

Alg. No, not a penny: Pay me back my credit,
And I'll condition wi' ye.

Lady. A sad wedding!
Her grave must be her bridal-bed. Oh, Mall,
'Would I had wed thee to thy own content!
Then I had had thee still.

Alg. I am mad! Farewell!
Another wanton wife will prove a hell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Behind the same House.

Enter Lurcher *and* Alathe.

Lurc. What hast thou done?
Alathe. I have walked through all the lodgings:
A silence, as if Death dwelt there, inhabits.
Lurc. What hast thou seen?
Alathe. Nought but a sad confusion;
Every thing left in such a loose disorder,
That, were there twenty thieves, they would be laden.
Lurc. 'Tis very well; I like thy care: But 'tis strange
A wedding-night should be so solitary.
Alathe. Certainly there's some cause; some death or sickness
Is fallen suddenly upon some friend,
Or some strange news is come.
Lurc. Are they all a-bed?
Alathe. I think so, and sound asleep, unless it be
Some women that keep watch in a low parlour,
And drink, and weep, I know not to what end.
Lurc. Where's all the plate?
Alathe. Why, lock'd up in that room:
I saw the old lady, ere she went to bed,
Put up her plate, and some of the rich hangings,
In a small long chest; her chains and rings are there too:

It stands close by the table, on a form.
Lurc. 'Twas a good notice; didst thou see the men?
Alathe. I saw them sad too, and all take their leaves;
But what they said I was too far to hear, sir.
Lurc. 'Tis daintily discover'd; we shall certainly
Have a most prosperous night. Which way?
Alathe. A close one,[8]
A back-door that the women have left open,
To go in and out to fetch necessaries,
Close on the garden side.
Lurc. I love thy diligence:
Wert thou not fearful?
Alathe. Fearful? I'll be hang'd first.
Lurc. Say they had spied thee?
Alathe. I was then determined
To have cried downright too, and have kept 'em company,
As one that had an interest in their sadness;
Or made an errand to I know not whom, sir.
Lurc. My dainty boy! Let us discharge; that plate
Makes a perpetual motion in my fingers
Till I have fast hold of it.
Alathe. Pray be wise, sir; do't handsomely, be not greedy;
Let's handle it with such an excellence
As if we would bring thieving into honour:
We must disguise, to fright these reverend watches—
Lurc. Still my blest boy!
Alathe. And clear the room of drunken jealousies.
The chest is of some weight, and we may make
Such noise i' th' carriage we may be snapp'd.

[8] *A close one.*] That is, a private one.

Lurc. Come, open: Here's a devil's face.
Alathe. No, no, sir, we'll have no shape so terrible;
We will not do the devil so much pleasure
To have him face our plot.
Lurc. A winding-sheet then!
Alathe. That's too cold a shift,
I would not wear the reward of my wickedness:
I wonder you're an old thief, and no cunninger.
Where's the long cloak?
Lurc. Here, here.
Alathe. Give me the turbant
And the false beard. I hear some coming this way!
Stoop, stoop, and let me sit upon your shoulders,
And now as I direct—Stay, let them enter,
And when I touch move forward; make no noise!
[*She mounts on* LURCHER's *back, and they stand apart.*

Enter Nurse and TOBY.

Nurse. Oh, 'tis a sad time! All the burnt wine's drunk, Nick.
Toby. We may thank your dry chaps for't. The canary's gone too;
No substance for a sorrowful mind to work upon;
I cannot mourn in beer: If she should walk now,
As discontented spirits are wont to do——
Nurse. And meet us in the cellar?
Toby. What fence have we with single beer against her?
What heart can we defy the devil with?
Nurse. The March beer's open.
Toby. A fortification of March beer will do well.
I must confess 'tis a most mighty armour,
For I presume I cannot pray.
Nurse. Why, Nicholas?
Toby. We coachmen have such tumbling faiths, no prayers

Can go an even pace.
Nurse. Hold up your candle.
Toby. Verily, Nurse, I have cried so much
For my young mistress that is mortified,
That if I have not more sack to support me,
I shall even sleep: Heigho, for another flaggon!
These burials and christnings are the mournful'st matters,
And they ask more drink——
Nurse. Drink to a sad heart's needful.
Toby. Mine's ever sad, for I am ever dry, Nurse.
Nurse. Methinks the light burns blue; I pr'ythee snuff it!
There's a thief in't, I think.
Toby. There may be one near it.
Nurse. What's that that moves there, i' th' name of—Nicholas?
That thing that walks?
Toby. 'Would I had a ladder to behold it!
Mercy upon me, the ghost of one o' th' guard sure;
'Tis the devil by his claws, he smells of brimstone;
Sure he farts fire, what an earthquake I have in me!
Out with thy prayer-book, Nurse!
Nurse. It fell i' th' frying-pan, and the cats eat it.
Toby. I have no power to pray! It grows still longer,
'Tis steeple-high now; and it sails away, Nurse.
Let's call the butler up, for he speaks Latin,[9]
And that will daunt the devil. I am blasted;
My belly's grown to nothing.
Nurse. Fly, fly, Toby! [*Exit with* TOBY.

[9] *He speaks* Latin.] The wonderful effect of speaking *Latin* to ghosts, and other supernatural beings, hath at all times uniformly been the prevailing notion of the common people. In like manner, the honest Butler, in Mr Addison's Drummer, recommmends that the Steward shall speak *Latin* to the ghost in that play.—*Reed.*

Alathe. So let them go! And whilst they are astonish'd,
Let's presently upon the rest now, suddenly.
Lurc. Off, off. and up again when we're near the parlour! [*She descends.*
Art sure thou know'st the chest?
Alathe. Though it were i' th' dark, sir,
I can go to it.
Lurc. On then, and be happy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter TOBY.

Toby. How my haunches quake! Is the thing here still?
Now can I out-do any button-maker at his own trade;
I have fifteen fits of an ague.—Nurse, 'tis gone, I hope:
The hard-hearted woman has left me alone.—Nurse!
And she knows too I ha' but a lean conscience to keep me company. [*Noise within.*
The devil's among 'em in the parlour sure,
The ghost three stories high, he has the Nurse sure,
He's boiling of her bones now; hark, how she whistles!
There's gentlewomen within too; how will they do?
I'll to the cook, for he was drunk last night,
And now he's valiant; he's a-kin to th' devil too,
And fears no fire. [*Exit.*

Enter LURCHER *and* ALATHE, *with a Coffin.*

Lurc. No light?
Alathe. None left, sir;
They are gone, and carried all the candles with 'em.
Their fright is infinite; let's make good use on't:

We must be quick, sir, quick, or the house will
rise else.
Lurc. Was this the chest?
Alathe. Yes, yes.
Lurc. There was two of 'em,
Or I mistake.
Alathe. I know the right. No stay, sir,
Nor no discourse, but to our labour lustily!
Put to your strength, and make as little noise—
Then presently out at the back door.
Lurc. Come, boy;
Come, happy child, and let me hug thy excellence!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another in the same.

Enter WILDBRAIN *with a Light.*

Wildb. What thousand noises pass through all
the rooms!
What cries and hurries! Sure the devil's drunk,
And tumbles through the house. My villainies,
That never made me apprehend before
Danger or fear, a little now molest me:
My cousin's death sits heavy o' my conscience;
'Would I had been half-hang'd when I hammer'd it!
I aimed at a living divorce, not at burial,
That Frank might have had some hope. Hark! still

In every room confusion; they're all mad,
Most certain all stark-mad within the house;
A punishment inflicted for my lewdness,[1]
That I might have the more sense of my mischief,
And run the more mad too. My aunt is hang'd
sure,
Sure hang'd herself, or else the fiend has fetch'd her.
I heard a hundred cries, "the devil, the devil!"
Then roaring, and then tumbling; all the chambers
Are a mere Babel, or another Bedlam.
What should I think? I shake myself too:
Can the devil find no time, but when we are merry?
Here's something comes.

Enter Mrs Newlove.

Newl. Oh, that I had some company,
(I care not what they were) to ease my misery,
To comfort me!
Wildb. Who's that?
Newl. Again? Nay then receive——
Wildb. Hold, hold! I am no fury.—
The merchant's wife!
Newl. Are you a man? Pray Heaven you be!
Wildb. I am.
Newl. Alas, I have met, sir,
The strangest things to-night.
Wildb. Why do you stare?
Newl. Pray comfort me, and put your candle out;
For if I see the spirit again I die for't.
And hold me fast, for I shall shake to pieces else.

[1] *My lewdness.*] That is, my idle tricks. *Lewd* is continually used for *idle* by old authors. So in Ben Jonson's Volpone:—

——"they are most *lewd* impostors,
Made all of terms and shreds."

Wildb. I'll warrant you, I'll hold you,
Hold you as tenderly—I have put the light out;
Retire into my chamber, there I'll watch wi' ye,
I'll keep you from all frights.
Newl. And will you keep me?
Wildb. Keep you as secure, lady——
Newl. You must not wrong me then; the devil will have us.
Wildb. No, no, I'll love you; then the devil will fear us;
For he fears all that love. Pray come in quickly!
For this is the malicious hour he walks in,[a]
The hour he blasts sweet faces, lames the limbs in,
Depraves the senses; now within this half-hour,
He will have power to turn all citizens' wives
Into strange creatures, owls, and long-tail'd monkies,
Jays, pies, and parrots: Quickly! I smell his brimstone.
Newl. It comes again! I am gone; shift for yourself, sir! [*Exit.*
Wildb. Sure this whole night is nothing but illusion.
Here's nothing comes: all they are mad! damn'd devil,
To drive her back again! It had been thy policy
To have let us alone; we might have done some fine thing
To have made thy hell-hound laugh: 'Tis a dainty wench;

[a] *The malicious* house.] I am inclined to think that *house* is a corruption for *hour*, and if the reader considers the passage coolly, I make no doubt but he will be of my opinion.—*Sympson.*

Sympson is clearly right, though the last editors endeavour to explain the text, by observing that *house* is used in its astrological sense; but the devil never had any thing to do with astrology.

If I had her again, not all your fellow goblins,
Nor all their claws, should scratch her hence. I'll stay still;
May be her fright will bring her back again;
Yet I will hope.

Enter Toby.

Toby. I can find no bed, no body, nor no chamber;
Sure they are all i' th' cellar! and I cannot find that neither.
I am led up and down like a tame ass; my light's out,
And I grope up and down like blind-man buff,
And break my face, and break my pate.

Wildb. It comes again sure!
I see the shadow; I'll have faster hold now.
Sure she's mad; I long to lie with a mad woman,
She must needs have rare new tricks.

Toby. I hear one whisper:
If it be the devil now to allure me into his clutches,
For devils have a kind of tone like crickets——

Wildb. I have a glimpse of her guise:[3] 'Tis she, would steal by me,
But I'll stand sure.

Toby. I have but a dram of wit left,
And thats even ready to run: Oh, for my bed now!

Wildb. She named a bed; I like that, she repents sure;
Where is she now?

Toby. Who's that?

Wildb. Are you there? In, in,

[3] *I have a glimpse of her. 'Tis she, would steal by me.*] The speaker's name added by Theobald and Sympson. The rest of the line means, 'Tis she, *who* would steal by me. The modern editors read silently and unmetrically—"'Tis she: she would steal by me."

In presently!
Toby. I feel his talons through me;
'Tis an old haggard devil; what will he do with me?
Wildb. Let me kiss thee first, quick, quick!
Toby. A lecherous devil!
Wildb. What a hairy whore 'tis; sure she has a muffler.[4]
Toby. If I should have a young Satan by him, (for I dare not deny him)
In what case were I! Who durst deliver me?
Wildb. 'Tis but my fancy; she's the same. In quickly,
Gently, my sweet girl!
Toby. Sweet devil, be good to me! [*Exeunt.*

[4] *Muffler.*] This was originally a piece of linen worn by women, which covered the lower part of the face. Representations of the mode in which they were worn, from ancient wooden cuts, are given in Mr Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare. The word was also applied to a mask, and from Wildbrain's mistaking the beard of Toby for a muffler, it may be presumed that he alludes to the velvet masques fashionable at the time, and generally imported from France.

SCENE III.

A Room in the House of Lurcher's *Mistress.*

Enter LURCHER *and* ALATHE.

Lurc. Where's my love, boy?
Alathe. She's coming with a candle,
To see our happy prize.
Lurc. I am cruel weary.
Alathe. I cannot blame ye; plate is very heavy
To carry without light or help.
Lurc. The fear too
At every stumble to be discover'd, boy,
At every cough to raise a constable!
Well, we'll be merry now.
Alathe. We have some reason:
Things compass'd without fear or imminent danger,
Are too luxurious,[5] sir, to live upon:
Money and wealth got thus are as full venture,
And carry in their natures as much merit,

[5] *Are too* luxurious *to live upon.*] The meaning of *luxurious* seems here to be that of *sweet, cloying*, &c. a sense I never remember to have found it used in: If the line is to be altered, I would do it thus,—

Are too too luscious, sir, *to live upon.*—Sympson.

There is no reason to adopt Sympson's conjectures, as *luxurious* evidently means the same as *luscious* in this and several other places in old plays. The word was used with great latitude of meaning, and occurs in Shakspeare more than once for *lascivious.*

As his that digs 'em out o' th' mine; they taste too,[6]
Season'd with doubts and dangers, most deliciously;
Riches that fall upon us are too ripe,
And dull our appetites.

Lurc. Most learned child!

Enter LURCHER'S *Mistress.*

Mistress. You are welcome! where have you left it?

Lurc. In the next room, hard by.

Mistress. Is it plate all?

Lurc. All, all, and jewels. I am monstrous weary;
Pr'ythee let's go to bed.

Mistress. Pr'ythee let's see't first.

Lurc. To-morrow's a new day, sweet.

Mistress. Yes, to melt it;
But let's agree to-night, how it shall be handled.
I'll have a new gown——

Lurc. 'Sha't have any thing.

Mistress. And such a riding-suit as Mistress Newlove's:
What though I be no gentlewoman born,
I hope I may atchieve it by my carriage.

Lurc. Thou say'st right.

Mistress. You promised me a horse too, and a lacquey.

Lurc. Thou shalt have horses six, and a postilion.

Mistress. That will be stately, sweetheart; a postilion?

Lurc. Nay, we'll be in fashion; he shall ride before us
In winter, with as much dirt would damp a musquet;
The inside of our coach shall be of scarlet.

[6] *They* last *too.*] Corrected by Sympson.

Mistress. That will be dear.

Lurc. There is a dye projecting
Will make it cheap, wench. Come, thou shalt have any thing.

Mistress. Where is this chest? I long, sweet, to behold
Our Indies.

Alathe. Mistress, let's melt it first, and then 'tis fit
You should dispose it; then 'tis safe from danger.

Mistress. I'll be a loving mistress to my boy too.
'Now fetch it in, and let's rejoice upon't.

Alathe. Hold your light, mistress, we may see to enter.

[Lurcher *and* Alathe *drag in the coffin.*

Mistress. Ha! what's here? Call you this a chest?

Alathe. We ha' miss'd, sir;
Our haste and want of light made us mistake.

Mistress. A very coffin!

Lurc. How! a coffin? Boy, 'tis very like one.

Alathe. The devil owed us a shame, and now he has paid us.

Mistress. Is this your treasure?

Alathe. Bury me alive in't.

Lurc. It may be there's no room.

Mistress. Nay, I will search it:
I'll see what wealth's within.—

[*They open the coffin, in which* Maria *appears.*

A woman's face,
And a fair woman's?

Alathe. I cannot tell, sir;
Belike this was the sadness that possess'd 'em.
The plate stood next, I am sure.

Lurc. I shake, I shake, boy;
What a cold sweat!

Alathe. This may work.—What will become on's, sir?

Mistress. She's cold, dead-cold; d'ye find your conscience?
D'ye bring your Gillians hither?—Nay, she's punish'd,
Your conceal'd love's cased up.
Lurc. It is Maria;
The very same, the bride: New horror!
Mistress. These are fine tricks; you hope she's in a swoon,
But I'll take order she shall ne'er recover
To bore my nose: Come, take her up and bury her
Quickly, or I'll cry out; take her up instantly.
Lurc. Be not so hasty, fool; that may undo us;
We may be in for murder so: Be patient;
Thou seest she's dead, and cannot injure thee.
Mistress. I am sure she shall not.
Alathe. Be not, sir, dejected
Too much: A strange mistake! this had not been else;
It makes me almost weep to think upon it.
Lurc. What an unlucky thief am I!
Mistress. I'll no considering; either bestir yourself, or——
Lurc. Hold!
Mistress. Let it not stay to smell then; I will not
Endure the stink of a rival.
Lurc. 'Would 'twere there again!
Alathe. We must bury her.
Lurc. But where o' th' sudden, or with what providence,
That no eyes watch us?
Mistress. Take a spade and follow me;
The next fair ground we meet make the church-yard:
As I live I'll see her lodged. [*Exit.*
Lurc. It must be so;

How heavy my heart is! I ha' no life left.
Alathe. I am past thinking too, no understanding:
That I should miss the right chest!
Lurc. The happy chest!
Alathe That which I saw and mark'd too!
Lurc. Well, passion wo'not help us.
Had I twenty falls for this——
Alathe. 'Twas my fault, sir.[7]
Lurc. And twenty thousand fears for this! Oh, the devil!
Now could I curse! Well, we have her now,
And must dispose her.

Enter Mistress.

Mistress. Hang both, for two blind buzzards! Here's a spade?
Quickly, or I'll call the neighbours.
Lurc. There's no remedy;[8]
'Would the poor hungry prisoners had this pasty!
[*Exeunt, carrying out the coffin.*

[7] *'Twas my fault, sir.*
And twenty thousand fears, &c.] These two speeches were printed as one, till separated by Sympson.—Ed. 1778.

[8] *There's no remedy,* &c.] This speech also, which had always been given to the *Mistress,* Sympson judiciously advises giving to *Lurcher.*—Ed. 1778.
The quarto is very incorrect in this particular; but fortunately the mistakes are so very obvious, that it required no stretch of ingenuity to find them out.

SCENE IV.

Near the Church-yard, behind Alathe's *House.*

Enter ALGRIPE, *and a Servant with a torch.*

Serv. 'Twas a strange mischance, sir.
Alg. Mischance, say'st? No, 'twas happiness to me;
There is so much charge saved; I have her portion;
I'll marry twenty more on such conditions.
Serv. Did it not trouble you, sir, to see her dead?
Alg. Not much, I thank my conscience:
I was tormented till that happen'd; furies
Were in my brain, to think myself a cuckold
At that time of the night.
When I come home, I charge you shut my doors!
Locks, bolts, and bars, are little enough to secure me.
Serv. Why, an it please you?
Alg. Fool, to ask that question!
To keep out women. I expect her mother
Will visit me with her clamours: Oh, I hate
Their noise, and do abhor the whole sex heartily!
They are all walking devils, harpies; I will study
A week together how to rail sufficiently
Upon 'em all: And, that I may be furnish'd,
Thou shalt buy all the railing books and ballads
That malice hath invented against women:
I will read nothing else, and practise 'em,
'Till I grow fat with curses.

Serv. If you'll go
To th' charge, let me alone to find you books!—
What's that? They come near us.[9]

Alg. Where? hold up the torch, knave!

Serv. Did you hear nothing? 'tis a——

Alg. Why dost make a stand?

Serv. What's that?

Alg. Where, where? dost see any thing?
We are hard by the church-yard, and I was never
Valiant at midnight in such irksome places;
They say ghosts walk sometimes.—Hark! d'ye hear nothing?

Enter Lurcher *and* Alathe, *with the Coffin, and Mistress.*

Mistress. No further; dig here, and lay her in quickly.

Lurc. What light is that, boy? we shall be discover'd!
Set the coffin up an end, and get behind me;
There's no avoiding.

Alathe. Oh!

Alg. Where is that groan?
I begin to be afraid.

Serv. What shall we do, sir?

Alg. We are almost at home now; thou must go forward;
Perhaps 'twas my imagination.

Lurc. 'Tis he!

Alathe. I know him too; let me alone

Serv. Oh, sir,
A ghost, the very ghost of mistress bride!
I have no power to run away.

[9] Just. *They come near us.*
Serv. *What's that?*] So the former editions.—Ed. 1778.

Alg. Cursed ghost! bless me! preserve me!
I do command thee, whatsoe'er thou art,
I do conjure thee, leave me; do not fright me.
If thou be'st a devil, vex me not so soon!
If thou be'st—the spirit of my wife——

Alathe. Thy wife.

Alg. I shall be tormented!

Alathe. Thy abused wife,
That cannot peaceably enjoy her death.
Thou hast an evil conscience.

Alg. I know it.

Alathe. Among thy other sins, which black thy soul,
Call to thy mind thy vow made to another,
Whom thou hast wrong'd, and make her satisfaction
Now I am dead, thou perjured man! or else
A thousand black tormentors shall pursue thee,
Until thou leap into eternal flames;
Where gold, which thou adorest here on earth,
Melted, the fiends shall pour into thy throat!
For this time, pass; go home and think upon me!

Lurc. Away!

Serv. There are more spirits!

Alg. Thank you, dear wife!
I'll bestow twenty nobles o' a tomb for thee;
Thou shalt not walk and catch cold after death.
[*They go backward into the House.*

Lurc. So, so; they are gone; 'twas my ingenious rascal!
But how dost know he made vows to another?

Alathe. I overheard the women talk to-night on't;
But now let's lose no time, sir! pray let's bury
This gentlewoman. Where's my mistress?

Enter Mistress.

Mistress. Here; I durst not tarry.
Lurc. We ha' so cozen'd the old forty i' th' hundred,
An the devil hinder him not, he'll go a pilgrimage;
But come, about our business! set her down again.
Maria. Oh!
Lurc. She groans! ha!
Maria. Oh!
Lurc. Again! she stirs!
Mistress. Let's fly, or else we shall be torn in pieces.
Lurc. An you be good at that, bury yourself,
Or let the sexton take you for his fee.
Away, boy! [*Exeunt.*
Maria. [*Rises from the Coffin.*] I am very cold, dead-cold!
Where am I? what's this? a coffin? where have I been? [*Rises.*
Mercy defend me! Ha! I do remember
I was betrayed, and swounded.[1] My heart aches;
I am wond'rous hungry too; dead bodies eat not.
Sure I was meant for burial; I am frozen;
Death, like a cake of ice, dwells round about me;
Darkness spreads o'er the world too. Where? what path?
Best Providence, direct me![2] [*Exit.*

[1] *Swounded.*] See p. 24.

[2] *Best.*] Perhaps the original exhibited *blest.*—Ed. 1778. The text is perfectly right. See vol. VI. p. 263, and vol. IX p. 460.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Lady's House.

Enter Lady, WILDBRAIN, *Women, and* TOBY.

Lady. Thou art the most unfortunate fellow—
Wildb. Why, aunt,
What have I done?
Lady. The most malicious varlet—
Thy wicked head never at rest, but hammering
And hatching hellish things, and to no purpose,
So thou may'st have thy base will.
Wildb. Why do you rail thus?
Cannot a scurvy accident fall out,
But I must be at one end on't?
Lady. Thou art at both ends.
Wildb. Cannot young sullen wenches play the fools,
And marry, and die, but I must be the agent?
All that I did (and if that be an injury,
Let the world judge it) was but to persuade her,
(And, as I take it, I was bound to it too,)
To make the reverend coxcomb, her husband, cuckold:
What else could I advise her? was there harm i' this?
You are of years, and have run through experience;
Would you be content, if you were young again,
To have a continual cough grow to your pillow?
A rottenness, that vaults are perfumes to,

Hang in your roof, and like a fog infect you?
Anointed hams, to keep his hinges turning,
Reek ever in your nose, and twenty night-caps,
With twenty several sweats?
Toby. Some Jew, some justice,
A thousand heathen-smells, to say truth, madam;
And would you mellow my young pretty mistress
In such a mis-ken?[3]
Lady. Sirrah,
Where is the body of my girl?
Wildb. I know not;
I am no conjurer: You may look the body!
I was like to be stolen away myself; the spirit
Had like to ha' surprised me in the shape of a woman,
Of a young woman, and you know those are dangerous.
Toby. So had I, madam, simply though I stand here,
I had been ravish'd too: I had twenty spirits;
In every corner of the house a fiend met me.
Lady. You lie, like rascals! Was Mistress Newlove such
A spirit, sir, to fright your worship? Well,
I discharge you, sir; you are now at liberty;
Live where you please, and do what pranks you fancy;
You know your substance: Though you are my nephew,

[3] *Mis-ken.*] This obscure phrase has not been taken notice of by any of the editors, and I am unable to give any satisfactory explanation of it. As a verb, it is common in the north of England and Scotland, with the sense of—*to mistake, not to know, to forbear, to disown;* but none of these meanings seem to be at all applicable to the text. Again, in Skinner's Etymologicon, we have "Miskin fro, *vox quæ mihi apud Higginium solum occurrit, et exp.* ancilla." But this applies no better to the text than the other.

I am no way bound, sir, to protect your mischief:
So, fare you well!

Wildb. Farewell, good aunt! I thank you!
Adieu, honest Nick! The devil, if he have power,
Will persecute your old bones for this marriage.
Farewell, Mistress Win! [*Exit Lady.*

Toby. And shall we part with dry lips?
Shall we, that have been fellow-devils together,
Flinch for an old woman's fart?

Wildb. 'Tis a fine time o' night too; but we must part, Nick.

Toby. Shall we never ring again? ne'er toss the tenor,
And roll the changes in a cup of claret?
You shall not want; whate'er I lay my hands on
(As I am sure Automedon the coachman)[4]
Shall be distributed: Bear up, I say, hang sorrow!
Give me that bird abroad that lives at pleasure.
Sam the butler's true, the cook a reverend Trojan;[5]
The falkner shall sell his hawks, and swear they were rotten;
There be some wand'ring spoons, that may be met with;
I'll pawn a coach-horse. Peace, utter no sentences!
The harness shall be used in our wars also;
Or shall I drive her (tell me but your will now;
Say but the word) over some rotten bridge,
Or by a marl-pit side? she may slip in daintily;
Let me alone for myself!

Wildb. No, no; farewell, Toby!

[4] Automedon.] *Automedon* was the charioteer of Achilles, and is now a name applied to every one of that calling.—*Reed.*

[5] *The cook a reverend* Trojan.] So in Love's Labour's Lost— "Unless you play the *honest Trojan*, the poor wench is cast away." The epithet *reverend* in the text, and *honest* in the quotation, seem to support Steevens in his guess, that *Trojan* "was only a more creditable term for a thief."

Farewell, spiny Nicholas! no such thing;
There be ways i' the world—If you see me
A day or two hence, may be we'll crack a quart yet,
And pull a bell. Commend me to the household!
Nay, cry not, Toby; 'twill make thy head giddy.
Toby. Sweet Master Wildbrain!
Wildb. No more, Toby; go,
The times may alter.——
But where's the corse of my dead cousin,
If she be dead? I hoped 't had but dissembled:[6]
That sits heavy here. Toby, honest Toby,
Lend me thy lanthorn; I forgot 'twas dark;
I had need look to my ways now.
Toby. Take a lodging with me to-night in the stable,
And ride away to-morrow with one of the horses,
Next your heart, pray do!
Wildb. No.
Good night, good neighbour Toby! I will wander;
I scorn to submit myself, ere I have rambled——
But whither, or with what? that's more material;
No matter; an the worst come, 'tis but stealing,
And my aunt wo'not see me hang'd, for her own credit;
And farewell in a halter costs me nothing.
[*Exeunt.*

[6] *I hoped* 't had *but dissembled.*] Mason says this is a misprint for *s'had*, i. e. *she had*, I suppose; but such an abbreviation is not to be found, I believe, in any of the old books, though in Seward's edition it may. The text is perfectly right; *it* refers to *corse* in the preceding line.

SCENE II.

The Church-yard.

Enter HEARTLOVE.

Heartl. The night, and all the evils the night covers,
The goblins, hags, and the black spawn of darkness,
Cannot fright me. No, Death, I dare thy cruelty!
For I am weary both of life and light too.
Keep my wits, Heaven! They say spirits appear
To melancholy minds, and the graves open:
I would fain see the fair Maria's shadow,
But speak unto her spirit, ere I died,
But ask upon my knees a mercy from her.
I was a villain; but her wretched kinsman,
That set his plot, shall with his heart-blood satisfy
Her injured life and honour.—What light's this?

Enter WILDBRAIN *with a lanthorn.*

Wildb. It is but melancholy walking thus;
The tavern-doors are barricadoed too,
Where I might drink till morn, in expectation;
I cannot meet the watch neither; nothing in
The likeness of a constable, whom I might,
In my distress, abuse, and so be carried,
For want of other lodging, to the Counter.
Heartl. 'Tis his voice; Fate, I thank thee!

Wildb. Ha! who's that? An thou be'st a man, speak:
Frank Heartlove? then I bear my destinies!
Thou art the man of all the world I wish'd for:
My aunt has turned me out a-doors; she has,
At this unchristian hour; and I do walk
Methinks like Guido Faux, with my dark lanthorn,
Stealing to set the town a-fire; i' th' country
I should be ta'en for William o' the Wisp,
Or Robin Good-fellow. And how dost, Frank?

Heartl. The worse for you!

Wildb. Come, thou'rt a fool. Art going to thy lodging?
I'll lie with thee to-night; and tell thee stories,
How many devils we ha' met withal;
Our house is haunted, Frank, whole legions——
I saw fifty for my share.

Heartl. Didst not fright 'em?

Wildb. How! fright 'em? No, they frighted me sufficiently.

Heartl. Thou hadst wickedness enough to make them stare,
And be afraid o' thee, malicious devil! [*Draws.*
And draw thy sword; for, by Maria's soul,
I will not let thee 'scape, to do more mischief.

Wildb. Thou art mad; what dost mean?

Heartl. To kill thee; nothing else will ease my anger:
The injury is fresh I bleed withal;
Nor can that word express it, there's no peace in't,
Nor must it be forgiven, but in death:
Therefore call up thy valour, if thou hast any,
And summon up thy spirits to defend thee!
Thy heart must suffer for thy damned practices
Against thy noble cousin, and my innocence.

Wildb. Hold! hear a word! did I do any thing
But for your good? That you might have her?

That in that desperate time I might redeem her,
Although with show of loss?
Heartl. Out, ugly villain!
Fling on her the most hated name of *whore*
To the world's eye, and face it out in courtesy?
Bring him to see't, and make me drunk to attempt it?

Enter MARIA, *in her shroud.*

Maria. I hear some voices this way.
Heartl. No more! if you can pray,
Do it as you fight.
Maria. What new frights oppose me?
I have heard that tongue.
Wildb. 'Tis my fortune;
You could not take me in a better time, sir;
I have nothing to lose, but the love I lent thee.
My life my sword protect! [*Draws. They fight.*
Maria. I know 'em both; but, to prevent their ruins,
Must not discover—Stay, men most desperate!
The mischief you are forward to commit
Will keep me from my grave; and tie my spirit
To endless troubles else.
Wildb. Ha! 'tis her ghost!
Heartl. Maria!
Maria. Hear me both! Each wound you make
Runs through my soul, and is a new death to me;
Each threat'ning danger will affright my rest.
Look on me, Heartlove, and, my kinsman, view me!
Was I not late, in my unhappy marriage,
Sufficient miserable, full of all misfortunes,
But you must add, with your most impious angers,
Unto my sleeping dust this insolence?
Would you teach Time to speak eternally

Of my disgraces? make records to keep 'em,
Keep them in brass? Fight then, and kill my honour!
Fight deadly both; and let your bloody swords,
Through my revived and reeking infamy,
(That never shall be purged) find your own ruins!
Heartlove, I loved thee once; and hoped again
In a more blessed love to meet thy spirit:
If thou kill'st him, thou art a murderer;
And murder shall never inherit Heaven.[7]
My time is come, my conceal'd grave expects me:
Farewell, and follow not! your feet are bloody,
And will pollute my peace.—I hope they are melted:
This is my way sure. [*Exit.*

Heartl Stay, blessed soul!

Wildb. 'Would she had
Come sooner, and ha' saved some blood!

Heartl. Dost bleed?

Wildb. Yes, certainly; I can both see and feel it.

Heartl. Now I well hope it is not dangerous.
Give me thy hand; as far as honour guides me,
I will know thee again. [*Exit.*

Wildb I thank thee heartily!—
I know not where to get a surgeon.
This vision troubles me; sure she is living,
And I was foolish blind, I could not find it.
I bleed apace still, and my heart grows heavy.
If I go far I faint; I'll knock at this house,

[7] *And murder* shall never *inherit Heaven.*]
Theobald reads, *And* murderers *shall* ne'er *inherit Heaven*,
And Sympson, *And* a murderer *shall* ne'er *inherit Heaven.*
For the ease of the verse, we have made a small transposition though it is not improbable that the old line is genuine.—Ed 1778.
The present line has many parallels in these plays equally unmusical. The editors invert, *never* and *shall.*

They may be charitable. 'Would 'twere perfect day! [*Knocks at a door.*

Enter Mistress.

Mistress. 'Tis not he.—What would you, sir?
Wildb. I would crave a little rest, lady,
And for my hurts some surgery; I am a gentleman,
That fortune of a fight——
Mistress. A handsome gentleman!
Alas, he bleeds! a very handsome gentleman!
Wildb. A sweet young wench! beshrew my heart, a fair one!
Fortune has made me some recompense.
Mistress. Pray, come in; the air is hurtful for you;
Pray let me lead you; I'll have a bed for you presently;
I'll be your surgeon too. Alas, sweet gentleman!
Wildb. I feel no hurts; the morning comes too fast now.
Mistress. Softly, I beseech you! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Street before Algripe's *House.*

Enter Lady and TOBY.

Toby. He is not up yet, madam; what meant you
To come forth so early?
Lady. You blockhead!

Your eyes are sowed up still; they cannot see
When it is day.—Oh, my poor Maria!—
Where be the women?

Toby. They said they would follow us.

Lady. He shall not laugh thus at my misery;
And kill my child, and steal away her body,
And keep her portion too.

Toby. Let him be hang'd for't;
You have my voice.

Lady. These women not come yet?
A son-in-law! I'll keep a conjurer,
But I'll find out his knavery.

Toby. Do, and I'll help him.
And, if he were here, this whip should conjure him:
Here's a *capias*, an it catch hold on's breech,
I'd make him soon believe the devil were there.

Lady. An old usurer!

Toby. He married the money; that is all he look'd for;
For your daughter, let her sink or swim.

Lady. I'll swim him!
This is his house: I wonder they stay thus.
That we might rail him out on's wits!

Toby. They'll come,
Fear not, madam, and bring clappers with 'em,
Or some have lost their old wont: I have heard
(No disparagement to your ladyship) some o' their tongues,
Like Tom-a-Lincoln, three miles off.

Lady. Oh fy!
How tedious are they!

Toby. What an we lost no time?
You and I shall make a shift to begin with him,
And tune our instruments till the consort come
To make up the full noise:[a] I'll knock.

[a] *And tune our instruments till the* consort *come*
To make up the full noise.] *Consort* anciently meant a band of musicians, and *noise* the concert which they played.

Alg. [*At a window.*] Who is that raps so saucily?
Toby. 'Tis I;
Toby: Come down, or else we'll fetch you down.
Alas, this is but the saunce-bell;[9] here's a gentlewoman
Will ring you another peal: Come down, I say!
Alg. Some new fortifications! look to my doors!
Put double bars! I will not have her enter,
Nor any of her tribe: They come to terrify me.
Keep out her tongue too, if you can!
Lady. I hear you,
And I will send my tongue up to your worship;
The echo of it shall fly o'er the street.
My daughter, that thou kill'dst with kindness, Jew,
That thou betray'dst to death, thou double Jew,
And after stol'st her body!
Toby. Jew's too good for him.
Alg. I defy you both!
Thy daughter played the villain, and betrayed me,
Betrayed my honour.
Lady. Honour, rascal?
And let that bear an action, I'll try it with thee.
Honour?
Toby. Oh, reprobate!
Lady Thou musty justice,
Buy an honourable halter, and hang thyself!
Toby A worshipful rope's end is too good for him.
Lady. Get honour that way; thou wot die a dog else.
Toby. Come, and be whipt first!
Lady. Where's her portion?
Alg. Where

9 Saunce-*bell.*] *Sanctus* bell, wont to be rung when the priest said, *Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus Dominus, Deus Sabbæoth.* Coles's English Dictionary, 8vo. 1677.—Ed. 1778.

I'll keep it safely.

Nurse. Traitor, thou shalt not keep it!

Enter Nurse and Women.

Alg. More of the kennel? Put more bolts to th' doors there,
And arm yourselves! Hell is broke loose upon us.

Toby. I am glad ye are come; we'll blow the house down.

Lady. Oh, Nurse, I have such cause——

Women. Villain, viper!—
Although you had no cause, we are bound to help.

Nurse. Yes, and believe; we come not here to examine;
And, if you please, we'll fire the house.

Alg. Call the constable!

Toby. A charitable motion! fire is comfortable.

Lady. No, no; we'll only let him know our minds;
We will commit no outrage; he's a lawyer.

Alg. Give me my musquet!

Lady. Where's my daughter's body,
That I may bury it?

Women. Speak, or we'll bury thee!

Nurse. Alive we'll bury thee; speak, old Iniquity!

Toby. Bury him alive, by all means, for a testimony.

Alg. Their voices make my house reel; oh, for officers!
I am in a dream!—Thy daughter's spirit walks
A-nights, and troubles all the neighbours: Go
Hire a conjurer; I'll say no more.

Lady. The law shall say more!

Women. Nurse. We are witnesses;
And, if thou be'st not hang'd——

Enter LURCHER *and* ALATHE, *disguised as Pedlars.*

Lurc. Buy a Book of good manners,[1]
A short book of good manners!
Alathe. Buy a ballad,
A ballad of the maid was got with child!
Toby. That might ha' been my case last night; I'll ha't,
Whate'er it cost me.
Alathe. A ballad of the witches hang'd at Ludlow!
Toby. I'll have that too;
There was an aunt of mine, I think, amongst 'em;

[1] *A Book of good manners.*] This, and the other books enumerated in this scene, are either real publications of the period, or allusions to others, though the titles are inverted or altered. Most of them being no doubt the fleeting publications of the day, are not to be traced at present. The book of good women alludes to Heywood's History of Women, published in 1624. The book of fools may possibly refer to Barclay's Ship of Fools, which might still retain its popularity in some degree, as an edition was published so late as 1570. The book of good manners may refer to "The Myrrour of Good Manners," also translated by Barclay, and included in the edition just mentioned. Mr Steevens, in a note on As You Like it, (Shakspeare, 1803 VIII. 182,) mentions another work entitled, "The Boke of Nurture, or Schole of Good Manners, for Men, Servants, and Children," printed in the reign of Edward VI.; and Mr Reed notices an early translation of the Galateo of Archbishop Della Casa But from the mention of Barclay's Ship of Fools, I suppose the work of the same author above mentioned to be the one alluded to. The book of walking spirits cannot well be traced to any particular work, as such a number of publications on spirits and witches appeared at the time. The book of wicked women may be "The Araignment of Lewde, Idle, Froward, and Unconstant Women," 1615.4, lately reprinted. The book of evil magistrates probably alludes to the celebrated, and at that time very popular, Mirrour for Magistrates, or some of its numerous imitations. The above are merely offered as conjectures, and more diligent and favoured explorers of the flying publications of the time, may no doubt give the titles of the works alluded to at length.

I would be glad to hear her testament.
Lurc. A new book of women!
Alg. The thunder's laid; how they stare at him!
Lurc. A new book of fools, a strange book,
Very strange fools!
Alg. I'll owe thee a good turn, whate'er thou art.
Lurc. A book of walking spirits!
Alg. That I like not.
Toby. Nor I; they walk'd me the fools' morris.[a]
Lurc. A book of wicked women!
Alg. That's well thought on.
Lurc. Of rude, malicious women, of proud women,
Of scolding women!—We shall ne'er get in.
Alathe. A ballad of wrong'd maids!
Lady. I'll buy that.
Lurc. A little, very little book,
Of good and godly women, a very little one,
So little you may put it in a nutshell!
Toby. With a small print that no body can read it.
Nurse. Peace, sirrah, or I'll tear your books.
Alg. Open the door and let him in; I love him.
Lurc. A book of evil magistrates!
Lady. Ay, marry!
D'ye hear that, justice?
Lurc. And their eviller wives,
That wear their places in their petticoats!
Alg. D'ye hear that, Lady?
Alathe. A book new printed against playing, dancing,
Masking, may-poles; a zealous brother's book,
And full of fables!
Lurc. Another book of women, of mad women,
Women that were born in March!
[*Exit with* Alathe *into the house*.

[a] *Fools' morris.*] No doubt the same as the madman's morris described in vol. X. p. 315.

Lady. Are you got in?
We would ha' pull'd your knave's hide else!—This fellow.
Was sent to abuse us; but we shall have time
To talk more with this justice.
Alg. Farewell, madam!
As you like this, come visit me again,
You and your treble-strings. Now scold your hearts out!
Wom. Shall he carry it thus away?
Nurse. Go to the judge,
And what you'll have us swear——
Lady. I thank ye heartily;
I'll keep that for the last. I will go home,
And leave him to his conscience for a while;
If it sleep long, I'll wake it with a vengeance!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An out-house near the same.

Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* What book has he given thee?
2 *Serv.* A dainty book; a book of the great navy,
Of fifteen hundred ships of cannon-proof,
Built upon whales to keep their keels from sinking,
And dragons in 'em, that spit fire ten mile,
And elephants that carry goodly castles.
1 *Serv.* Dost thou believe it?
2 *Serv.* Shall we not believe books in print?
1 *Serv.* I have John Taylor's book of hempseed too,

Which, for two lines I happen'd on by chance,
I reverence
2 *Serv.* I pr'ythee what are they?
1 *Serv.* They are so pat upon the time, as if
He studied to answer the late Histriomastix;[3]

[3] *Histriomastix.*] This mention of Prynne's "Histriomastix, the Player's Scourge, or Actor's Tragedy," printed in 1633, proves that this portion of the present comedy was written at least eight years after the death of Fletcher, by Shirley, and no doubt in the very year when the play, with the additions of the latter poet, was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert. Shirley seems to have been fully determined to expose Prynne to ridicule immediately on the appearance of that work, for in the same year he published his comedy, entitled, The Bird in a Cage, with a most cuttingly ironical dedication to that zealous fanatic. His masque, called The Triumph of Peace, brought out Feb. 2, the same year, by the four Inns of Court, was also intended, as Whitlocke informs us, "to manifest the difference of their opinion from Mr Prynne's new learning, and to confute his Histriomastix against interludes." The

—"book new printed against playing, dancing,
Masking, may-poles, a zealous brother's book,
And full of fables,"

which is mentioned in the preceding page of the present comedy, alludes to the same work, which consists chiefly of quotations from the ancient fathers, and in which many ridiculous stories of judgments inflicted upon the performers and auditors of plays are related. Prynne takes frequent occasion to introduce by-blows at the diabolical amusements of dancing, may-poles, health drinking, &c.

The editor takes this opportunity to acknowledge a mistake, into which he, as well as some others, has fallen, respecting Shirley's verses prefixed to Ford's tragedy, entitled Love's Sacrifice, and which Mr Gilchrist has since pointed out. The verses certainly refer to Prynne's Histriomastix, and this was the fourth occasion Shirley took in the year that work was published to attack it. In two or three other instances Mr Gilchrist has pointed out some oversights, to which every editor is occasionally liable, and for which I must shelter myself under the same apology as some of the most valuable commentators on old plays, such as Mr Steevens, Mr Malone, and Mr Gifford. Though I cannot think that Mr Gilchrist has by any means succeeded in his well-meant endeavours to exhibit Ben Jonson as a character entirely without failings, he would certainly be entitled to the thanks of Ford's editor, did not his manner of conveying his censure entirely preclude any such

Talking of change and transformations,
Thus wittily and learnedly he bangs him;
"So may a Puritan's ruff, though starch'd in print,
Be turn'd to paper, and a play writ in't."
A play in the Puritan's ruff? I'll buy his works for't,
And confute Horace with a water-poet.[4]

acknowledgment. It is a strange and lamentable circumstance, that antiquarian controversies, themselves sufficiently dry and abstracted, and, from their very nature, liable to continual mistakes and mutual misconceptions, should have always given rise to the vent of so much angry passion; and these retorts churlish and counterchecks quarrelsome, have very justly exposed the labourers in this arid and rocky soil to the satire and derision of other literary men. Nothing can be more desirable for an editor than to see his researches freely canvassed and fairly investigated; his defective information, on subjects connected with his labours, supplied and extended; and the mistakes to which his comments are so pre-eminently liable, pointed out and corrected: but when such information and correction is conveyed in ludicrously venomous and angry terms; when positions are assumed, which a little enquiry might have proved directly false; and the whole censure is conveyed in an acrimonious style, angry without reason, and abusive without a grain of wit to render such abuse palatable, the controversialist loses the benefit of his enquiries, and, instead of his services being acknowledged with gratitude, exposes himself to pity and contempt. It were to be wished that the person in question would at last himself put forth an edition of old plays, (in which purpose he elsewhere complains of having been forestalled) as he, who expects from others what has hardly been yet exhibited, a faultless work, would, no doubt, prove an incontrovertible and irrefragable editor. Unfortunately, however, he has exhibited in his lucubrations a gross blunder, at the very time when he was triumphantly pointing out a defect to a brother-antiquary. The reference to the Henslowe MSS., for plays which were licensed by Sir Henry Herbert nine years after his death, is an oversight which might be excused in "a careless editor," but in Mr Gilchrist it is utterly unpardonable.

4 That *wittily and learnedly he bangs him,*
So may a Puritan's ruff, &c.] Our poets here wrote by memory, without having recourse to Taylor's book, where the lines run thus:—

"Thus *may a Brownist's zealous* ruff, in print,
Be turn'd to paper, and a play writ in't."

What hast there? a ballad too?
2 *Serv.* This? This is
A piece of poetry indeed.—
[*He sings.* ALGRIPE *cries within.*
What noise is that?
1 *Serv.* Some cry i' th' streets: Pr'ythee sing on!
[*Sings again. Another cry.*
2 *Serv.* Again! dost not hear? 'Tis i' th' house certainly.
1 *Serv.* 'Tis a strange noise! and has a tang o' th' justice.
2 *Serv.* Let's see! [*Exeunt.*

But this is not the only fault; the two lines that follow seem to have suffered a change of places, as well as undergone the loss of a speaker; for it is plain, *And confute Horace, &c.* has no connection with the preceding lines of Taylor. To set the place right, I suppose the 2d Servant's speech to end full with the Water-Poet's lines, which strikes the 1st Servant so smartly, that he cries out,

1 Serv. *A play in a Puritan's ruff? I'll buy his works for't,*
And confute Horace with a Water-Poet.—Sympson.

In the first line a slight variation of Mason's, which seems absolutely necessary, has been adopted. The same commentator explains *starched in print*, starched with the utmost precision and formality. The lines of Taylor seem to allude to the absurd division of Prynne's work into acts and scenes. Sympson's transposition of the two lines which follow the quotation from Taylor, was rejected by the last editors, but what would have been their surprise, as well as of Sympson and Mason, had they looked into the old quarto, and found the lines in their present position! They were corruptly transposed in the second folio.—There is no occasion to vary the speakers, as Sympson wishes to do.

SCENE V.

A Room in the same House.

Re-enter Servants, bringing in their Master bound and gagged.

1 *Serv.* Untye his feet; pull out his gag,
He will choak else! What desperate rogues were these!
2 *Serv.* Give him fresh air.
Alg. I'll never study books more!
I am undone; these villains have undone me!
Rifled my desk; they have undone me, learnedly!
A fire take all their books! I'll burn my study.—
Where were you, rascals, when the villains bound me,
You could not hear?
1 *Serv.* He gave us books, sir, dainty books to busy us;
And we were reading, in that which was the brew-house,
A great way off; we were singing ballads too,
And could not hear.
Alg. This was a precious thief;
A subtle trick to keep my servants safe!
2 *Serv.* What ha' you lost, sir?
Alg. They ransack'd all before my face, and threaten'd
To kill me if I cough'd; they have a chain,

My rings, my box of casting gold,[5] my purse too.
They robb'd me miserably; but that which most grieves me,
They took away some writings; 'twas a rogue
That knew me, and set on by the old Lady;
I will indite her for't.

1 *Serv.* Shall we pursue 'em?

Alg. Run, run, cursed rascals!
I am out of my wits! Let not a creature in,
No, not with necessaries!

2 *Serv.* We shall be starved.

Alg. I'll buy my meat at window, as they pass by,
(I wo' not trust my scrivener, he has books too)
And bread I'll ha' flung up: I charge ye all
Burn all the books i' th' house!

1 *Serv.* Your little prayer book?

Alg. I'll never pray again! I'll have my doors
Made up, nothing but walls, and thick ones too:
No sound shall tempt me again! Remember, I
Have forswore books.

2 *Serv.* If you should be call'd to take your oath?

Alg. I will forswear all oaths, rather than see
A thing but in the likeness of a book;
An I were condemn'd, I'll rather chuse to hang
Than read again. Come in, and search all places;
They may be about the house: Were the doors lock'd?

1 *Serv.* But the keys in 'em; and if they be gone,
They could not want wit to lock us in, sir.

Alg. Never was man so miserably undone;
I would lose a limb, to see their rogueships totter!

[*Exeunt.*

[5] *My box of* casting gold.] What is *casting gold*? Perhaps Algripe means gold reserved for playing at hazard.—*Mason.*

I suspect the phrase to be some technical term, now obsolete.

SCENE VI.

An Apartment in the Lady's *House.*

Enter LADY *and Nurse.*

Lady. Thy brother's daughter, say'st, and born in Wales?
Nurse. I have long time desired to see her, and I hope
Your ladyship will not be offended.
Lady. No, no.
Nurse. I should be happy, if she might be serviceable
To you, madam.
Lady. Beshrew me, but at first she took me much.
Is she not like Maria? setting aside
Her language, very like her! and I love her
The better for't. I pr'ythee call her hither.
She speaks feat English.
Nurse. Why, Guennith, Guennith! du hummah, Guennith!—
She is coarse, madam, after her country guise;
And were she in fine clothes——
Lady. I'll have her handsome.

Enter MARIA *as a Servant.*

What part of Wales were you born in?
Maria. In Abelundis, madams,
Nurse. She speaks that name in Welsh, which we call Brecknock.

Lady. What can you do?

Maria. Her was toe many tings in Walls; know not
The fashions in Londons. Her was milk the cows,
Make seeze and butters, and spin very well
The Welsh freeze; her was cooke to te mountain cots,
And sing very fine Prittish tunes; was mage good ales
And breds; and her know to dance on Sundays,
Marge you now, madams!

Lady. A pretty innocence!
I do like her infinitely, Nurse; and if I live——

Enter Servant.

Serv. Here's Master Heartlove, madam, come to see you.

Lady. Alas, poor gentleman! Pr'ythee admit him.

Enter HEARTLOVE *and Gentlemen.*

Heartl. Madam, I am come to take my last leave—

Lady. How, sir?

Heartl. Of all my home affections, and my friends:
For the interest you had once in Maria,
I would acquaint you when I leave the kingdom.

Lady. 'Would there were any thing in my poor power
That might divert your will, and make you happy!
I am sure I have wronged her too; but let your pardon
Assure me you are charitable: She is dead,
Which makes us both sad. What do you look on?

Heartl. The likest face——[6]

[6] *The likest face*——] This, as it here stands, is the end of the

Maria. Pless us awle! why does that sentilman make
Such unders and mazements at her? I know her not.
Heartl. Be not offended, maid!
Lady. How the wench blushes!
She represents Maria's loss to him.
Maria. Will the sentilman hurt her? Pray you be her defences!
Was have mad phisnomies; is her troubled
With lunaticks in her prain-pans? Pless us awle!
Heartl. Where had you this face?
Maria. Her faces be our nowne, I warrant her.
Heartl. I wo' not hurt you.—All the lineaments
That built Maria up, all those springing beauties,
Dwell on this thing; change but her tongue, I know her.
Let me see your hand!
Maria. *Duguin!*[7] Was never thieves and robberies;
Here is no sindge in her hands, warrant her.
Heartl. Trust me, the self-same white
And softness! Pr'ythee speak our English dialect.
Maria. Ha leggs? what, does her speage hard urds to her,
To make poor Guennith ridicles? was no mannerly
Sentilman, to abuse her.
Heartl. By the love,

Lady's speech; but sure it cannot be so, as the least attention will make evident. I suspect, with Mr Theobald, that Frank Heartlove's name ought to be prefixed here, or else write with the oldest quarto, which Mr Theobald overlooked, thus,—

1 Gent. *The likest face.*—Sympson.

The words must belong to Heartlove.

[7] *Du Guin.*] The very ingenious editor of 1750 varies, *tacitly*, to GUENNITH *was never*, &c. The reader is requested to consult Monsieur Thomas, vol. VI. p. 504.—Ed. 1778.

That everlasting love I bear Maria—

Maria. Maria? her name was Guennith; and good names;
Was poor else, oman maid; her have no fine kanags,
To mage her tricsy; yet, in her own cuntries,
Was held a fine ense, her can tell her, and honest
Ense too, marg you dat now: Her can keep
Her little legs close enough, warrant her.

Lady. How prettily this anger shews!

1 *Gent.* She gabbles innocently.

Heartl. Madam, farewell; and all good fortune dwell wi' ye!
With me my own affections! Farewell, maid,
Fair gentle maid!

2 *Gent*, She sighs.

Maria. *Du cat a whee!* [8]

Heartl. I cannot go; there's somewhat calls me back.

Maria. Poor Frank, [*Aside.*
How gladly would I entertain thy love,
And meet thy worthy flame, but shame forbids me
If please her ladyships, dwell here with Guennith,
And learn to spin and card ull, to mage flannels,
And linseys-ulseis, sal tawge cood urds
To her ladyships urships for her.—The tears flow from him. [*Aside.*
The tears of true affection! woe is me!
Oh, cursed love, that glories in maids' miseries,
And true men's broken hearts!

Lady. Alas, I pity him!—

[8] *Du cat a whee.*] See vol. VI. p. 428.

[9] *The tears flow from him.*] These words have been hitherto given as a stage direction, but they sound more like part of the text, and not only supply this otherwise deficient verse, but also the sense of the ensuing line. In act v. sc. ii. the editors saw the necessity of a similar restoration.

The wench is rude, and knows you not; forgive her.

Maria. Wipe your nyes, pray you! though was porn in Walls, [*Takes his hand.*
Mong craggy rocks and mountains, yet heart is soft:
Look you, hur can weep too, when hur see men mage
Prinie tears and lamentations.

Heartl. How hard she holds me!
Just as Maria did; weeps the same drops.
Now, as I have a living soul, her sigh too!
What shall I think?—Is not your name Maria?
If it be not, delude me with so much charity
To say it is.

Maria. Upon her life, you was mighty deal in love
With some podies; your pale seeks and hollow nyes,
And pantings upon her posom, know very well.
Because, look you, her think her honest sentilman,
You sall call her Maria.

Heartl. Good madam, think not ill I am thus saucy.

Lady. Oh, no, sir; be you not angry with the wench.

Heartl. I am most pleased.

1 *Gent.* Let's interrupt him; he'll be mad outright else.

2 *Gent.* Observe a little more.

Heartl. 'Would I could in your language beg a kiss!

Maria. If her have necessities of a kiss, look you,
Dere is one in sarities![1]

Heartl. Let me suffer death,
If in my apprehension two twinn'd cherries
Be more akin, than her lips to Maria's:
And, if this harsh illusion would but leave her,

[1] *In* sarities.] *i. e.* In charity.—*Sympson.*

She were the same.—Good madam, shall I have
Your consent now——

Lady. To what?

Heartl. To give this virgin to me.

Lady. She is not mine; this is her kinswoman,
And has more power to dispose.—Alas, I pity him!
Pray, gentlemen, prevail with him to go;
More that I wish his comfort than his absence.

Heartl. You have been always kind to me; will you
Deny me your fair cousin?

Nurse. 'Twere fit you first obtain'd her own consent.

Heartl. He is no friend that wishes my departure;
I do not trouble you!

1 *Gent.* 'Tis not Maria.

Heartl. Her shadow is enough; I'll dwell with that.
Pursue your own ways!—Shall we live together?

Maria. If her will come to-morrow and tauge to her,
Her will tell her more of her meanings; and then
If her be melancholy, her will sing her
A Welsh song too, to make her merries: But Guennith
Was very honest; her was never love
But one sentilman, and he was bear her
Great teal of good-ills too. Was marry one day.
Saint Davy! her give her five pair of white gloves
If her will dance at her weddings.

Heartl. All I am worth,
And all my hopes, this strange voice would forsake her,
For then she should be——Pr'ythee stay a little!
Hark in thine ear! dissemble not, but tell me,
And save my life: I know you are Maria.

Speak but, as I do, ten words to confirm me.
You have an English soul; do not disguise it
From me with these strange accents !—

[*Exit* MARIA.

She pinched hard
Again, and sigh'd.

Lady. What ails the wench? [*Exit.*

Nurse. Why, Guennith!

Heartl. She's gone too!

2 Gent. Come, leave this dream.

Heartl. A dream? I think so;
But 'twas a pleasing one. Now I'll obey,
And forget all these wonders; lead the way!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street before Algripe's *House.*

Enter WILDBRAIN *and* TOBY.

Wildb. Honest Toby!

Toby. Sweet Master Wildbrain! I am glad
I ha' met wi' ye.

Wildb. Why? did my aunt send for me?

Toby. Your aunt's a mortal; and thinks not on you,
For aught I can perceive.
Wildb. Is my cousin
Alive again?
Toby. Neither; and yet we do not
Hear that she's buried.
Wildb. What should make thee glad then?
Toby. What should make me glad? Have I not cause?
To see your princely body well, and walk thus,
Look blithe and bonny, and your wardrobe whole still!
Wildb. The case is clear; and I ha' found a mine,
A perfect Indie, since my aunt cashier'd me:
What think'st of this? [*Chinking money.*
Toby. Oh, delicate bells!
Wildb. Thou puttest me in mind,
We are to ring anon; I meant to send for thee:
Meet me at the old parish-church.
Toby. Say no more.
Wildb. When thy Lady is a-bed, we ha' conspired
A midnight peal, for joy.
Toby. If I fail,
Háng me i' th' bell-ropes!
Wildb. And how? and how does my aunt?
Toby. She's up to th' ears in law:
I do so whirl her to the counsellor's chambers,
And back again, and bounce her for more money,
And to again—I know not what they do with her,
But she's the merriest thing among these law-drivers,
And in their studies half a day together.
If they do get her with *Magna Charta*, she swears,
By all the ability of her old body,
She will so claw the justice—she will sell

The tiles of the house, she vows, and sack out o'
th' cellar,
(That she worships to idolatry) but she'll hang him.
Wildb. I would she could! But hark thee, honest
Toby!
If a man have a mistress, may we not,
Without my aunt's leave, borrow now and then
A coach to tumble in, toward the Exchange,
And so forth?
Toby. A mistress?
Wildb. She may be thine when we are married.
Toby. Command, I'll carry you both in pomp;
And let my Lady go a-foot a law-catching,
And exercise her corns. Where is she, Master
John?
Wildb. 'Sha't see her.
Toby. Shall we ring for her?
Wildb. And drink her health.
Toby. Drink stiffly for five hours?
Wildb. We'll drink fifteen.
Toby. To-night? We will ha' fifty torches then,
And through the streets drive on triumphantly,
Triumphantly we'll drive: By my Lady's door,
As I'm a Christian coachman, I will rattle you,
And urine in her porch, and she shall fear me.
If you say more, I shall run mad outright!
I will drink sack, and surfeit instantly;
I know not where I am now! [*Exit.*

Enter LURCHER.

Wildb. Hold, for thy buttons' sake! The knave's
transported.
Lurc. Jack Wildbrain?
Wildb. Honest Tom, how thrives
The felonious world with thee now?

Lurc. You look and talk as you were much exalted.

Wildb. Thou art i' th' right, Tom. I will tell thee: First,
I ha' shook off my aunt, and yet I live still,
And drink, and sing; her house had like to ha' spoil'd me.
I keep no hours now, nor need any false key
To the old woman's cabinets; I ha' money
Upon my word, and pawn no oaths to th' butler,
No matrimonial protestations
For sack-possets, to the chambermaid: I praise
My fate, there be more ways to th' wood, Tom.

Lurc. Pr'ythee
Release my wonder.

Wildb. I'll increase it: Wipe thine eyes;
Here is a chain worth money, an some man had it,
A foolish diamond, and other trifles——

Lurc. The very same! Oh, gipsey! infidel!
All that I sweat, and ventured my neck for,
He has got already: Who would trust a strumpet!

Wildb. This? this is nothing to what I possess
At home.

Lurc. What home?

Wildb. A house that shall be nameless.
The mistress of it mine too; such a piece
For flesh and blood! added to that, so loving!

Lurc. Is she married?

Wildb. I know not, nor I care not:
But such a prize, so mounting, so delicious!
Thou wilt run mad: I'll tell thee more hereafter.

Lurc. Nay, pr'ythee a word more.

Wildb. I took no pains to find out all this Paradise;
My destiny threw me upon't i' th' dark; I found it.
Wanting a lodging too.

Lurc. No old acquaintance?

Wildb. Never, never saw her:
But these things happen not in every age.
I cannot stay; if thou wilt meet anon
At my own rendezvous, (thou know'st the tavern,)
We'll sup together; after that, a company
Of merry lads have made a match to ring.
Lurc. You keep your exercise i' th' old church?
Wildb. No other;
There is no music to the bells: We would
Have bonfires, if we durst An thou wouldst come,
It shall cost thee nothing, Tom: Hang pilfering,
And keep me company! In time I may
Shew thee my wench too.
Lurc. I cannot promise; but you will be there?
Wildb. We'll toss the bells, and make the steeple roar, boy:
But come to supper then!
Lurc. My hand; and expect me.—
[*Exit* WILDBRAIN.
Yes, I will come or send, and to some purpose.—
Art come, boy?

Enter ALATHE, *with Gown, Beard, and Constable's Staff.*

Excellent knave! How didst thou purchase these?
Alathe. The staff I stole last night from a sleeping constable;
The rest I borrow'd by my acquaintance with
The players' boys. You were best to lose no time, sir. [*Puts the Gown on* LURCHER.
Lurc. So, so; help, boy! 'tis very well; do not I look
Like one that breaks the king's peace with authority?
You know your charge; prepare things handsomely,

My diligent boy, and leave me to my office.

Alathe. There wants nothing;[3] all ready: But I fly, sir. [*Exit.*

Lurc. Now, Fortune, prove no slut, and I'll adore thee! [*Knocks.*

Serv. [*At the door.*] Who's there?

Lurc. A friend would speak with master justice.

Serv. Who are you?

Lurc. I'm the constable.

Serv. My master's not at leisure to hear business.

Lurc. How? not at leisure to do the king service?
Take heed what you say, sir! I know his worship,
If he knew my business, would [make] no excuse.

Serv. You must go to another justice; I'll assure
My master is not well in health.

Lurc. I know not;
But if your worshipful be not at leisure
To do himself a benefit—I am gone, sir—
An infinite benefit, and the state shall thank him for't;
Thank him, and think on him too. I am an officer,
And know my place; but I do love the justice;
I honour any authority above me:
Beside, he is my neighbour, and I worship him.

Serv. You have no books, nor ballads, Master Constable,
About you?

Lurc. What should I do with books? does it become
A man of my place to understand such matters?
Pray call your master; if he please to follow me,
I shall discover to him such a plot

[3] *There wants* nothing already.] So the former copies. Sympson proposes, ALL's *ready*.—Ed. 1778.

Shall get him everlasting fame: I'll be hang'd for't,
An he be not knighted instantly, and for reward
Have some of the malefactors' lands I'll bring
him to;
But I cannot dally time!

Alg. [*At the Window.*] Who's that?

Serv. A constable, sir, would speak about some
business,
He says will bring you fame, and mighty profit.

Lurc. Please your worship come down, I'll make
you happy:
The notablest piece of villainy I have in hand, sir,
And you shall find it out; I ha' made choice
To bring your worship to the first knowledge, and
Thank me, as you find the good on't afterwards.

Alg. What is it? treason?

Lurc. 'Tis little better, I can tell you; I have
lodged
A crew of the most rank and desperate villains—
They talk of robberies, and ways they did 'em,
And how they left men bound in their studies.

Alg. With books and ballads?

Lurc. That, sir, that, and murders,
And thousand knaveries more; they are very rich,
sir,
In money, jewels, chains, and a hundred more
Devices.

Alg. Happy, happy constable! I'll meet you
At the back door.—Get ready, knaves!

Lurc. Not a man, I beseech you!
I have privately-appointed strength about me:
They cannot start; your men would breed sus-
picion:
All my desire is, you would come alone,
That you might have the hope o' th' enterprise,
That you might hear 'em first, and then proceed,
sir.

Alg. I come, I come!
Lurc. 'Tis very well.
Alg. Keep all my doors fast. It is something late.
Lurc. So, so! An't please your worship, I'll direct you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in a Hovel.

Enter Alathe.

Alathe. My master stays: I doubt his lime-twigs catch not:
If they do, all's provided. But I all
This while forget my own state: Fair Maria
Is certainly alive; I met her in
Another habit, with her Nurse; 'twas she!
There is some trick in't: But when this is over
I'll find it out. This project for the usurer
May have good effect; however, 'twill be sport
To mortify him a little.

Enter Lurcher.

He's come without him!—
Have you fail'd, sir?
Lurc. Prosper'd, my little engineer: Away!
He is i' th' next room; be not you seen, sirrah!
[*Exit*
Alathe. The pit-fall's ready; never justice
Was caught in such a noose: Ere he get out,

He shall run through a scouring purgatory,
Shall purge him to the quick. 'Tis night already.
[*Retires.*

Enter ALGRIPE *and* LURCHER.

Lurc. Come softly; yet, sir, softly! are you not weary?
Alg. Thou hast brought me into a melancholy place;
I see no creature.
Lurc. This is, sir, their den,
Where they suppose themselves secure. I am faint
With making haste; but I must be thus troubled,
And therefore never go without a cordial;
Without this I should die: How it refreshes me
[*Seems to drink.*
Already! Will't please your worship—I might have had
The manners to ha' let you drink before me.
Now am I lusty.
Alg. [*Drinks.*] 'T has a good taste.
Lurc. Taste?
How do you find the virtue? Nay, sir, spare it not!
My wife has the receipt. Does it not stir
Your worship's body? When you come to examine,
'Twill make you speak like thunder.
Alg. Hoy he! [*He yawns.*
Lurc. It works already. [*Aside.*
Alg. Is there never a chair? I was wearier than I thought.
But who shall we have to take 'em, Master Constable?
Lurc. Let me alone! when I but give the watch-word,
We will have men enough to surprise an army.
Alg. I begin to be sleepy: What, hast a chair?

Enter another with a Chair.

Lurc. They do not dream of us.—'Tis early rising,
Care, care, and early rising! commonwealth's men
Are ever subjects to the nods: Sit down, sir;
A short nap is not much amiss.—So, so! he's fast,
Fast as a fish i' th' net; he has winking powder
Shall work upon him to our wish. Remove him!
Nay, we may cut him into collops now,
And he ne'er feel. Have you prepared the vault, sirrah?

Alathe. Yes, yes, sir; every thing in's place.

Lurc. When we ha' placed him, you and I, boy, must
About another project hard by: His potion
Will bind him sure enough till we return.
This villainy weighs mainly; but we'll purge you.
[*Exeunt, carrying* Algripe *out.*

SCENE III.

Before a Church.

Enter Sexton. [*Bells ring within.*]

Sexton. Now for mine ears! mine ears, be constant to me!
They ring a wager, and I must deal 'ustly;
Ha, boys!

Enter Lurcher *and* Alathe.

Lurc. Dost hear 'em? hark! these be the ringers.

Alathe. Are you sure the same?

Lurc. Or my directions fail. The coast is clear:
How the bells go! how daintily they tumble!
And methinks they seem to say, "Fine fools, I'll fit you!"

Sexton. Excellent again, good boys!—Oh, that was naught.

Lurc. Who's that?

Alathe. Be you conceal'd by any means yet. Hark!
They stop: I hope they'll to't again. Close, sir!

Enter WILDBRAIN, TOBY, *and Ringers.*

Wildb A palpable knock!

Ringer. 'Twas none!

Toby. Be judged by the Sexton then!
If I have years——

Sexton. A knock, a knock, a gross one!

Toby. Carman, your gallon of wine! you ring most impiously!
Art thou o' th' worshipful company of the knights
O' th' West, and handle a bell with no more dexterity?
You think you are in Thames-street,
Justling the carts: Oh, a clean hand's a jewel!

Alathe. Good speed to your good exercise!

Toby. You are welcome!

Alathe. I come, sir, from a gentleman, and neighbour hard by,
One that loves your music well——

Toby. He may have more on't.—
Handle a bell as you were haling timber?
Gross, gross, and base, absurd!

Ringer. I'll mend it next peal.

Alathe. To entreat a knowledge of you, whether it be

By th' ear you ring thus cunningly, or by th' eye;
For, to be plain, he has laid ten pounds upon't.

Wildb. But which way has he laid?

Alathe. That your ear guides you,
And not your eye.

Toby. He has won, he has won; the ear's
Our only instrument.

Alathe. But how shall we
Be sure on't?

Toby. Put all the lights out: to what end
Serve our eyes then?

Wildb. A plain case!

Alathe. You say true.
'Tis a fine cunning thing to ring by th' ear, sure!
And can you ring i' th' dark so?

Wildb. All night long, boy.

Alathe. 'Tis wonderful! Let this be certain, gentlemen,
And half his wager he allows among ye:
Is't possible you should ring so?

Toby. Possible?
Thou art a child! I'll ring when I'm dead-drunk.
Out with the lights! no twinkling of a candle!
I know my rope too, as I know my nose,
And can baug it soundly i' th' dark, I warrant you.

Wildb. Come, let's confirm him straight, and win the wager! [*Exeunt.*

Alathe. Let me hear, to strengthen me: and, when ye have rung,
I'll bring the money to you.

Lurc. So, so, follow 'em: [*Exit* ALATHE.
They shall have a cool reward; one hath gold of mine,
Good store in's pocket; [*Ring.*
But this will be revenged in a short warning.
They are at it lustily: Hey, how wantonly
They ring away their clothes! how it delights me!

Enter ALATHE *with Clothes.*

Alathe. Here, here, sir!
Lurc. Hast Wildbrain's?
Alathe. His whole case, sir; I felt it out; and, by the guards,[4]
This should be the coachman's; another suit too.
Lurc. Away, boy, quickly now to th' usurer!
His hour to wake approaches.
Alathe. That once finish'd,
You'll give me leave to play, sir. Here they come.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Within the Church.

WILDBRAIN, TOBY, *and Ringers, discovered.*

Wildb. I am monstrous weary!
Toby. Fy, how I sweat! Reach me my cloak to cover me.
I run to oil, like a porpoise. 'Twas a brave peal!
Sexton. Let me light my candle first, then I'll wait on you. [*Exit* SEXTON.
Wildb. A very brave peal!
Toby. Carman, you came in close now.
Wildb. Sure 'tis past midnight.

4 —— *by the* guards,
This should be the coachman's.] A *guarded* coat was one ornamented with gold lace, or fringe. So in the Merchant of Venice—

—— "Give him a livery
More *guarded* than his fellows."

Ringer. No stirring in the streets I hear.
Toby Walk further!
Was that a pillar? 'Tis harder than my nose.
Where's the boy promised us five pounds?
Wildb. Room! I sweat still.
Come, come, my cloak! I shall take cold.

Enter Sexton.

Sexton. Where lies it?
Wildb. Here, here, and all our clothes.
Sexton. Where, where?
Ringer. I' th' corner.
Toby. Is thy candle blind too? Give me the bottle!
I can drink like a fish now, like an elephant.
Sexton. Here are the corners, but here are no clothes;
Yes, here's a cuff.
Wildb. A cuff? Give me the candle!
Cuffs wo'not cover me.—I smell a knavery.
Toby. Is't come to a cuff? my whole suit turn'd to a button?
Wildb. Now am I as cold again as though 'twere Christmas,
Cold with my fear; I'll never ring by the ear more.
Toby My new clothes vanish'd?
Wildb. All my clothes, Toby!
Ringer. Here's none.
Toby. Not one of my dragon's wings left to adorn me?
Have I mew'd all my feathers?[5]
Wildb. Cheated by th' ear; a plot to put out the candle!
I could be mad! my chain, my rings, the gold, the gold!

[5] *Have I* muted *all my feathers.*] Corrected from Theobald's suggestion.

Toby. The cold, the cold, I cry, and I cry truly;
Not one sleeve, nor a cape of a cloak to warm me!
Wildb. What miserable fools were we!
Toby. We had e'en best, gentlemen,
Every man chuse his rope again, and fasten it,
And take a short turn to a better fortune.—
To be bawds to our miseries, and put our own lights out!
Wildb. Pr'ythee, Sexton, let's have a fire at thy house,
A good fire; we'll pay thee some way for't: I am stone-cold.
Sexton. Alas, I pity you! Come quickly, gentlemen.
Wildb. Sure I ha' been in a dream! I had no mistress,
Nor gold, nor clothes, but am a ringing rascal.
Toby. Fellows in affliction, let us take hands all!
Now are we fit for tumblers. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Vault, with a Lamp burning.

Enter LURCHER *and others, bringing in* ALGRIPE.

Lurc. So, so! Presently
His sleep will leave him, and wonder seize upon him:
Bid 'em within be ready.
Alg. [*Waking.*] What sound's this?
What horrid din? What dismal place is this

I never saw before? and now behold it
But by the half-light of a lamp, that burns here?
My spirits shake, [and] tremble through my body.

Enter two disguised as Furies with Black Tapers, bearing a Dagger and a Cup.

Help, help! Mercy protect me! my soul quakes.
What dreadful apparitions! How I shudder!

1 & 2 *Fury*. Algripe!

Alg. What are you?

1 *Fury*. We are hell-hounds, hell-hounds,
That have commission from the prince of darkness,
To fetch thy black soul to him.

Alg. Am I not alive still?

1 *Fury*. Thou art; but we have brought thee instruments
Will quickly rid thy miserable life.
Stab!

2 *Fury*. Poison!

1 *Fury*. Hang thyself! this choice is offered.

2 *Fury*. Thou canst not hope for Heaven; thy base soul is
Lost to all hope of mercy.

1 *Fury*. Quickly, quickly!
The torments cool.

2 *Fury*. And all the fiends expect thee.
Come with us to that pit of endless horror,
Or we will force thee.

Alg. Oh, oh, oh!

1 *Fury*. Groans are too late: Sooner the ravisher,
Whose soul is hurl'd into eternal frost,
Stung with the force of twenty thousand winters,
To punish the distempers of his blood,
Shall hope to get from thence, than thou avoid
The certainty of meeting hell where he is.
Shall murderers be there for ever dying,

Their souls shot through with adders, torn on engines,
Dying as many deaths for killing one,
(Could any imagination number them,)
As there be moments in eternity;
And shall that justice spare thee, that hast slain,
Murder'd by thy extortion, so many?

Alg. Oh, oh!

2 *Fury.* Do execution quickly; or we'll carry thee
Alive to hell.

Alg. Gently, gentle devils! do not force me
To kill myself, nor do not you do't for me!
Oh, let me live! I'll make amends for all.

1 *Fury.* Tell us of thy repentance? perjured villain!
Pinch off his flesh! he must be whipt, salted and whipt.

Alg. Oh, misery of miseries! [*Recorders.*[6]

1 & 2 *Fury.* Tear his accursed limbs, to hell with him!—Ha!

Enter ALATHE *like an Angel.*

A mischief on that innocent face! away!
[*They creep in.*

Alathe. Malicious furies, hence! choak not the seeds
Of holy penitence.

Alg. This must be an angel:
How at his presence the fiends crawl away!
Here is some light of mercy.

Alathe. Be thou wise,
And entertain it, wretched, wretched man!

[6] *Recorders.*] *i. e.* flageolets.

What poor defence hath all thy wealth been to thee!
What says thy conscience now?
Alg. By my good angel, here I promise thee
To become honest, and renounce all villainy:
Enjoin me any penance; I'll build churches,
A whole city of hospitals.
Alathe. Take heed!
There is no dallying; nor are these imposed.
Alg. Name any thing within my power, sweet angel;
And, if I do not faithfully perform it,
Then whip me every day, burn me each minute,
Whole years together let me freeze to isicles!
Alathe. I' th' number of thy foul oppressions,
Thou hast undone a faithful gentleman,
By taking forfeit of his land.
Alg. Young Lurcher!
I do confess.
Alathe. He lives most miserable,
And in despair may hang or drown himself:
Prevent his ruin! or his blood will be
More sin in thy account. Hast thou forgotten
He had a sister? •
Alg. I do well remember it.
Alathe. Couldst thou for Mammon break thy solemn vow
Made once to that unhappy maid, that weeps
A thousand tears a-day for thy unkindness?
Was not thy faith contracted, and thy heart?
And couldst thou marry another?
Alg. But she's dead;
And I will make true satisfaction.
Alathe. What do I instance these, that hast been false
To all the world?
Alg. I know it, and will henceforth
Practise repentance. Do not frown, sweet angel!

I will restore all mortgages, forswear
Abominable usury, live chaste;
For I have been wanton in my shroud, my age:
And if that poor innocent maid, I so abused,
Be living, I will marry her, and spend
My days to come religiously.

Alathe. I was commanded but a messenger
To tell thee this, and rescue thee from those
Whose malice would have dragg'd thee quick to hell:
If thou abuse this mercy, and repent not,
Double damnation will expect thee for it;
But if thy life be virtuous hereafter,
A blessedness shall reward thy good example.
Thy fright hath much distracted thy weak senses;
Drink of this phial, and renew thy spirits!
I ha' done my office; think on't, and be happy!

[*He drinks, and falls asleep.*

Enter LURCHER.

Lurc. So, so! He gapes already; now he's fast.
Thou hast acted rarely; but this is not all:
First, help to convey him out o' th' vault.

Alathe. You will
Dispense with me now, as you promised, sir?

Lurc. We will make shift without thee; thou hast done well.
By our device, this bandog may 'scape hell.

[*Exeunt, bearing him out.*

SCENE VI.

An Apartment in the Lady's *House.*

Enter Lady, *Nurse, and* Maria.

Lady. Didst think, Maria, this poor outside, and
Dissembling of thy voice, could hide thee from
A mother's searching eye, though too much fear,
Lest thou wert not the same, might blind a lover,
That thought thee dead too? Oh, my dear Maria,
I hardly kept my joys in from betraying thee:
Welcome again to life! We shall find out
The mystery of thy absence. Conceal
Thy person still, (for Algripe must not know thee)
And exercise this pretty dialect:
If there be any course in law to free thee,
Thou shalt not be so miserable. Be silent,
Good Nurse!

Nurse. You shall not need to fear me, madam;
I do not love the usuring Jew so well;
Beside, 'twas my trick to disguise her so.

Lady. Be not dejected, Mall.

Maria. Your care may comfort me;
But I despair of happiness.—
Heartlove? I dare not see him.

Enter Heartlove.

Nurse. We'll withdraw.

Lady. I shall but grieve to see his passions too,

Since there's no possibility to relieve him. [*Exeunt.*

Heartl. The world's a labyrinth, where unguided men
Walk up and down to find their weariness:
No sooner have we measured with much toil
One crooked path, with hope to gain our freedom,
But it betrays us to a new affliction.
What a strange mockery will man become
Shortly to all the creatures! Oh, Maria!
If thou be'st dead, why does thy shadow fright me?
Sure 'tis because I live: Were I but certain
To meet thee in one grave, and that our dust
Might have the privilege to mix in silence,
How quickly should my soul shake off this burthen!

Enter ALATHE.

Alathe. Thus far my wishes have success: I'll lose
No time.—Sir, are you not call'd Master Heartlove?
Pardon my rudeness![7]

Heartl. What does that concern thee?
Boy, 'tis a name cannot advantage thee;
And I am weary on't.

Alathe. Had you conceal'd,
Or I forgot it, sir, so large were my
Directions, that you could not speak this language,
But I should know you by your sorrow.

Heartl. Thou
Wert well inform'd, it seems. Well, what's your business?

Alathe. I come to bring you comfort.

Heartl. Is Maria
Alive again? that's somewhat; and yet not
Enough to make my expectation rise to

[7] *Thus far,* &c.] This speech is made a continuation of *Heartlove's* in every edition but the first.—Ed. 1778.

Past half a blessing; since we cannot meet
To make it up a full one! Thou'rt mistaken.[8]

Alathe. When you have heard me, you'll think otherwise:
In vain I should report Maria living;
The comfort that I bring you must depend
Upon her death.

Heartl. Thou'rt a dissembling boy!
Some one has sent thee to mock me; though my anger
Stoop not to punish thy green years, unripe
For malice, did I know what person sent thee
To tempt my sorrow thus, I should revenge it.

Alathe. Indeed, I have no thought so uncharitable,
Nor am I sent to grieve you; let me suffer
More punishment than ever boy deserved,
If you do find me false! I serve a mistress
Would rather die than play with your misfortunes;
Then, good sir, hear me out!

Heartl. Who is your mistress?

Alathe. Before I name her, give me some encouragement,
That you receive her message: She is one
That's full acquainted with your misery,
And can bring such a portion of her sorrow,
In every circumstance so like your own,
You'll love and pity her, and wish your griefs
Might marry one another's.

Heartl. Thou art wild:
Canst thou bring comfort from so sad a creature?
Her miserable story can, at best,
But swell my volume, large enough already.

Alathe. She was late beloved, as you were; promised faith,

[8] *Thou'rt mistaken.*] That is, if thou think'st to bring me comfort. Mason would give these words to Alathe.

And marriage; and was worthy of a better
Than he, that stole Maria's heart.
Heartl. How's that?
Alathe. Just as Maria dealt with your affection,
Did he that married her deal with my mistress;
When, careless both of honour and religion,
They cruelly gave away their hearts to strangers.
Heartl. Part of this truth I know; but pr'ythee, boy,
Proceed to that thou cam'st for! thou didst promise
Something, thy language cannot hitherto
Encourage me to hope for.
Alathe. That I come to;
My mistress thus unkindly dealt withal,
You may imagine, wanted no affliction;
And had, ere this, wept herself dry as marble,
Had not your fortune come to her relief,
And, twin to her own sorrow, brought her comfort.
Heartl. Could the condition of my fate so equal,
Lessen her sufferings?
Alathe. I know not how,
Companions in grief sometimes diminish
And make the pressure easy: By degrees
She threw her troubles off, remembering yours;
And, from her pity of your wrongs, there grew
Affection to your person; this encreased,
And, with it, confidence that those whom Nature
Had made so even in their weight of sorrow,
Could not but love as equally one another,
Were things but well prepared: This gave her boldness
To employ me thus far.
Heartl. A strange message, boy!
Alathe. If you incline to meet my mistress' love,
It may beget your comforts: Besides that,
'Tis some revenge that you, above their scorn
And pride, can laugh at them, whose perjury

Hath made you happy, and undone themselves.

Heartl. Have you done, boy?

Alathe. Only this little more;
When you but see, and know my mistress well,
You will forgive my tediousness; she's fair,
Fair as Maria was——

Heartl. I'll hear no more!
Go, foolish boy, and tell thy fonder mistress
She has no second faith to give away;
And mine was given to Maria. Though her death
Allow me freedom—

Enter MARIA *and Nurse.*

See the picture of her!
I would give ten thousand empires for the substance:
Yet, for Maria's sake, whose divine figure
That rude frame carries, I will love this counterfeit
Above all the world; and had thy mistress all
The grace and blossom of her sex, now she
Is gone, that was a walking spring of beauty,
I would not look upon her.

Alathe. Sir, your pardon!
I have but done a message, as becomes
A servant; nor did she, on whose commands
I gladly waited, bid me urge her love
To your disquiet; she would chide my diligence
If I should make you angry.

Heartl. Pretty boy!

Alathe. Indeed I fear I have offended you;
Pray, if I have, enjoin me any penance for't:
I have perform'd one duty, and could as willingly,
To purge my fault, and shew I suffer with you,
Plead your cause to another.

Heartl. And I'll take thee
At thy word, boy; thou hast a moving language:

That pretty innocent copy of Maria
Is all I love; I know not how to speak;
Win her to think well of me, and I will
Reward thee to thy wishes.

Alathe. I undertake
Nothing for gain; but since you have resolved
To love no other, I'll be faithful to you;
And my prophetic thoughts bid me already
Say I shall prosper.

Heartl. Thou wert sent to bless me!

Alathe. Pray give us opportunity.

Heartl. Be happy! [*Exit.*

Nurse. He's gone.

Alathe. With your fair leave, mistress!

Maria. Have you pusiness with her, pray you?

Alathe. I have a message from a gentleman;
Please you vouchsafe your ear more private!

Nurse. You
Shall have my absence, niece. [*Exit.*

Maria. Was the sentleman
Afeard to declare his matters openly?
Here was no podies was not very honest:
If her like not her errands the petter, was wis't
To keep her preaths to cool her porridges,
Can tell her that now, for aule her private hearings
And tawgings.

Alathe. You may, if please you, find another language;
And with less pains be understood.

Maria. What is her meaning?

Alathe. Come, pray speak your own English.

Maria. Have poys lost her itts and memories? Pless us aule!

Alathe. I must be plain then: Come, I know you are
Maria; this thin veil cannot obscure you:
I'll tell the world you live. I have not lost you,

Since first, with grief and shame to be surprised,
A violent trance took away show of life:
I could discover by what accident
You were conveyed away at midnight, in
Your coffin; could declare the place and minute
When you revived; and what you have done since,
As perfectly——

Maria. Alas, I am betray'd to new misfortunes!

Alathe. You are not, for my knowledge; I'll be dumb
For ever, rather than be such a traitor.
Indeed I pity you; and bring no thoughts,
But full of peace. Call home your modest blood!
Pale hath too long usurped upon your face:
Think upon love again, and the possession
Of full-blown joys, now ready to salute you!

Maria. These words undo me more than my own griefs.

Alathe. I see how fear would play the tyrant with you,
But I'll remove suspicion: Have you in
Your heart an entertainment for his love,
To whom your virgin faith made the first promise?

Maria. If thou mean'st Heartlove, thou dost wound me still!
I have no life without his memory,
Nor with it any hope to keep it long.
Thou seest I walk in darkness, like a thief,
That fears to see the world in his own shape;
My very shadow frights me; 'tis a death
To live thus, and not look day in the face.
Away, I know thee not!

Alathe. You shall hereafter know, and thank me, lady:
I'll bring you a discharge at my next visit,
Of all your fears: Be content, fair Maria!
'Tis worth your wonder.

Maria. Impossible!
Alathe. Be wise, and silent! Dress yourself:[9]
You shall be what you wish.
Maria. Do this, and be
My better angel!
Alathe. All your cares on me! [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street before the House of Lurcher's *Mistress.*

Enter LURCHER *and* ALATHE.

Lurc. I must applaud thy diligence.
Alathe. It had been nothing
To have left him in the porch. I call'd his servants;
With wonders they acknowledged him; I pretended
It was some spice sure of the falling sickness,
And that 'twas charity to bring him home;
They rubb'd and chafed him, plied him with strong-water;

[9] Dress *yourself,*
You shall be what you wish.] *Dress* here seems to confound the sense greatly, and I propose reading, if the place is wrong, rest *yourself.*—i. e. *rest* and repose yourself, and all your care on me. —*Sympson.*

Dress is right; and accordingly she comes in *dressed* as Maria in the next act.—Ed. 1778.

Dress yourself, means, dress like yourself, in your own appropriate character.

Still he was senseless, clamours could not wake him;
I wish'd 'em then get him to bed; they did so,
And almost smother'd him with rugs and pillows,
And, 'cause they should have no cause to suspect me,
I watch'd him till he waked.[1]

Lurc. 'Twas excellent!

Alathe. When his time came to yawn, and stretch himself,
I bid 'em not be hasty to discover
How he was brought home; his eyes fully open,
With trembling he began to call his servants,
And told 'em he had seen strange visions,
That should convert him from his heathen courses;
They wonder'd, and were silent; there he preached
How sweet the air of a contented conscience
Smelt in his nose now, asked 'em all forgiveness
For their hard pasture since they lived with him;
Bid 'em believe, and fetch out the cold sirloin,
Pierce the strong beer, and let the neighbours joy in't;
The conceal'd muskadine should now lie open
To every mouth; that he would give to th' poor,
And mend their wages; that his doors should be
Open to every miserable suitor.

Lurc. What said his servants then?

Alathe. They durst not speak,
But bless'd themselves, and the strange means that had
Made him a Christian: In this over-joy
I took my leave, and bade 'em say their prayers,
And humour him, lest he turn'd Jew again.

Lurc. Enough, enough!—Who's this?

[1] *I watch'd them till he waked.*] The variation, certainly a proper one, was proposed by Sympson.

Enter TOBY.

'Tis one of my ringers, (stand close!) my lady's coachman!

Toby. Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!—
'Would I were at rack and manger among my horses!
We have divided the Sexton's household-stuff
Among us; one has the rug, and he's turn'd Irish;*
Another has a blanket, and he must beg in't;
The sheets serve another for a frock,
And with the bed-cord he may pass for a porter;
Nothing but the mat would fall to my share, which,
With the help of a tune, and a hassock out o' th' church,
May disguise me till I get home. A pox
O' bell-ringing by the ear! if any man
Take me at it again, let him pull mine
To the pillory. I could wish I had lost
Mine ears, so I had my clothes again: The weather
Wo' not allow this fashion; I do look
For an ague besides.

Lurc. How the rascal shakes!

Toby. Here are company!
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!
A hassock for your feet, or a piss clean and sweet!
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!—
Ringing, I renounce thee! I'll never come to church more.

Lurc. You with a mat!

Toby. I am called. If any one
Should offer to buy my mat, what a case were I in!

* —— *One has the* rug, *and he's turn'd Irish.*] *Rug* gowns were the general dress of the wild Irish. They were also worn by watchmen, and accordingly Wildbrain, who had borrowed the Sexton's rug, exclaims on the next page,—

They'll take me for some watchman of the parish.

Oh, that I were in my oat-tub with a horse-loaf,
Something to hearten me! I dare not hear 'em.—
Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!

Lurc. He's deaf.

Toby. I am glad I am: Buy a mat for a bed!

Lurc. How the rascal sweats! what a pickle he is in!
Every street he goes through will be a new torment.

Toby. If ever I meet at midnight more a-jangling—
I am cold, and yet I drop.—Buy a mat for a bed, buy a mat!

Lurc. He has punishment enough. [*Exit* TOBY.

Enter WILDBRAIN *in a Rug-gown, with a Bill.*

Who's this? my t'other youth? he is turn'd bear.

Wildb. I am half afraid of myself: This poor shift
I got o' th' Sexton, to convey me handsomely
To some harbour; the wench will hardly know me;
They'll take me for some watchman of the parish.
I ha' ne'er a penny left me, that's one comfort;
And ringing has begot a monstrous stomach,
And that's another mischief: I were best go home,
For every thing will scorn me in this habit.
Besides, I am so full of these young bell-ringers—
If I get in a-doors, not the power o' th' country,
Nor all my aunt's curses, shall disembogue me.

Lurc. Bid her come hither presently. Hum! 'tis he. [*Exit* ALATHE *into the house.*

Wildb. I am betray'd to one that will eternally laugh at me!
Three of these rogues will jeer a horse to death.

Lurc. 'Tis Master Wildbrain sure; and yet, methinks,
His fashion's strangely alter'd.—Sirrah, watchman!
You ragamuffin! turn, you lousy bear's skin,
You with the bed-rid bill!

Wildb. He has found me out;
There's no avoiding him: I had rather now
Be arraign'd at Newgate for a robbery,
Than answer to his articles.—Your will, sir?
I am in haste.

Lurc. Nay, then I will make bold wi' ye.
[*Seizes his bill.*
A watchman, and ashamed to shew his countenance,
His face of authority?—I have seen that physiognomy:
Were you never in prison for pilfering?

Wildb. How the rogue worries me!

Lurc. Why may not this
Be the villain robb'd my house last night,
And walks disguised in this malignant rug,
Arm'd with a ton of iron? I will have you
Before a magistrate.

Wildb. What will become of me!

Lurc. What art thou? speak!

Wildb. I am the Wandering Jew,[3] an't please your worship.

[3] *The* Wandering Jew.] The following very entertaining passage is extracted from Dr Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. II. p. 295, *et seq.* "The story of the *Wandering Jew* is of considerable antiquity: It had obtained full credit in this part of the world before the year 1228, as we learn from Mat. Paris. For in that year, it seems, there came an Armenian archbishop into England to visit the shrines and reliques preserved in our churches; who, being entertained at the monastery of St Albans, was asked several questions relating to his country, &c. Among the rest a monk, who sat near him, inquired 'if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, that was so much talked of, who was present at our Lord's crucifixion and conversed with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith.' The archbishop answered, 'That the fact was true.' And afterwards one of his train, who was well known to a servant of the abbot's, interpreting his master's words, told them in French, 'That his lord knew the person they spoke of very well: That he had dined at his table but a little while before he left the East: That he had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Cartaphilus; who, when they were

Lurc. By your leave, rabbi, I will shew you then
A synagogue, y-clept Bridewell, where you,

dragging Jesus out of the door of the judgment hall, struck him with his fist on the back, saying, 'Go faster, Jesus, go faster; why dost thou linger?' Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown, and said, 'I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come.' Soon after he was converted, and baptised by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and at length into a fit or ecstacy, out of which, when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about 30 years of age. He remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ, the saints that arose with him, the composing of the apostles' creed, their preaching and dispersion; and is himself a very grave and holy person. This is the substance of Matthew Paris's account, who was himself a monk of St Albans, and was living at the time when this Armenian archbishop made the above relation. Since his time several impostors have appeared at intervals under the name and character of the WANDERING JEW; whose several histories may be seen in Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible. See also the Turkish Spy, vol. II. book iii. let. 1."—Ed. 1778.

Amongst other modern appearances of this wonderful personage, Paulus Van Eizen, D.D. and Bishop of Sleswig, relates that in 1547 he had beheld a person in a church, in very tattered garments, and a mantle which reached to his feet, apparently about fifty years of age. On enquiry he proved to be the Wandering Jew, whose original name was Ahasuerus, and his profession a shoemaker. The doctor gravely informs us, that he had been seen by men of rank, and even by some of the nobility in England, France, Italy, Hungary, Persia, Spain, Poland, Muscovy, Livonia, Sweden, Denmark, Scotland, and other countries. The bishop had been fully convinced of his identity, by examining him strictly on the history of the time. He was very silent and moderate in his meals, and did not remain long in one place. During his stay at Hamburgh and Dantzic he was never seen to smile, and never accepted greater sums than about two-pence, which he shared with the poor. Other persons of high rank bear testimony of having seen him in 1575 at Madrid; in 1599 at Vienna; in 1610 at Lubeck. The latest account we have of his appearance was in 1634, in which year a learned clergyman of Reval published an history of this miraculous personage, to which he added a most disgusting account of the curses laid upon each of the twelve tribes of Israel, and a learned and pious, though not very charitable, exhortation to his Christian readers.

Under correction, may rest yourself.
You have brought a bill to guard you; there be dog-whips
To firk[4] such rugged curs, whips without bells
Indeed.

Wildb. Bells?

Lurc. How he sweats!

Wildb. I must be known; as good at first.—Now jeer on, [*Throws off his gown*.
But do not anger me too impudently;
The rabbi will be moved then.

Lurc. How! Jack Wildbrain?
What time o'th' moon, man, ha? What strange bells
Hast in thy brains?

Wildb. No more bells,
No more bells! they ring backwards.[5]

Lurc. Why, where's the wench, the blessing that befel thee?
The unexpected happiness? where's that, Jack?
Where are thy golden days?

Wildb. It was his trick, as sure as I am lousy!
But how to be revenged——

Lurc. Fy, fy, Jack!
Marry a watchman's widow in thy young days,
With a revenue of old iron and a rug?

[4] *Firk.*] The meaning of this word is self-evident, and supports Steevens's explanation of the following passage in King Henry V.—"Master Fer! I'll fer him, and *firk* him, and ferret him?"

[5] ——— *What strange bells*
Hast in thy brains?
Wildb. *No more bells,*
No more bells! they ring backwards.] Bells are rung backward on the alarm of fire. The phrase was very usually applied to dizziness of the head. In the Captain, (vol. IX. p. 238,) Piso, after being drunk, exclaims,—

———"Certainly my body
Is of a wildfire, for my head *rings backward*."

Is this the paragon, the dainty piece,
The delicate divine rogue?
Wildb. 'Tis enough! I am undone,
Mark'd for a misery, and so leave prating.
Give me my bill.
Lurc. You need not ask your tailor's,
Unless you had better linings. It may be,
To avoid suspicion, you are going thus
Disguised to your fair mistress.
Wildb. Mock no further,
Or, as I live, I'll lay my bill o' thy pate;
I'll take a watchman's fury into my fingers,
To ha' no judgment to distinguish persons,
And knock thee down.
Lurc. Come, I ha' done; and now
Will speak some comfort to thee: I will lead thee
Now to my mistress, hitherto conceal'd.
She shall take pity on thee too; she loves
A handsome man; thy misery invites me
To do thee good; I'll not be jealous, Jack;
Her beauty shall commend itself: But do not,
When I have brought you into grace, supplant me!
Wildb. Art thou in earnest? by this cold iron—
Lurc. No oaths; I am not costive.—Here she comes.

Enter Mistress from the House.

Sweetheart, I have brought a gentleman,
A friend of mine, to be acquainted with you;
He's other than he seems. Why do ye stare thus?
Mistress. Oh, sir, forgive me! I have done you wrong. [*Kneels to* LURCHER.
Lurc. What is the matter? didst ever see her afore, Jack?
Wildb. Pr'ythee do what thou wot wi' me; if thou hast

A mind, hang me up quickly!

Lurc. Never despair; I'll give thee my share rather:
Take her; I hope she loves thee at first sight,
She has petticoats will patch thee up a suit:
I resign all, only I'll keep these trifles;
I took some pains for 'em, I take it, Jack.—
What think you, pink of beauty? Come, let me
Counsel you both to marry; she has a trade,
If you have audacity to hook in gamesters:
Let's ha' a wedding! You'll be wond'rous rich;
For she is impudent, and thou art miserable;
'Twill be a rare match.

Mistress. As you're a man, forgive me! I'll redeem all.

Lurc. You wo'not to this geer of marriage then?

Wildb. No, no, I thank you, Tom! I can watch for
A groat a-night, and be every gentleman's fellow.

Lurc. Rise, and be good; keep home, and tend your business! [*Exit Mistress.*

Wildb. Thou hast done't to purpose. Give me thy hand, Tom:
Shall we be friends? Thou see'st what state I am in;
I'll undertake this penance to my aunt,
Just as I am, and openly I'll go;
Where, if I be received again for current,
And Fortune smile once more——

Lurc. Nay, nay, I'm satisfied;
So, farewell, honest, lousy Jack!

Wildb. I cannot
Help it; some men meet with strange destinies.
If things go right, thou may'st be hang'd, and I
May live to see't, and purchase thy apparel:
So, farewell, Tom! Commend me to thy polecat!
[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the Lady's *House.*

Enter Lady, *Nurse, and Servant.*

Lady. Now, that I have my counsel ready, and my cause ripe;
The judges all inform'd of the abuses;
Now that he should be gone——
Nurse. No man knows whither;
And yet they talk he went forth with a constable
That told him of strange business, that would bring him
Money and lands, and Heaven knows what; but they
Have search'd, and cannot find out such an officer:
And as a secret, madam, they told your man
Nicholas, whom you sent thither as a spy,
They had a shrewd suspicion 'twas the devil
I' th' likeness of a constable, that has tempted him
By this time to strange things: There have been men,
As rich as he, have met convenient rivers,
And so forth; many trees have borne strange fruits;
D'ye think he has not hang'd himself?
Lady. If he
Be hang'd, who has his goods?

Nurse. They are forfeited,
They say.
Lady. He has hang'd himself for certain then,
Only to cozen me of my girl's portion.
Nurse. Very likely!
Lady. Or did not the constable carry him to some prison?
Nurse. They thought on that too, and search'd every where.
Lady. He may be close for treason, perhaps executed.
Nurse. Nay, they did look among the quarters too,
And muster'd all the Bridge-house for his night-cap.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here is the gentleman again.
Lady. What gentleman?
Serv. He that loved my young mistress.
Lady. Alas, 'tis Heartlove; 'twill but feed his melancholy
To let him see Maria, since we dare not
Yet tell the world she lives; and certainly,
Did not the violence of his passion blind him,
He would see past her borrowed tongue and habit.
Nurse. Please you entertain him a while, madam,
I'll cast about for something with your daughter.
Lady. Do what thou wo't!—Pray Master Heartlove enter.
[*Exeunt Servant and Nurse severally.*

Enter HEARTLOVE.

Heartl. Madam, I come to ask your gentle pardon.

Lady. Pardon? for what? you ne'er offended me.
Heartl. Yes, if you be the mother of Maria.
Lady. I was her mother, but that word is cancell'd,
And buried with her: In that very minute
Her soul fled from her, we lost both our names
Of mother and of daughter.
Heartl. Alas, madam,
If your relation did consist but in
Those naked terms, I had a title nearer,
Since love unites more than the tie of blood:
No matter for the empty voice of mother!
Your nature still is left, which in her absence
Must love Maria, and not see her ashes
And memory polluted.
Lady. You amaze me!
By whom?
Heartl. By me; I am the vile profaner.
Lady. Why do you speak thus indiscreetly, sir?
You ever honour'd her.
Heartl. I did, alive;
But, since she died, I ha' been a villain to her.
Lady. I do beseech you say not so; all this
Is but to make me know how much I sinn'd,
In forcing her to marry.
Heartl. Do not mock me,
I charge you by the virgin you have wept for;
For I have done an impious act against her,
A deed able to fright her from her sleep,
And through her marble ought to be revenged;
A wickedness, that, if I should be silent,
You as a witness must accuse me for't.
Lady. Was I a witness?
Heartl. Yes; you knew I loved
Maria once; or, grant you did but think so,
By what I have profess'd, or she has told you,
Was't not a fault unpardonable in me,

When I should drop my tears upon her grave;
Yes, and proof sufficient——

Lady. To what?

Heartl. That I, forgetful of my fame and vows
To fair Maria, ere the worm could pierce
Her tender shrowd, had changed her for another.
Did you not blush to see me turn a rebel?
So soon to court a shadow, a strange thing,
Without a name? Did you not curse my levity,
Or think upon her death with the less sorrow,
That she had 'scaped a punishment more killing?
Oh, how I shame to think on't!

Lady. Sir, in my
Opinion, 'twas an argument of love
To your Maria, for whose sake you could
Affect one that but carried her small likeness.

Heartl. No more! you are too charitable: But
I know my guilt, and will from henceforth never
Change words with that strange maid, whose innocent face,
Like your Maria's, won so late upon me:
My passions are corrected, and I can
Look on her now, and woman-kind, without
Love in a thought. 'Tis this I came to tell you:
If, after this acknowledgment, you'll be
So kind to shew me in what silent grave
You have disposed your daughter, I will ask
Forgiveness of her dust, and never leave,
Till, with a loud confession of my shame,
I wake her ghost, and that pronounce my pardon.
Will you deny this favour?—Then, farewell!
I'll never see you more.—Ha!

Enter Nurse, and MARIA *in her own Apparel; after some shew of wonder,* HEARTLOVE *goes towards her.*

Lady. Be not deluded, sir! Upon my life,
This is the soul whom you but thought Maria,
In my daughter's habit.—What did you mean, Nurse?—
I knew she would but cozen you: Is she not like now?
Heartl. One dew unto another is not nearer.[4]
Nurse. She thinks she is a gentlewoman; and that
Imagination has so taken her,
She scorns to speak. How handsomely she carries it,
As if she were a well-bred thing, her body!
And, I warrant you, what looks!
Lady. Pray, be not foolish.
Heartl. I disturb nobody. Speak but half a word,
And I am satisfied! But what needs that?
I'll swear 'tis she.
Lady. But do not, I beseech you;
For, trust me, sir, you know not what I know.
Heartl. Peace then,
And let me pray! She holds up her hands with me.
Lady. This will betray all.
Heartl. Love, ever honour'd,
And ever young, thou sovereign of all hearts,

4 ——— *is she not like now?*
One dew unto another is not nearer.] Mr Theobald saw, with me, that *Frank Heartlove's* name was dropt here, which I have made no scruple to insert in the text.—*Sympson.*

Of all our sorrows the sweet ease—She weeps now ! [5]
Does she still cozen me ?
Nurse. You'll see anon.
'Twas her desire ; expect the issue, madam.
Heartl. My soul's so big, I cannot pray ! 'Tis she !
I will go nearer.

Enter ALGRIPE, LURCHER, *and* ALATHE.

Nurse. Here is Master Algripe,
And other strangers, madam.
Alg. Here, good lady ;
Upon my knees, I ask thy worship's pardon !
Here's the whole sum I had with thy fair daughter :
'Would she were living, I might have her peace too,
And yield her up again to her old liberty !
I had a wife before, and could not marry :
My penance shall be, on that man that honour'd her
To confer some land.
Lady. This is incredible !
Alg. 'Tis truth.
Lurc. Do you know me, sir ?
Alg. Ha ! The gentleman I deceived ?
Lurc. My name is Lurcher.
Alg. Sha't have thy mortgage.

[5] *Of all our sorrows the sweet ease.* She weeps now.] Mr Theobald says in his margin, *She weeps now*, which is here only made a stage direction, must be part of the text. However, I have not dared to follow his opinion, as it either might or might not have been, so the reader is left to his own judgment either to admit or reject it.—*Sympson.*

The measure and sense both declaring for it, we have inserted the words in the text.—Ed 1778.

See above, act iii. scene iv. where a similar and equally necessary restoration was neglected by the editors.

Lurc. I ha' that already; no matter for the deed,
If you release it.

Alg. I'll do't before thy witness.
But where's thy sister? if she live, I am happy,
Though I conceal'd our contract,[3] which was stol'n from me
With the evidence of this land.

[ALATHE *goes to* MARIA, *and gives her a Paper; she wonders, and smiles upon* HEARTLOVE; *he, amazed, approaches her; afterwards she shews it her Mother, and then gives it to* HEARTLOVE.

Nurse. Your daughter smiles.

Lurc. I hope she lives; but where I cannot tell, sir.

Alathe. Even here, an't please you, sir.

Alg How!

Alathe. Nay, 'tis she.
To work thy fair way, I preserved you, brother,
That would have lost me willingly, and served you
Thus like a boy: I served you faithfully,
And cast your plots but to preserve your credit;
Your foul ones I diverted to fair uses,
So far as you would hearken to my counsel,
That all the world may know how much you owe me.

Alg. Welcome, entirely! welcome, my dear Alathe!
And, when I lose thee again, blessing forsake me!
Nay, let me kiss thee in these clothes!

Lurc. And I too,
And bless the time I had so wise a sister!
Wert thou the Little Thief?

[6] *Though I conceal our contract.*] So former editions.—Ed. 1778.

Alathe. I stole the contract,
I must confess, and kept it to myself;
It most concern'd me.
Heartl. Contracted? this destroys
His after-marriage.
Maria. Dare you give this hand
To this young gentleman? my heart goes with it.
Alg. Maria alive? how my heart's exalted!—
'Tis my duty:
Take her, Frank Heartlove, take her; and all joys
With her; besides some land to advance her jointure!
Lady. What I have is your own; and blessings crown ye!
Heartl. Give me room,
And fresh air to consider, gentlemen!
My hopes are too high.
Maria. Be more temperate,
Or I'll be Welsh again!
Alg. A day of wonder!
Alathe. Lady, your love![7] I ha' kept my word; there was
A time, when my much suffering made me hate you,
And to that end I did my best to cross you;
And hearing you were dead, I stole your coffin,
That you might never more usurp my office.
Many more knacks I did, which at the weddings
Shall be told of as harmless tales. [*Shout within.*

[7] *Lady, your love,* &c.] This speech has been hitherto given to *Lurcher;* though the circumstances recited in it prove that it belongs to *Alathe.* The fourth line of it, however, requires some amendment: We should either read, *And* hearing *you were dead,* or *And fearing you* wern't *dead.* We preter the former.—Ed. 1778.

The old copies read—And *fearing* you were dead.

4

Enter WILDBRAIN.

Wildb. Hollo your throats a-pieces! I'm at home;
If you can roar me out again——
Lady. What thing is this?
Lurc. A continent of fleas: Room for the pageant!
Make room afore there! Your kinsman, madam.
Lady. My kinsman? let me wonder!
Wildb. Do, and I'll wonder too, to see this company
At peace one with another.
Maria. 'Tis not worth
Your admiration; I was never dead yet.[5]
Wildb. You are merry, aunt, I see, and all your company:
If ye be not, I'll fool up, and provoke ye;
I will do any thing to get your love again:
I'll forswear midnight taverns, and temptations;
Give good example to your grooms; the maids
Shall go to bed, and take their rest this year;
None shall appear with blisters in their bellies.
Lurc. And, when you'll fool again, you may go ring.
Wildb. Madam, have mercy!
Lady. Your submission, sir,
I gladly take, (we will
Enquire the reason of this habit afterwards,)
Now you are soundly shamed; well, we restore you.—

[5] *'Tis not worth*
Your admiration; I was never dead yet.] These words (though so obviously belonging to *Maria*) have hitherto stood as part of *Wildbrain's* speech.—Ed. 1778.

Where's Toby? where's the coachman?
Nurse. He's a-bed, madam,
And has an ague, he says.
Lurc. I'll be his physician.
Lady. We must a-foot then.
Lurc. Ere the priest ha' done,
Toby shall wait upon you with his coach,
And make your Flanders mares dance back again
wi' ye,
I warrant you, madam.—You are mortified;
Your suit shall be granted too.[9]
Wildb. Make, make room afore there!
Lady. Home forward with glad hearts! home,
child![1]
Maria. I wait you.
Heartl. On joyfully!—The cure of all our grief
Is owing to this pretty Little Thief. [*Exeunt.*

[9] *I warrant you, madam, you are mortified; Your suit shall be granted too.*] This pointing was altered silently by the last editors, and the words may certainly refer to Wildbrain, though the reason is not very evident.

[1] Lady. *Home forward with glad hearts! home, child.*] This must be an inadvertency of the poet's, as the present scene is evidently transacted in the Lady's house, as is proved by several circumstances; and particularly by Wildbrain's entering, who had, in the previous scene, declared his resolution to return to her house at all events.

THE WIDOW.

This Comedy was the joint production of three poets, of whom two enjoyed the greatest reputation among the dramatists of the time, and the third filled a very distinguished place among those of the second rank. At what time it was originally performed cannot be determined with certainty; but, from an allusion in the last act, which will be found explained in a note, it is evident that it was written after the year 1615, and probably some time before 1621. From the title-page, Mr Reed, who republished The Widow in his edition of Dodsley's Old Plays, concludes, that it was produced in the reign of Charles I.; but, as Fletcher died shortly after the accession of that monarch, it, no doubt, appeared in the reign of his predecessor. During the civil wars, it was sent to the press by Alexander Gough, a player, who, after his professional means of livelihood had been destroyed by the fanatical rulers of the time, supported himself, at least in part, by publishing such manuscript plays as had fallen into his hands during the wreck of the theatres. The following is the title-page of the quarto, from which it appears to have met with a very favourable reception:—"The Widow, a Comedie. As it was acted at the private house in Black Fryers, with great applause, by his late Majesties Servants. Written by Ben Jonson, John Fletcher, Tho. Middleton, Gents. Printed by the original copy. London: Printed for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at his Shop at the Sign of the Prince's Arms, in St Paul's Church-yard. 1652." 4to. It is mentioned as one of the stock-plays of the Red-Bull actors by Sir Henry Herbert at the time of the Restoration, as well as by Downes; which proves that it long retained a great portion of popularity.

The Widow is a very lively and entertaining comedy; but it is evidently a very hasty composition, and was probably produced on the spur of the occasion. This is not only observable in the lan-

guage, but the characters, which are very slightly sketched, indicating haste, and the whole bears somewhat of an unfinished appearance. What share was contributed by Middleton's illustrious allies cannot be now ascertained with certainty. The mountebank-scene bears considerable resemblance to the style and manner of Ben Jonson; and Fletcher's hand is visible in the first scene of the second act, the second in the third, and some passages of the fourth and fifth acts.

PROLOGUE.

A sport, only for Christmas, is the play
This hour presents to you; to make you gay [1]
Is all the ambition 't has; and fullest aim,
Bent at your smiles, to win itself a name:
And if your edge be not quite taken off,
Wearied with sports, I hope 'twill make you laugh.

[1] ——*to make you* merry.] I have ventured to alter this word to make out the rhyme.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Brandino, *an old Justice.*
Martino, *his Clerk.*
Francisco, } *two Gentlemen.*
Attilio, }
Two old Men, Suitors to the Widow.
Ricardo, *a decayed young Gentleman, and Suitor to the Widow.*
Latrocinio, }
Occulto, }
Silvio, } *Thieves.*
Stratio, }
Fiducio, }
Servellio, *Valeria's Servant.*

Valeria, *the Widow.*
Martia, *Daughter to one of the old Suitors, and disguised as* Ansaldo.
Philippa, *Justice Brandino's Wife.*
Violetta, *her Waiting-maid.*
Officers, Servants.

SCENE,—Istria and the neighbouring Country.

THE WIDOW.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Country. An Inner Court of Brandino's *House.*

Enter Signior MARTINO *and* FRANCISCO.

Fran. Martino!

Mar. Signior Francisco! you're the luckiest gentleman to meet or see first in a morning: I never saw you yet, but I was sure of money within less than half an hour.

Fran. I bring you the same luck still.

Mar. What, you do not? I hope, sir, you are not come for another warrant?

Fran. Yes, 'faith, for another warrant.

Mar. Why there's my dream come out then; I never dream'd of a buttock, but I was sure to have money for a warrant. It is the luckiest part of all the body to me: Let every man speak as he finds. Now your usurer is of opinion, that to

dream of the devil is your wealthier dream; and I think if a man dream of that part that brings many to the devil, 'tis as good, and has all one smatch indeed, for if one be the flesh, the other's the broth: so 'tis in all his members, an we mark it; if gluttony be the meat, letchery is the porridge; they are both boil'd together, and we clerks will have our modicum too, though it conclude in the two-penny chop! Why, sir, Signior Francisco.

Fran. 'Twas her voice sure,
Or my soul takes delight to think it was,
And makes a sound like her's.

Mar. Sir, I beseech you.

Fran. It is the prettiest contrived building, this:
What poesy's that, I pr'ythee?

Mar. Which, sir; that
Under the great brass squirt?[1]

Fran. Ay, that, sir, that.

Mar. "From fire, from water, and all things amiss,
Deliver the house of an honest justice."

[1] *What* poesy's *that, I pr'ythee?*
Mar. *Which, sir; that*
Under the great brass squirt?] It was usual at the time to have *posies* inscribed over the chimnies and other parts of the house, consisting of moral admonitions to the inmates and guests. So in Rowley's Match at Midnight, Bloodhound, the usurer, says,—"I'll tell you an old saw for't, over my chimney yonder:

A poor man seem to him that's poor,
And prays thee for to lend;
But tell the prodigal, not quite spent,
Thou wilt procure a friend.

Widow. Trust me, a thrifty saw.
Blood. Many will have virtuous admonitions on their walls, but not a piece in their coffers: Give me these witty politic saws, and indeed my house is furnished with no other."
The posy in the text is inscribed on the brass squirt, no doubt a kind of rude fire-engine kept in the house.

Fran. There 's like to be a good house kept then, when fire and water's forbidden to come into the kitchen.
Not yet a sight of her? This hour 's unfortunate.—
And what's that yonder, pr'ythee?—O love's famine,
There's no affliction like thee.—Ay, I hear you, sir.

Mar. You're quicker ear'd than I then: you hear me
Before I heard myself.

Fran. A gift in friendship;
Some call it an instinct.

Mar. It may be,
Th' other's the sweeter phrase though. Look you, sir,
Mine own wit this, and 'tis as true as turtle;
" A goose-quill and a clerk, a constable and a lanthorn,
Bring many a bawd from coach to cart, and many a thief to one turn."

Fran. That one turn help'd you well.

Mar. It has helped me to money indeed for many a warrant. I am forty dollars the better for that one turn; an't would come off quicker 'twere ne'er a whit the worse for me. But indeed when thieves are taken, and break away twice or thrice one after another, there's my gains; then go out more warrants to fetch 'em again: one fine nimble villain may be worth a man ten dollars, in and out o' that fashion; I love such a one with my heart. Ay, and will help him to 'scape too, an I can; hear you me that? I'll have him in at all times at a month's warning: Nay, say I let him run like a summer nag all the vacation—see you these blanks?—I'll send him but one of these bridles, and bring him in at Michaelmas with a vengeance. Nothing

kills my heart, but when one of 'em dies, sir, then there's no hope of more money: I had rather lose at all times two of my best kindred than an excellent thief; for he's a gentleman I'm more beholden to.

Fran. You betray your mystery too much, sir.—
Yet no comfort? [*Aside.*
'Tis but her sight that I waste precious time for;
For more I cannot hope for, she's so strict;
Yet that I cannot have.

Mar. I am ready now, signior. Here are blank warrants of all dispositions; give me but the name and nature of your malefactor, and I'll bestow him according to his merits.

Fran. This only is th' excuse that bears me
out, [*Aside.*
And keeps off impudence and suspicion
From my too frequent coming: what name now
Shall I think on, and not to wrong the house?
This coxcomb will be prating.——One Attilio,
His offence wilful murder.

Mar. Wilful murder? Oh I love a' life* to have such a fellow come under my fingers; like a beggar that's long a taking leave of a fat louse, I'm loth to part with him, I must look upon him over and over first: Are you wilful? i' faith I'll be as wilful as you then.

[PHILIPPA *and* VIOLETTA *appear at a window.*

Phi. Martino!

Mar. Mistress?

Phi. Make haste, your master's going.

Mar. I'm but about a wilful murder, forsooth; I'll dispatch that presently. [*Exit.*

* *I love* a' life.] This phrase has already occurred in these plays, and is probably abbreviated from *at life*. So in Beaumont's Salmacis and Hermaphroditus,—"That boy loves ease *a' life.*"

Phi. Good-morrow, sir; oh that I durst say more! [*Hides herself.*
Fran. 'Tis gone again; since such are all life's pleasures,
No sooner known but lost, he that enjoys 'em
The length of life, has but a longer dream;
He wakes to this i' th' end, and sees all nothing.
Phi. He cannot see me now; I'll mark him better
Before I be too rash: Sweetly composed he is;
Now as he stands, he's worth a woman's love,
That loves only for shape, as most of 's do:
But I must have him wise, as well as proper,
He comes not in my books else;[3] and indeed
I have thought upon a course to try his wit.—
Violetta!
Vio. Mistress.
Phi. Yonder's the gentleman again.
Vio. Oh, sweet mistress,
Pray give me leave to see him.
Phi. Nay, take heed,
Open not the window, an you love me.
Vio. No, I've the view of his whole body here, mistress, at this poor little slit; oh, enough, enough: in troth 'tis a fine outside.
Phi. I see that.
Vio. He has curl'd his hair most judiciously well.
Phi. Ay, there's thy love now, it begins in barbarism; she buys a goose with feathers, that loves a gentleman for 's hair; she may be cozened to her face, wench. Away! he takes his leave. Reach me that letter hither; quick, quick, wench!

[3] *He comes not in my books else.*] See vol. VI. p. 432.

Re-enter Martino, *with Warrants.*

Mar. Nay, look upon't, and spare not: every one cannot get that kind of warrant from me, signior. Do you see this prick i' th' bottom? It betokens power and speed; it is a privy mark, that runs between the constables and my master. Those that cannot read, when they see this, know 'tis for lechery or murder; and this being away, the warrant comes gelded, and insufficient.

Fran. I thank you, sir.

Mar. Look you; all these are nihils;
They want the punction.

Fran. Yes, I see they do, sir;
There's for thy pains.—Mine must go unrewarded:
The better love, the worse by fate regarded.

[*Drops a letter, and exit.*

Mar. Well, go thy ways for the sweetest customer that ever penman was bless'd withal. Now will he come for another to-morrow again: if he hold on this course, he will leave never a knave i' th' town within this twelvemonth: No matter, I shall be rich enough by that time.

Phi. Martino!

Mar. Say you, forsooth?

Phi. What paper's that the gentleman let fall there?

Mar. Paper? 'Tis the warrant, I hope: If it be I'll hide it, and make him pay for't again.—No, pox; 'tis not so happy.

Phi. What is't, sirrah?

Mar. 'Tis nothing but a letter, forsooth.

Phi. Is that nothing?

Mar. Nothing in respect of a warrant, mistress.

Phi. A letter? Why, 't has been many a man's undoing, sir.

Mar. So has a warrant, an' you go to that, mistress.

Phi. Read but the superscription, and away with't!
Alas! it may concern that gentleman nearly.

Mar. Why, mistress, this letter is at home already.

Phi. At home? how mean you, sir?

Mar. You shall hear, mistress. [*Reads.*] *To the deservingest of all her sex, and most worthy of his best respect and love, Mistress Philippa Brandino.*

Phi. How, sir, to me?

Mar. To you, mistress.

Phi. Run, as thou lov'st my honour, and my life;
Call him again, I'll not endure this injury:
But stay, stay, now I think on't, 'tis my credit:
I'll have your master's counsel. Ah, base fellow!
To leave his loose lines thus! 'tis even as much
As a poor honest gentlewoman's undoing,
Had I not a grave wise man to my husband:
And thou a vigilant varlet to admit
Thou car'st not whom!

Mar. Alas! 'tis my office, mistress. You know you have a kirtle every year, and 'tis within two months of the time now, the velvet's coming over: Pray be milder; a man that has a place must take money of any body; please you to throw me down but half a dollar, and I'll make you a warrant for him now; that's all I care for him.

Phi. Well, look you be clear now from this foul conspiracy
Against mine honour; or your master's love to you,
That makes you stout, shall not maintain you here,
It shall not; trust to't. [*Exit.*

Mar. This is strange to me now:
Dare she do this, and but eight weeks to new-year's tide?
A man that had his blood as hot as her's now,

Would fit her with French velvet: I'll go near it.

Enter Brandino *and* Philippa.

Phi. If this be a wrong to modest reputation,
Be you the censurer, sir, that are the master
Both of your fame and mine.
Bran Signior Francisco?
I'll make him fly the land.
Mar. That will be hard, sir;
I think he be not so well feather'd, master;
He has spent the best part of his patrimony.
Phi. Hark of his bold confederate!
Bran. There thou'rt bitter;
And I must chide thee now.
Phi. What should I think, sir?
He comes to your man for warrants.
Bran. There it goes then.—
Come hither, knave! Comes he to you for warrants?
Mar. Why, what of that, sir?
You know I give no warrants to make cuckolds;
That comes by fortune, and by nature, sir.
Bran. True, that comes by fortune, and by nature, wife.
Why dost thou wrong this man?
Mar. He needs no warrant, master, that goes about such business; a cuckold-maker carries always his warrant about him.
Bran. La! has he answer'd well now, to the full?
What cause hast thou to abuse him?
Phi. Hear me out, I pray:
Through his admittance, he has had an opportunity
To come into the house, and court me boldly.
Bran. Sirrah, you're foul again, methinks.
Mar. Who I, sir?
Bran. You gave this man admittance into th' house.

Mar. That's true, sir; you never gave me any order yet,
To write my warrants i' th' street.
Bran. Why sure thou tak'st delight
To wrong this fellow, wife; ha? 'cause I love him?
Phi. Pray, see the fruits; see what he has left behind here:
Be angry where you should be: There's few wives
Would do as I do.
Bran. Nay, I'll say that for thee,
I ne'er found thee but honest.
Phi. She's a beast
That ever was found otherways.
Bran. Read, Martino:
Mine eyes are sore already, and such a business
Would put 'em out quite.
Mar. [*Reads.*] "Fair, dear, and incomparable mistress——
Bran. Oh! every letter draws a tooth, methinks.
Mar. And it leads mine to watering.
Phi. Here's no villainy?[4]
Mar. "My love being so violent, and the opportunity so precious in your husband's absence to night, who, as I understand, takes a journey this morning——
Bran. Oh plot of villainy!
Phi. Am I honest, think you, sir?
Bran. Exactly honest, perfectly improved.—
On, on, Martino.
Mar. "I will make bold, dear mistress, though your chastity has given me many a repulse, to wait the sweet blessings of this long-desired op-

[4] *Here's no villainy?*] That is, according to the phraseology of the age, "here is superlative villainy." So in Alexander Brome's Cunning Lovers,—"Here's no roguery, here's no knavery, here's no villainy and all confessed too!"

portunity, at the back gate, between nine and ten this night——

Bran. I feel this inns-o'-court man in my temples.

Mar. "Where, if your affection be pleased to receive me, you receive the faithfullest that ever vowed service to woman,——Francisco."

Bran. I will make Francisco smart for't.

Phi. Shew him the letter; let him know you know him;
That will torment him: all your other courses
Are nothing, sir, to that; that breaks his heart.

Bran. The strings shall not hold long then.—Come, Martino.

Phi. Now if Francisco have any wit at all,
He comes at night; if not, he never shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Istria. A Street.

Enter Francisco, Ricardo, *and* Attilio.

Ric. Nay, mark, mark it, Francisco: it was the naturallest courtesy that ever was ordained; a young gentleman being spent, to have a rich Widow set him up again. To see how fortune has provided for all mortality's ruins! your college for your old-standing scholar, your hospital for your lame creeping soldier, your bawd for your mangled roarer, your open house for your beggar, and your Widow for your gentleman: Ha, Francisco!

Fran. Ay, sir, you may be merry; you're in hope of a rich Widow.

Ric. And why should'st not thou be in hope of another, if there were any spirit in thee: thou art as likely a fellow as any in the company. I'll be hang'd now if I do not hit the true cause of thy sadness; and confess truly, i' faith: thou hast some land unsold yet, I hold my life.

Fran. Marry, I hope so, sir.

Ric. A pox on't, have I found it? 'Slight, away with it with all speed, man! I was never merry at heart while I had a foot: Why, man, fortune never minds us, till we are left alone to ourselves: for what need she take care for them that do nothing but take care for themselves? Why, dost think if I had kept my lands still, I should ever have look'd after a rich Widow? Alas, I should have married some poor young maid, got five-and-twenty children, and undone myself.

Fran. I protest, sir, I should not have the face though, to come to a rich Widow with nothing.

Ric. Why, art thou so simple as thou makest thyself? Dost think, i' faith, I come to a rich Widow with nothing?

Fran. I mean with state not answerable to her's.

Ric. Why there's the fortune, man, that I talk'd on; she knows all this, and yet I am welcome to her.

Fran. Ay? that's strange, sir.

Ric. Nay more, to pierce thy hard heart, and make thee sell thy land, if thou'st any grace: She has, amongst others, two substantial suitors;
One, in good time be't spoke, I owe much money to,
She knows this too, and yet I'm welcome to her,
Nor dares the unconscionable rascal trouble me;
She has told him thus: those that profess love to

her

Shall have the liberty to come and go,
Or else get him gone first; she knows not yet
Where fortune may bestow her, she's her gift,
Therefore to all will show a kind respect.

Fran. Why this is like a woman: I ha' no luck in't.

Ric. And as at a sheriff's table,—O blest custom!—
A poor indebted gentleman may dine,
Feed well, and without fear, and depart so;
So to her lips fearless I come and go.

Fran. You may well boast, you are much the happier man, sir.

Ric. So you would be, an you would sell your land, sir.

Fran. I have heard the circumstance of your sweet fortune:
Pr'ythee give ear to my unlucky tale now.

Ric. That's an ill hearing; but come, for once, sir.

Fran. I never yet loved but one woman.

Ric. Right, I begun
So too; but I have loved a thousand since.

Fran. Pray hear me, sir; but this is a man's wife.

Ric. So has five hundred of my thousand been.

Fran. Nay, see an you'll regard me!

Ric. No? you see I do,
I bring you an example in for every thing.

Fran. This man's wife——

Ric. So you said.

Fran. Seems very strict.

Ric. Ha, humph!

Fran. Do you laugh at that?

Ric. Seems very strict, you said:
I hear you, man; ay, 'faith, you are so jealous still.

Fran. But why should that make you laugh?

Ric. Because she seems so: You are such another—

Fran. Nay, sir, I think she is.

Ric. You cannot tell then?

Fran. I dare not ask the question, I protest,
For fear of a repulse, which yet not having,
My mind's the quieter, and I live in hope still.

Ric. Ha, hum! This 'tis to be a landed man. Come, I perceive I must show you a little of my fortune, and instruct you: Not ask the question?

Fran. Methought still she frown'd, sir.

Ric. Why that's the cause, fool, that she look'd so scurvily. Come, come, make me your woman, you'll ne'er do't else; I'll shew you her condition presently. I perceive you must begin like a young vaulter, and get up at horse tail, before you get into the saddle: Have you the boldness to utter your mind to me now, being but in hose and doublet? I think, if I should put on a farthingale, thou would'st never have the heart to do't.

Fran. Perhaps I should not then, for laughing
at you, sir.

Ric. In the mean time I fear I shall laugh at thee without one.

Fran. Nay, you must think, friend, I dare speak
to a woman.

Ric. You shall pardon me for that, friend; I will not think it, till I see't.

Fran. Why you shall then: I shall be glad to
learn too,
Of one so deep as you are.

Ric. So you may, sir.—Now 'tis my best course to look mildly, I shall put him out at first else. [*Aside.*

Fran. A word, sweet lady.

Ric. With me, sir? say your pleasure.

Fran. O Ricardo,
Thou art too good to be a woman long.

Ric. Do not find fault with this, for fear I prove
Too scornful; be content when you're well used.

Fran. You say well, sir. -Lady, I have loved
you long.

Ric. 'Tis a good hearing, sir.—If he be not out now, I'll be hang'd.

Fran. You play a scornful woman! I perceive, Ricardo, you have not been used to 'em: Why, I'll come in at my pleasure with you. Alas, 'tis nothing for a man to talk, when a woman gives way to't: One shall seldom meet with a lady so kind, as thou play'dst her.

Ric. Not altogether, perhaps: He that draws their pictures must flatter 'em a little; they'll look he that plays 'em should do't a great deal then.

Fran. Come, come, I'll play the woman, that
I'm used to;
I see you ne'er wore shoe that pinch'd you yet,
All your things come on easy.

Ric. Say you so, sir?
I'll try your ladyship, 'faith.—Lady, well met.

Fran. I do not think so, sir.

Ric. A scornful gom![5] And at the first dash too?
My widow never gave me such an answer.
I'll to you again, sir.—
Fairest of creatures, I do love thee infinitely.

Fran. There's no body bids you, sir.

Ric. Pox on thee, thou art the beastliest crossest baggage that ever man met withal; but I'll see thee hang'd, sweet lady, ere I be daunted with this.—Why, thou art too awkward, sirrah.

[5] *Gom!*] Junius, in his Etymologicon, says, that *gom*, or *gome*, signifies *a man*—Ricardo therefore means, that Francisco, in his assumed character of a woman, acts not with the softness and delicacy of a female, but with the scorn and haughtiness of a man. —*Reed.*

The word *gome* for a man, generally a warrior, occurs in several old poems, such as Amis and Amiloun, Libeaux Disconus, Pierce Ploughman, &c.

Fran. Hang thee, base fellow!

Ric. Now, by this light, he thinks he does't indeed. Nay, then, have at your plumb-tree; 'faith, I'll not be foil'd.—Though you seem to be careless, madam, as you have enough wherewithal to be, yet I do, must, and will love you.

Fran. Sir, if you begin to be rude, I'll call my woman.

Ric. What a pestilent quean's this! I shall have much ado with her, I see that. Tell me, as you're a woman, lady, what serve kisses for, but to stop up all your mouths? [*Kisses him.*

Fran. Hold, hold, Ricardo.

Ric. Disgrace me, Widow!

Fran. Art mad? I'm Francisco.

At. Signior Ricardo, up, up!

Ric. Who is't? Francisco?

Fran. Francisco, quotha? What, are you mad, sir

Ric. A bots on thee, thou dost not know what injury thou hast done me; I was i' th' fairest dream. This is your way now an you can follow it.

Fran. 'Tis a strange way, methinks.

Ric. Learn you to play a woman not so scornfully then,
For I am like the actor that you spoke on,
I must have the part that overcomes the lady,
I never like the play else.—Now your friendship,
But to assist a subtle trick I ha' thought on,
And the rich Widow's mine within these three hours.

At. Fran. We should be proud of that, sir.

Ric. List to me then.
I'll place you two—I can do't handsomely,
I know the house so well—to hear the conference
'Twixt her and I: She's a most affable one;
Her words will give advantage, and I'll urge 'em
To the kind proof, to catch her in a contract;
Then shall you both step in as witnesses,

And take her in the snare.
Fran. But do you love her?
And then 'twill prosper.
Ric. By this hand I do,
Not for her wealth, but for her person too.
Fran. It shall be done, then.
Ric. But stay, stay, Francisco;
Where shall we meet with thee some two hours hence, now?
Fran. Why, hark you, sir. [*Whisper.*
Ric. Enough, command my life;
Get me the Widow, I'll get thee the wife.
[*Exeunt* Ricardo *and* Attilio.
Fran. Oh, that's now with me past hope; yet I must love her.
I would I could not do't.

Enter Brandino *and* Martino.

Mar. Yonder's the villain, master.
Bran. Francisco? I am happy.
Mar. Let's both draw, master, for there's nobody with him; stay, stay, master.
Do not you draw till I be ready too,
Let's draw just both together, and keep even.
Bran. What an we kill'd him now, before he saw us?
Mar. No, then he will hardly see to read the letter.
Bran. That's true: Good counsel, marry.
Mar. Marry thus much, sir; you may kill him lawfully, all the while he's a reading on't, as an Anabaptist may lie with a brother's wife, all the while he's asleep.[6]

[6] *As an Anabaptist may lie with a brother's wife, all the while he's asleep.*] Our poets here attribute to the Anabaptists, tenets which are generally charged upon a strange religious sect, called the Fa-

Bran. He turns; he looks.—Come on, sir, you, Francisco;
I loved your father well, but you're a villain.
He loved me well too: But you love my wife, sir;

mily of Love, founded by David George, of Delpht, who died in 1556. So in Middleton's Game of Chess,—"Let's divorce ourselves so long, or think I am gone to th' Indies, or lie with him when I am asleep, for some *Familists of Amsterdam* will tell you that may be done with a safe conscience."—The same poet wrote a play entitled The Family of Love, but it seems that he was reprehended for not displaying these sectarians in their true colours Thus Shirley, in the Lady of Pleasure:

"'Tis but the Family of Love translated
Into more costly sin: There was a play on't;
And had the poet not been bribed to a modest
Expression of your antic gambols in't,
Some darks had been discovered, and the deeds too.
In time he may repent, and make some blush
To see the second part danced on the stage."

The dramatic poets of the time incessantly attacked these and other fanatics of the age.* Davenport, in A New Trick to cheat the Devil, puts these words into the mouth of one of the fiends:

"I am a *puritan:* one that will eat no pork,
Doth use to shut his shop on Saturdays,
And open them on Sundays; a *familist*,
And one of the arch-limbs of Belzebub,
A Jewish Christian and a Christian Jew."

It has been observed in a former volume (IX. 473,) that Amsterdam was the general place of refuge for these sectarians from England and other countries. Taylor, the water-poet, thus enumerates the reasons of the puritans for leaving their native country:

"The cope and surplice he cannot abide,
Against the corner-cap he out hath cried,
And calls them weeds of superstition,
And liveries of the whore of Babylon.
The crosses blessing he esteems a curse,
The ring in marriage, out upon't! 'tis worse;
And for his kneeling at the sacrament,
In sooth, he'll rather suffer banishment,
And goe to *Amsterdam*, there live and dye,
Ere he'l commit so much idolatry."

After whom take you that? I will not say
Your mother play'd false.

Fran. No, sir, you were not best.

Bran. But I will say, in spite of thee, my wife's honest.

Mar. And I, my mistress.

Fran. You may, I'll give you leave.

Bran. Leave, or leave not, there she defies you, sir; [*Gives him a letter.*
Keep your adulterous sheet to wind you in,
Or cover your forbidden parts at least,
For fear you want one; many a lecher may,
That sins in cambrick now.

Mar. And in lawn too, master.

Bran. Nay, read, and tremble, sir.

Mar. Now, shall I do't, master? I see a piece of an open seam in his shirt, shall I run him in there? for my sword has ne'er a point.

Bran. No, let him foam a while.

Mar. If your sword be no better than mine, we shall not kill him by day-light; we had need have a lanthorn.

Bran. Talk not of lanthorns, he's a sturdy lecher;
He would make the horns fly about my ears.

Fran. [*Aside.*] I apprehend thee: Admirable woman!
Which to love best I know not, thy wit or beauty.

Bran. Now, sir, have you well view'd your bastard there,
Got of your lustful brain? 'Give you joy on't.

Fran. I thank you, sir; although you speak in jest,
I must confess, I sent your wife this letter,
And often courted, tempted, and urged her.

Bran. Did you so, sir?
Then first, before I kill thee, I forewarn thee my house.

Mar. And I, before I kill thee, forewarn thee my office; die to-morrow. Next, thou never get'st warrant of me more, for love or money.

Fran. Remember but again, from whence I came, sir,
And then I know you cannot think amiss of me.

Bran. How's this?

Mar. Pray, hear him; it may grow to a peace: for, master, though we have carried the business nobly, we are not altogether so valiant as we should be.

Bran. Peace, thou say'st true in that.—What is't you'd say, sir?

Fran. Was not my father (quietness be with him)
And you sworn brothers?

Bran. Why, right; that's it urges me.

Fran. And could you have a thought that I could wrong you,
As far as the deed goes?

Bran. You took the course, sir.

Fran. To make you happy, if you rightly weigh'd it.

Mar. 'Troth, I'll put up at all adventures, master;
It comes off very fair yet.

Fran. You in years
Married a young maid: What does the world judge, think you?

Mar. By'r lady, master, knavishly enough, I warrant you;
I should do so myself.

Fran. Now, to damp slander,
And all her envious and suspicious brood,
I made this friendly trial of her constancy,
Being son to him you loved; that now confirm'd,
I might advance my sword against the world
In her most fair defence, which joys my spirit.

Mar. Oh, master, let me weep, while you embrace him.

Bran. Francisco, is thy father's soul in thee?
Lives he here still? What, will he shew himself
In his male seed to me? Give me thy hand,
Methinks it feels now like thy father's to me:
Pr'ythee forgive me.

Mar. And me too, pr'ythee.

Bran. Come to my house, thy father never miss'd it.

Mar. Fetch now as many warrants as you please, sir,
And welcome too.

Fran. To see how soon man's goodness
May be abused!

Bran. But now I know thy intent,
Welcome to all that I have.

Fran. Sir, I take it:
A gift so given, hang him that would forsake it!
[*Exit.*

Bran. Martino, I applaud my fortune, and thy counsel.

Mar. You never have ill fortune when you follow it. Here were things carried now in the true nature of a quiet duello; a great strife ended, without the rough soldier, or the—And now you may take your journey.

Bran. Thou art my glee, Martino. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Valeria's *House.*

Enter VALERIA *and* SERVELLIO.

Val. Servellio!
Serv. Mistress?
Val. If that fellow come again,
Answer him without me: I'll not speak with him.
Serv. He in the nutmeg-colour'd band, forsooth?
Val. Ay, that spiced coxcomb, sir: Never may
I marry again
If his right worshipful idolatrous face
Be not most fearfully painted; so hope comfort me,
I might perceive it peel in many places,
And under 's eye lay a betraying foulness,
As maids sweep dust o' th' house all to one corner;
It shew'd me enough there, prodigious pride,
That cannot but fall scornfully. I'm a woman,
Yet, I praise Heaven, I never had the ambition
To go about to mend a better workman:
She ever shames herself i' th' end that does it.
He that likes me not now, as Heaven made me,
I will never hazard hell to do him a pleasure;
Nor lie every night like a woodcock in paste[7]

[7] *Nor lie every night like a woodcock in* paste.] It has been before obseived, (vol. X. p. 66,) that almond paste was used by our poets' fair contemporaries to preserve their skin white.

To please some gaudy goose i' th' morning.
A wise man likes that best, that is itself,
Not that which only seems, though it look fairer.
Heaven send me one that loves me, and I'm happy,
Of whom I'll make great trial ere I have him.
Though I speak all men fair, and promise sweetly,
I learn that of my suitors, 'tis their own,
Therefore injustice 'twere to keep it from 'em.

Enter RICARDO, *with* FRANCISCO *and* ATTILIO, *who stand apart.*

Ric. And so as I said, sweet Widow.
Val. Do you begin where you left, sir?
Ric. I always desire, when I come to a widow, to begin i' th' middle of a sentence; for I presume she has a bad memory of a woman, that cannot remember what goes before.
Val. Stay, stay, sir; let me look upon you well: Are not you painted too?
Ric. How, painted, Widow?
Val. Not painted widow, I do not use it, trust me, sir.
Ric. That makes me love thee.
Val. I mean painted gentleman,
Or if you please to give him a greater style, sir;
Blame me not, sir, it's a dangerous age I tell you,
Poor simple-dealing women had need look about 'em.
Ric. But is there such a fellow in the world, Widow,
As you are pleased to talk on?
Val. Nay, here lately, sir.
Ric. Here? a pox! I think I smell him, 'tis vermillion sure, ha? oil of ben.[8] Do but shew him

[8] *Oil of ben.*] "*Been* or *beben*, in pharmacy, denotes a medici-

me, Widow, and let me never hope for comfort, if I do not immediately geld him, and grind his face upon one o' th' stones.

Val. Suffices you have express'd me your love and valour, and manly hate against that unmanly pride: But, sir, I'll save you that labour; he never comes within my door again.

Ric. I'll love your door the better while I know't, Widow; a pair of such brothers were fitter for posts[9] without door, indeed, to make a shew at a new-chosen magistrate's gate, than to be used in a woman's chamber. No, sweet widow, having me, you have the truth of a man; all that you see of me is full of mine own, and what you see, or not see, shall be yours: I ever hated to be beholden to art, or to borrow any thing but money.

Val. True; and that you never use to pay again.

Ric. What matter is't? If you be pleased to do't for me, I hold it as good.

Val. Oh, soft you, sir, I pray.

Ric. Why, i' faith, you may an you will.

Val. I know that, sir.

Ric. 'Troth, an I would have my will then, if I were as you; there's few women else but have.

nal root, celebrated, especially among the Arabs, for its aromatic, cardiac, and alexiterial virtues."—Chambers's *Dictionary*. The same writer says, there are two kinds of *Been*, white and red, and that they are both brought from the Levant, and have the same virtues, being substituted for each other.—*Reed.*

9 *Fitter for posts*, &c.] The practice of newly elected magistrates painting their door-posts, is by no means obsolete. It is often alluded to in old plays. For instance, in Dekkar's Honest Whore, "I hope my acquaintance goes in chains of gold, three-and-fifty times double: you know who I mean, coz; *the posts of his gate are a-painting too.*"

Val. But since I cannot have it in all, signior,
I care not to have it in any thing.

Ric. Why, you may have it in all, an you will, Widow.

Val. Pish! I would have one that loves me for myself, sir,
Not for my wealth; and that I cannot have.

Ric. What say you to him that does the thing you wish for?

Val. Why, here's my hand, I'll marry none but him then.

Ric. Your hand and faith?

Val. My hand and faith.

Ric. 'Tis I, then.

Val. I shall be glad on't, trust me; 'shrew my heart else.

Ric. A match.

Francisco *and* Attilio *come forward.*

Fran. Give you joy, sweet Widow!

At. Joy to you both!

Val. How?

Ric. Nay, there's no starting now; I have you fast, Widow.—
You are witness, gentlemen.

Fran. and At. We'll be deposed on it.

Val. Am I betray'd to this, then? Then I see
'Tis for my wealth; a woman's wealth's her traitor.

Ric. 'Tis for love chiefly, I protest, sweet Widow;
I count wealth but a fiddle to make us merry.

Val. Hence!

Ric. Why, thou'rt mine.

Val. I do renounce it utterly.

Ric. Have I not hand and faith?

Val. Sir, take your course.

Ric. With all my heart; ten courses an you will, Widow.
Val. Sir, sir, I'm not so gamesome as you think me;
I'll stand you out by law.
Ric. By law! O cruel, merciless woman,
To talk of law, and know I have no money.
Val. I will consume myself to the last stamp,*
Before thou gett'st me.
Ric. 'Life, I'll be as wilful, then, too:
I will rob all the carriers in Christendom,
But I'll have thee, and find my lawyers money:
I scorn to get thee under *forma pauperis;*
I have too proud a heart, and love thee better.
Val. As for you, gentlemen, I'll take course against you;
You came into my house without my leave;
Your practices are cunning and deceitful;
I know you not, and I hope law will right me.
Ric. It is sufficient that your husband knows 'em:
'Tis not your business to know every man;
An honest wife contents herself with one.
Val. You know what you shall trust to. Pray depart, sir,
And take your rude confederates along with you,
Or I will send for those shall force your absence;
I'm glad I found your purpose out so soon.
How quickly may poor women be undone!
Ric. Lose thee! by this hand I'll fee fifteen counsellors first, though I undo a hundred poor men for 'em; and I'll make 'em yaul one another deaf, but I'll have thee.
Val. Me!
Ric. Thee.

* *Stamp.*] *i. e.* Halfpenny.—*Reed.*

Val. Ay, fret thy heart out! [*Exit* RICARDO.

Fran. Were I he now,
I'd see thee starve for man before I had thee.

Val. Pray counsel him to that, sir, and I'll pay you well.

Fran. Pay me! pay your next husband.

Val. Do not scorn't, gallant; a worse woman than I
Has paid a better man than you.

[*Exeunt* ATTILIO *and* FRANCISCO.

Enter two old Suitors.

1 *Suit.* Why, how now, sweet Widow?

Val. Oh, kind gentlemen,
I'm so abused here.

Both. Abused!

[*They put their hands to their swords.*

Val. What will you do, sirs? Put up your weapons.

2 *Suit.* Nay, they're not so easily drawn, that I must tell you; mine has not been out these three years; marry, in your cause, Widow, 'twould not be long a-drawing. Abused! by whom, Widow?

Val. Nay, by a beggar.

2 *Suit.* A beggar! I'll have him whipt then, and sent to the house of correction.

Val. Ricardo, sir.

2 *Suit.* Ricardo! Nay, by the mass, he's a gentleman beggar; he'll be hang'd before he be whipt. Why, you'll give me leave to clap him up, I hope?

Val. 'Tis too good for him; that's the thing he would have.
He would be clapt up whether I would or no, methinks;
Placed two of his companions privately,

Unknown to me, on purpose to entrap me
In my kind answers, and at last stole from me
That which I fear will put me to some trouble,
A kind of verbal courtesy, which his witnesses
And he, forsooth, call by the name of contract.
1 *Suit.* O politic villain!
Val. But I'm resolved, gentlemen,
If the whole power of my estate can cast him,
He never shall obtain me.
2 *Suit.* Hold you there, widow;
Well fare your heart for that, i'faith.
1 *Suit.* Stay, stay, stay;
You broke no gold between you?[a]
Val. We broke nothing, sir.
1 *Suit.* Nor drunk to one another?
Val. Not a drop, sir.
1 *Suit.* You're sure of this you speak?
Val. Most certain, sir.
1 *Suit.* Be of good comfort, wench. I'll undertake, then,
At mine own charge to overthrow him for thee.
Val. O do but that, sir, and you bind me to you;
Here shall I try your goodness. I'm but a woman,
And, alas, ignorant in law businesses:
I'll bear the charge most willingly.
1 *Suit.* Not a penny:
Thy love will reward me.
Val. And where love must be,
It is all but one purse, now I think on't.
1 *Suit.* All comes to one, sweet Widow.
2 *Suit.* Are you so forward?
1 *Suit.* I know his mates, Attilio and Francisco;
I'll get out process, and attach 'em all:

[a] *You broke no gold between you?*] To break a coin, generally a sixpence, and divide it between two lovers, is a well-known token of affection in some parts of England.

We'll begin first with them.

Val. I like that strangely.

1 *Suit.* I have a daughter run away, I thank her:
I'll be a scourge to all youth for her sake;
Some of 'em has got her up.

Val. Your daughter! What, sir, Martia?

1 *Suit.* Ay, a shake wed her!
I would have married her to a wealthy gentleman,
No older than myself; she was like to be shrewdly hurt, Widow.

Val. It was too happy for her.

1 *Suit.* I'm of thy mind.
Farewell, sweet Widow, I'll about this strait;
I'll have 'em all three put into one writ,
And so save charges.

Val. How I love your providence!

[*Exit* 1 *Suitor.*

2 *Suit.* Is my nose bored? I'll cross you both for this, [*Aside.*
Although it cost me as much o' th' other side;
I have enough, and I will have my humour.
I may get out of her what may undo her too.—
Hark you, sweet Widow, you must now take heed
You be of a sure ground, he'll overthrow you else.

Val. Marry, fair hope forbid!

2 *Suit.* That will he: Marry let me see, let me see:
Pray how far past it between you and Ricardo?

Val. Farther, sir,
Than I would now it had, but I hope well yet.

2 *Suit.* Pray let me hear't: I've a shrewd guess o' th' law.

Val. 'Faith, sir, I rashly gave my hand and faith
To marry none but him.

2 *Suit.* Indeed!

Val. Ay, trust me, sir.

2 *Suit.* I'm very glad on't; I'm another witness,
And he shall have you now.

Val. What said you, sir?

1 *Suit.* He shall not want money in an honest cause, Widow;
I know I have enough, and I'll have my humour.

Val. Are all the world betrayers?

2 *Suit.* Pish, pish, Widow,
You have borne me in hand[3] this three months, and now fobb'd me:
I have known the time when I could please a woman.
I'll not be laugh'd at now; when I'm crost, I'm a tyger;
I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Val. This only shews your malice to me, sir;
The world knows you ha' small reason to help him,
So much is your debt already.

1 *Suit.* Therefore I do't,
I have no way but that to help myself;
Though I lose you, I will not lose all, Widow;
He marrying you, as I will follow 't for him,
I'll make you pay his debts, or lie without him.

Val. I look'd for this from you. [*Exit.*

2 *Suit.* I ha' not deceived you then:
Fret, vex, and chafe, I'm obstinate where I take.
I'll seek him out, and chear him up against her:
I ha' no charge at all, no child of my own,
But two I got once of a scowering woman,

You have borne me in hand, &c.] That is, kept me in dependence or expectation. The phrase is very common in old writings, and one instance from Ben Jonson's Volpone will suffice—

—— "Still *bearing them in hand,*
Letting the cherry knock against their lips,
And draw it by their mouths, and back again."

And they're both well provided for, they're i' th' hospital:
I have ten thousand pound to bury me,
And I will have my humour. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter FRANCISCO.

Fran. A man must have a time to serve his pleasure,
As well as his dear friend. I'm forced to steal from 'em,
To get this night of sport for mine own use.
What says her amiable witty letter here?
'Twixt nine and ten—now 'tis 'twixt six and seven,—
As fit as can be; he that follows lechery
Leaves all at six and seven, and so do I methinks:
Sun sets at eight, it's 'bove an hour high yet;
Some fifteen mile have I before I reach her,
But I've an excellent horse; and a good gallop
Helps man as much as a provoking banquet.

Enter 1 *Suitor, with Officers.*

1 *Suit.* Here's one of 'em, begin with him first, officers.
Of. By virtue of this writ we attach your body, sir.

Fran. My body? 'life, for what?

1 *Suit.* Hold him fast, officers.

Of. The least of us can do't, now his sword's off, sir;
We have a trick of hanging upon gentlemen,
We never lose a man.

Fran. O treacherous fortune!
Why what's the cause?

1 *Suit.* The Widow's business, sir;
I hope you know me?

Fran. For a busy coxcomb,
This fifteen year, I take it.

1 *Suit.* Oh you are mad, sir;
Simple though you make me, I stand for the Widow.

Fran. She's simply stood for then. What's this to me, sir,
Or she, or you, or any of these flesh-hooks?

1 *Suit.* You are like to find good bail before you leave us,
Or lie till the suit's tried.

Fran. O my love's misery!

1 *Suit.* I'm put in trust to follow't, and I'll do't
With all severity; build upon that, sir.

Enter RICARDO *and* ATTILIO.

Fran. How I could curse myself!

Ric. Look, here's Francisco:
Will you believe me, now you see his qualities?

At. 'Tis strange to me.

Ric. I tell you 'tis his fashion;
He never stole away in's life from me,
But still I found him in such scurvy company.—
A pox on thee, Francisco! wilt never leave
Thy old tricks? are these lousy companions for thee?

Fran. Pish, pish, pish!

1 *Suit.* Here they be all three now: 'prehend 'em, officers.

Ric. What's this?

Fran. I gave you warning enough to make away;
I'm in for the Widow's business, so are you now.

Ric. What, all three in a noose? this is like a widow's business indeed.

1 *Suit.* She has catch'd you, gentlemen, as you catch'd her;
The Widow means now to begin with you, sir.

Ric. I thank her heartily, she has taught me wit: for had I been any but an ass, I should ha' begun with her indeed. By this light, the Widow's a notable housewife, she bestirs herself. I have a greater mind to her now than e'er I had: I can not go to prison for one I love better, I protest, that's one good comfort. And what are you, I pray, sir, for a coxcomb?

1 *Suit.* It seems you know me, by your anger, sir.

Ric. I've a near guess at you, sir.

1 *Suit.* Guess what you please, sir,
I'm he ordained to trounce you; and indeed
I am the man must carry her.

Ric. Ay, to me;
But I'll swear she's a beast, an she carry thee.

1 *Suit.* Come, where's your bail, sir? quickly, or away.

Ric. Sir, I'm held wrongfully, my bail's taken already.

1 *Suit.* Where is it, sir, where?

Enter 2 Suitor.

Ric. Here they be both. Pox on you, they were taken before I'd need of them. An you be honest

officers, let's bail one another; for, by this hand, I do not know who will else.—'Ods light, is he come too? I'm in for midnight then, I shall never find the way out again; my debts, my debts! I'm like to die i' th' hole now.

1 *Suit.* We have him fast, old signior, and his consorts;
Now you may lay action on action on him.

2 *Suit.* That may I, sir, i'faith.

1 *Suit.* And I'll not spare him, sir.

2 *Suit.* Know you me, officers?

Of. Your bounteous worship, sir.

Ric. I know the rascal so well, I dare not look upon him.

2 *Suit.* Upon my worth, deliver me that gentleman.

Fran. Which gentleman?

2 *Suit.* Not you, sir, you are too hasty;
No, nor you neither, sir: Pray stay your time.

Ric. There's all but I now, and I dare not think
He means me.

2 *Suit.* Deliver me Ricardo.

Ric. O sure he lies,
Or else I do not hear well.

Of. Signior Ricardo.

Ric. Well, what's the matter?

Of. You may go, who lets you?[4]
It is his worship's pleasure, sir, to bail you.

Ric Bail me?

2 *Suit.* Ay will I, sir. Look in my face, man,
Thou'st a good cause; thou'lt pay me when thou'rt able?

Ric. Ay, every penny, as I am a gentleman.

2 *Suit.* No matter if thou dost not, then I'll make thee,

[4] *Who lets you. i. e.*] Who hinders you?

And that's as good at all times.

1 *Suit.* But I pray, sir,
You go against the hair there.

2 *Suit.* Against the widow, you mean, sir:
Why 'tis my purpose truly, and against you too.
I saw your politic combination;
I was thrust out between you. Here stands one
Shall do as much for you, and he stands rightest,
His cause is strong and fair. nor shall he want
Money, or means, or friends, but he shall have her:
I have enough, and I will have my humour.

1 *Suit.* Hang thee! I have a purse as good as thine.

Ric. I think they are much alike, they are rich knaves both.— [*Aside.*
'Heart, an I take you railing at my patron, sir,
I'll cramp your joints

2 *Suit.* Let him alone, sweet honey;
I thank thee for thy love, though.

Ric. This is wonderful.

Fran. Oh, Ricardo,
'Tis seven struck in my pocket: I lose time now.

Ric. What say'st, Francisco?

Fran. I ha' mighty business,
That I ne'er thought on: get me bail'd, I am spoil'd else.

Ric. Why you know, 'tis such a strange miraculous courtesy,
I dare not be too forward to ask more of him,
For fear he repent this, and turn me in again.

Fran. Do somewhat an you love me.

Ric. I'll make trial, i' faith —
May't please you, sir—'life, if I should spoil all now!

2 *Suit.* What say'st, Ricardo?

Ric. Only a thing by th' way, sir;
Use your own pleasure.

2 Suit. That I like well from thee.
Ric. 'Twere good, an those two gentlemen were bail'd too,
They are both my witnesses.
2 Suit. They are well, they are well:
An they were bail'd, we know not where to find 'em.
Let 'em go to prison, they'll be forth-coming the better;
I have enough, and I will have my humour.
Ric. I knew there was no more good to be done upon him,
'Tis well I have this; Heaven knows I never look'd for't.
Fran. What plaguy luck had I to be ensnared thus!
Of. O, patience!
Fran. Pox on your comfortable ignorance!

Enter BRANDINO *and* MARTINO.

Bran. Martino, we ride slow.
Mar. But we ride sure, sir;
Your hasty riders often come short home, master.
Bran. 'Bless this fair company!
Fran. Here he's again too;
I am both ashamed and cross'd.
Bran. Seest thou who's yonder, Martino?
Mar We ride slow, I'll be sworn now, master.
Bran. How now, Francisco, art thou got before me?
Fran. Yes, thank my fortune, I am got before you.
Bran. What now? in hold?
Ric. Ay, o' my troth, poor gentleman;
Your worship, sir, may do a good deed to bail him.
Bran. Why do not you do't then?

Mar. La you, sir, now; my master has that honesty,
He's loth to take a good deed from you, sir.
Ric. I'll tell you why; I cannot, else I would, sir
Fran Luck, I beseech thee!
If he should be wrought to bail me now, to go to
His wife, 'twere happiness beyond expression.
Bran. A matter but of controversy?
Ric That's all, trust me, sir.
Bran. Francisco shall ne'er lie for't; he's my friend,
And I will bail him.
Mar. He's your secret friend, master;
Think upon that.
Bran. Give him his liberty, officers;
Upon my peril, he shall be forth coming.
Fran. How I am bound to you!
1 *Suit.* Know you whom you cross, sir?
'Tis at your sister's suit; be well advised, sir.
Bran. How, at my sister's suit? take him again then.
Fran. Why, sir, do you refuse me?
Bran. I'll not hear thee.
Ric. This is unkindly done, sir.
1 *Suit.* 'Tis wisely done, sir.
2 *Suit.* Well shot, foul malice.
1 *Suit.* Flattery stinks worse, sir.
Ric. You'll never leave till I make you stink as bad, sir.
Fran. Oh, Martino, have I this for my late kindness?
Mar. Alas, poor gentleman, dost complain to me?
Thou shalt not fare the worse for't. Hark you, master:
Your sister's suit, said you?

Bran. Ay, sir, my wife's sister.

Mar. And shall that daunt you, master? think again.
Why, were't your mother's suit; your mother's suit,
(Mark what I say,) the dearest suit of all suits,
You're bound in conscience, sir, to bail this gentleman.

Bran. Yea, am I so? how prov'st thou that, Martino?

Mar. Have you forgot so soon what he did lately?
Has he not tried your wife to your hand, master,
To cut the throat of slander and suspicion,
And can you do too much for such a man?
Shall it be said, I serve an ungrateful master?

Bran. Never, Martino; I will bail him now,
An 'twere at my wife's suit.

Fran. 'Tis like to be so. [*Aside.*

Mar. And I his friend, to follow your example, master.

Fran. Precious Martino!

1 *Suit.* You have done wond'rous well, sir;
Your sister shall give you thanks.

Ric This makes him mad, sir.

2 *Suit.* We'll follow 't now to th' proof.

1 *Suit.* Follow your humour out;
The Widow shall find friends.

2 *Suit.* And so shall he, sir,
Money and means.

Ric. Hear you me that, old huddle?

2 *Suit.* Mind him not, follow me, and I'll supply thee;
Thou shalt give all thy lawyers double fees;
I have buried money enough to bury me,
And I will have my humour.

[*Exeunt Suitors and Officers.*

Bran. Fare thee well once again, my dear Francisco;

I pr'ythee use my house.

Fran. It is my purpose, sir.

Bran. Nay, you must do't then; though I'm old, I'm free. [*Exit.*

Mar. And, when you want a warrant, come to me. [*Exit.*

Fran. That will be shortly now, within these few hours.
This fell out strangely happy. Now to horse!
I shall be 'nighted; but an hour or two
Never breaks square in love; he comes in time
That comes at all; absence is all love's crime. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Forest.

Enter Occulto, Silvio, *and two or three other Thieves.*

Oc. Come, come, let's watch th' event on yonder hill;
If he need help, we can relieve him suddenly.

Sil. Ay, and with safety too, the hill being watch'd, sir.

Oc. Have you the blue-coats[5] and the beards?

[5] *Blue-coats.*] These were universall yworn by servants, and

Sil. They are here, sir.
Oc. Come, come away then: a fine cock-shoot evening.[6] [*Exeunt.*

Enter LATROCINIO, *the chief Thief, and* MARTIA *disguised as* ANSALDO.

Lat. [*Sings.*] *Kuck before, and kuck behind, &c.*
Ans. 'Troth, you're the merriest, and delightfullest company, sir,
That ever traveller was blest withal;
I praise my fortune that I overtook you, sir.
Lat Pish, I've hundred of 'em.
Ans. And, believe me, sir,
I'm infinitely taken with such things.
Lat. I see there's music in you; you keep time, methought,
Pretty handsomely, with your little hand there.
Ans. It only shews desire, but, 'troth, no skill, sir.
Lat. Well, while our horses walk down yonder hill,
I'll have another for you.
Ans It rids way pleasantly.
Lat. Let me see now:—One confounds another, sir;
You have heard this certainly, *Come, my dainty doxies*—
Ans. Oh, that is all the country over, sir;

the thieves wanted them to disguise themselves. See vol. VI. p. 504.

[6] *Cock-shoot*] That is, twilight. See the notes on the following lines in Shakspeare's Richard III, (vol. XIV. p. 494):

" Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about *cock-shut* time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, chearing up the soldiers."

There's scarce a gentlewoman but has that prick'd.
Lut. Well, here comes one I'm sure you never heard, then.

SONG.

I keep my horse, I keep my whore,
I take no rents, yet am not poor;
I traverse all the land about,
And yet was born to never a foot:
With partridge plump, with woodcock fine,
I do at midnight often dine;
And if my whore be not in case,
My hostess' daughter has her place.
The maids sit up, and watch their turns;
If I stay long, the tapster mourns;
The cookmaid has no mind to sin,
Though tempted by the chamberlain;
But when I knock, oh how they bustle!
The hostler yawns, the geldings justle.
If maid but sleep, oh how they curse her!
And all this comes of, " Deliver your purse, sir."
[Seizes her.

Ans. How, sir?
Lat. Few words: Quickly, come, deliver your purse, sir.
Ans. You're not that kind of gentleman, I hope, sir,
To sing me out of my money?
Lat. 'Tis most fit
Art should be rewarded: You must pay your music, sir,
Where'er you come.
Ans. But not at your own carving.
Lat. Nor am I common in it: Come, come, your purse, sir.

Ans. Say it should prove the undoing of a gentleman?

Lat. Why, sir, do you look for more conscience in usurers, young gentleman? you've small reason for that, i' faith.

Ans. There 'tis, and all I have; and, so truth comfort me,
All I know where to have.

Lat. Sir, that's not written
In my belief yet; search, 'tis a fine evening,
Your horse can take no harm: I must have more, sir.

Ans. May my hopes perish, if you have not all, sir,
And more I know than your compassionate charity
Would keep from me, if you but felt my wants.

Lat. Search, and that speedily: if I take you in hand,
You'll find me rough; methinks men should be ruled,
When they're so kindly spoke to; fie upon't!

Ans. Good fortune and my wit assist me then!
A thing I took in haste, and never thought on't.
[*Presents a pistol.*
Look, sir, I have search'd; here's all that I can find,
And you're so covetous, you will have all, you say,
And I'm content you shall, being kindly spoke to.

Lat. A pox o' that young devil of a handful long!
That has 'frayed many a tall thief from a rich purchase.[7]

Ans. This, and my money, sir, keep company;
Where one goes, the other must; assure your soul
They vowed never to part.

[7] *That has* 'frayed *many a* tall *thief from a rich* purchase.] *Frayed*, from *affrayed*, means frightened. *Tall* stands, as usual, for stout, and *purchase* for stolen property. These words have occurred several times in these volumes with the same meaning.

Lat. Hold, I beseech you, sir.

Ans. You rob a prisoner's box, if you rob me, sir.

Lat. There 'tis again.

Ans I knew 'twould never prosper with you;
Fie, rob a younger brother! oh, take heed, sir;
'Tis against nature that: Perhaps your father
Was one, sir, or your uncle, it should seem so
By the small means was left you, and less manners.
Go, keep you still before me; and, do you hear me?
To pass away the time to the next town,
I charge you, sir, sing all your songs for nothing.

Lat. Oh horrible punishment!— [*A Song.*

Enter Stratio.

Stra. Honest gentleman.

Ans. How now, what art thou?

Stra. Stand you in need of help?
I made all haste I could, my master charged me,
A knight of worship; he saw you first assaulted
From top of yonder hill.

Ans. Thanks, honest friend.

Lat. I taste this trick already. [*Exit.*

Stra. Look, he's gone, sir;
Shall he be stopp'd? What is he?

Ans. Let him go, sir;
He can rejoice in nothing; that's the comfort.

Stra. You have your purse still then?

Ans. Ay, thanks fair fortune,
And this grim handful.

Stra. We were all so 'fraid of you:
How my good lady cried, O help the gentleman!
'Tis a good woman that: But you're too mild, sir,
You should ha' mark'd him for a villain, 'faith,
Before he had gone, having so sound a means too.

Ans. Why, there's the jest, man; he had once my purse.

Stra. Oh, villain! would you let him 'scape unmassacred?

Ans. Nay, hear me, sir, I made him yield it straight again,
And, so hope bless me, with an uncharged pistol.

Stra. 'Troth, I should laugh at that.

Ans. It was discharged, sir,
Before I meddled with it.

Stra. I'm glad to hear it. [*Seizes her.*

Ans. Why how now, what's your will?

Stra. Ho, Latrocinio, Occulto, Silvio!

Enter LATROCINIO, OCCULTO, SILVIO, FIDUCIO, *and others.*

Lat. What, are you caught, sir?

Stra. The pistol cannot speak.

Lat He was too young,
I ever thought he could not; yet I fear'd him.

Ans. You have found out ways too merciless to betray
Under the veil of friendship, and of charity.

Lat. Away, sirs, bear him in to the next copse, and strip him.

Stra. Brandino's copse, the justice?

Lat. Best of all, sir, a man of law; a spider lies unsuspected in the corner of a buckram-bag, man.

Ans. What seek you, sirs? Take all, and use no cruelty.

Lat. You shall have songs enough.

SONG.

How round the world goes,
And every thing that's in it!
The tides of gold and silver
Ebb and flow in a minute:

From the usurer to his sons,
There a current swiftly runs;
From the sons to queans in chief,
From the gallant to the thief;
From the thief unto his host,
From the host to husbandmen;
From the country to the court,
And so it comes to us again.
How round the world goes,
And every thing that's in it!
The tides of gold and silver
Ebb and flow in a minute. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Before Brandino's *House.*

Philippa *and* Violetta *appear at the Window above.*

Phi. What time of night is't?
Vio. Time of night do you call't?
It is so late, 'tis almost early, mistress.
Phi. Fie on him! there's no looking for him then:
Why sure this gentleman apprehends me not.
Vio. 'Tis happy then you're rid of such a fool, mistress.
Phi. Nay, sure, wench, if he find me not in this,
Which were a beaten path to any wise man,
I'll never trust him with my reputation.
Therefore I made this trial of his wit;
If he cannot conceive what's good for himself,

He will worse understand what's good for me.
Vio But suppose, mistress, as it may be likely,
He never saw your letter?
Phi. How thou plyest me
With suppositions! Why, I tell thee, wench,
'Tis equally as impossible for my husband
To keep it from him, as to be young again,
Or as his first wife knew him, which he bragg'd on,
For bearing children by him.
Vio. There's no remedy then;
I must conclude Francisco is an ass.
Phi. I would my letter, wench, were here again,
I'd know him wiser ere I sent him one;
And travel some five years first.
Vio. So he had need, methinks,
To understand the words; methinks the words
Themselves should make him do't, had he but the persèverance
Of a cock sparrow, that will còme at Philip,[8]
And cannot write nor read, poor fool! this coxcomb
He can do both, and your name's but Philippa,
And yet to see, if he can come when's call'd!
Phi. He never shall be call'd again for me, sirrah.
Well, as hard as the world goes, we'll have a song, wench;
We'll not sit up for nothing.
Vio. That's poor comfort, though.
Phi. Better than any's brought, for aught I see, yet.
So set to your lute.

[8] *Philip.*] A sparrow is called *Philip.* See the notes on King John; ed. 1803, vol. X. p. 364.—*Reed.*

SONG.

Phi. *If in this question I propound to thee,*
Be any, any choice,
Let me have thy voice.
Vio. *You shall most free.*
Phi. *Which hadst thou rather be,*
If thou might choose thy life,
A fool's, a fool's mistress,
Or an old man's wife?
Vio. *The choice is hard, I know not which is best,*
One ill you're bound to, and I think that's least.
Phi. *But being not bound, my dearest sweet,*
I could shake off the other.
Vio. *Then as you lose your sport by one,*
You lose your name by t'other.
Phi. *You counsel well, but love refuses*
What good counsel often chooses. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter Martia *as* Ansaldo *in a Shirt.*

Ans. I ha' got myself unbound yet: Merciless villains!
I never felt such hardness since life dwelt in me;
'Tis for my sins. That light in yonder window,
That was my only comfort in the woods,
Which oft the trembling of a leaf would lose me,

Has brought me thus far; yet I cannot hope
For succour in this plight, the world's so pitiless,
And every one will fear or doubt me now:
To knock will be too bold; I'll to the gate,
And listen if I can hear any stirring.

Enter FRANCISCO.

Fran. Was ever man so cross'd? No, 'tis but sweat, sure,
Or the dew dropping from the leaves above me;
I thought 't had bled again. These wenching businesses
Are strange unlucky things, and fatal fooleries;
No mar'l so many gallants die ere thirty;
'Tis able to vex out a man's heart in five year,
The crosses that belong to't: First arrested,
That set me back two mangey hours at least;
Yet that's a thing my heat could have forgotten,
Because arresting, in what kind soever,
Is a most gentleman-like affliction:
But here, within a mile o' th' town, forsooth,
And two mile off this place, when a man's oath
Might ha' been taken for his own security,
And his thoughts brisk, and set upon the business,
To light upon a roguy flight of thieves!
Pox on 'em, here's the length of one of their whistles.
But one of my dear rascals I pursued so,
The gaol has him, and he shall bring out's fellows.
Had ever young man's love such crooked fortune?
I'm glad I am so near yet; the surgeon bade me to
Have a great care; I shall never think of that now.
Ans. One of the thieves come back again? I'll stand close;
He dares not wrong me now, so near the house,
And call in vain 'tis, till I see him offer it.

Fran. 'Life, what should that be? a prodigious thing
Stands just as I should enter, in that shape too
Which always appears terrible.
Whate'er it be, it is made strong against me
By my ill purpose: For 'tis man's own sins
That put on armour upon all his evils,
And give them strength to strike him. Were it less
Than what it is, my guilt would make it serve;
A wicked man's own shadow has distracted him.
Were this a business now to save an honour,
As 'tis to spoil one, I would pass this then
Stuck all hell's horrors i' thee: Now I dare not.
Why may't not be the spirit of my father,
That loved this man so well, whom I make haste
Now to abuse? and I have been cross'd about it
Most fearfully hitherto, if I think well on't;
'Scaped death but lately too, nay most miraculously.
And what does fond man venture all these ills for,
That may so sweetly rest in honest peace,
For that which being obtain'd, is as he was
To his own sense, but removed nearer still
To death eternal? What delight has man
Now at this present, for his pleasant sin
Of yesterday's committing? Alas, 'tis vanish'd,
And nothing but the sting remains within him.
The kind man bail'd me too; I will not do't now
An 'twere but only that. How blest were man,
Might he but have his end appear still to him,
That he might read his actions i' th' event!
'Twould make him write true, though he never meant.
Whose check soe'er thou art, father's, or friend's,
Or enemy's, I thank thee; peace requite thee.—
Light, and thy lighter mistress, both farewell!
He keeps his promise best that breaks with hell.
[*Exit.*

Ans. He's gone to call the rest, and makes all speed;
I'll knock, whate'er befalls, to please my fears,
For no compassion can be less than theirs.

Phi. [*Above.*] He's come, he's come:—Oh, are you come at last, sir?
Make little noise.—Away, he'll knock again else.

Ans. I should have been at Istria by day-break too,
Near to Valeria's house, the wealthy Widow's;
There waits one purposely to do me good.
What will become of me?

Enter VIOLETTA.

Vio. Oh, you are a sweet gallant! this your hour?
Give me your hand; come, come, sir, follow me,
I'll bring you to light presently; softly, softly, sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room in the same House.

Enter PHILIPPA *below.*

Phi. I should ha' given him up to all my thoughts
The dullest young man, if he had not found it;
So short of apprehension, and so worthless,
He were not fit for woman's fellowship.
I have been at cost too for a banquet for him.

Why, 'twould ha' kill'd my heart, and most especially
To think that man should ha' no more conceit;
I should ha' thought the worse on's wit for ever,
And blamed mine own for too much forwardness.

Enter Violetta.

Vio. Oh mistress, mistress!
Phi. How now, what's the news?
Vio. Oh, I was out of my wits for a minute and a half.
Phi. Ha?
Vio. They are scarce settled yet, mistress.
Phi. What's the matter?
Vio. Do you ask me that question seriously?
Did you not hear me squeak?
Phi. How? sure thou art
Out of thy wits indeed.
Vio. Oh, I'm well now,
To what I was, mistress.
Phi. Why, where's the gentleman?
Vio. The gentleman's forth-coming, and a lovely one,
But not Francisco.
Phi. What say'st? not Francisco?
Vio. Pish, he's a coxcomb; think not on him, mistress.
Phi. What's all this?
Vio. I have often heard you say, you had rather have
A wise man in his shirt, than a fool feather'd;
And now fortune has sent you one, a sweet young gentleman,
Robb'd even to nothing, but what first he brought with him:
The slaves had stript him to the very shirt, mistress;

I think it was a shirt; I know not well,
For gallants wear both now-a-days.

Phi. This is strange.

Vio. But for a face, a hand, and as much skin
As I durst look upon, he's a most sweet one;
Francisco is a child of Egypt to him:
I could not but in pity to the poor gentleman,
Fetch him down one of my old master's suits.

Phi. 'Twas charitably done.

Vio. You'd say, mistress, if you had seen him as I did. Sweet youth, I'll be sworn, mistress, he's the loveliest, proper'st young gentleman, and so you'll say yourself, if my master's clothes do not spoil him, that's all the fear now; I would 't had been your luck to have seen him without 'em, but for scaring of you.

Phi. Go, pr'ythee fetch him in, whom thou commend'st so. [*Exit* VIOLETTA.
Since fortune sends him, surely we'll make much of him;
And better he deserves our love and welcome,
Than the respectless fellow 'twas prepared for;
Yet if he please mine eye never so happily,
I will have trial of his wit, and faith,
Before I make him partner with my honour.
'Twas just Francisco's case, and he deceived me;
I'll take more heed o' th' next for't: perhaps now,
To furnish his distress, he will appear
Full of fair promising courtship; but I'll prove him then
For a next meeting, when he needs me not,
And see what he performs then when the storm
Of his so rude misfortune is blown over,
And he himself again: A distrest man's flatteries
Are like vows made in drink, or bonds in prison;
There's poor assurance in 'em: When he's from me,
And in's own power, then I shall see his love.

Enter MARTIA *as* ANSALDO, *and* VIOLETTA.

'Mass, here he comes.
Ans. Never was star-cross'd gentleman
More happy in a courteous virgin's love,
Than I in yours.
Vio. I am sorry they're no better for you;
I wish'd them handsomer, and more in fashion,
But truly, sir, our house affords it not:
There is a suit of our clerk's hangs i' th' garret;
But that's far worse than this, if I may judge
With modesty of men's matters.
Ans. I deserve not
This, dear, kind gentlewoman. Is yond your mistress?
Phi. Why trust me, here's my husband young again!--
It is no sin to welcome you, sweet gentleman.
Ans. I am so much indebted, courteous lady,
To the unmatched charity of your house,
My thanks are such poor things, they would but shame me.
Phi. Beshrew thy heart for bringing o' him: I fear me
I have found wit enough already in him.
If I could truly but resolve myself,
My husband was thus handsome at nineteen,
'Troth I should think the better of him at fourscore now.
Vio. Nay, mistress, what would he be were he in fashion?
A hempen curse on those that put him out on't,
That now appears so handsome and so comely in clothes
Able to make a man an unbeliever,
And good for nothing but for shift, or so,

If a man chance to fall i' th' ditch with better!
This is the best that ever I mark'd in 'em;
A man may make him ready[1] in such clothes
Without a candle.

Phi. Ay, for shame of himself, wench.

Vio. My master does it oft in winter mornings,
And never sees himself till he be ready.

Phi. No, nor then neither, as he should do, wench.—
I am sorry, gentle sir, we cannot shew you
A courtesy, in all points answerable
To your undoubted worth. Your name, I crave, sir.

Ans. Ansaldo, lady.

Phi. 'Tis a noble name, sir.

Ans. The most unfortunate now.

Vio. So do I think, truly,
As long as that suit's on.

Phi. The most unfitting,
And unprovided'st, sir, of all our courtesies,
I do presume, is that you have past already;
Your pardon but for that, and we're encouraged.

Ans. My faithful service, lady.

Phi. Please you, sir,
To taste the next, a poor slight banquet;
For sure I think you were unluckily
Prevented of your supper, sir.

Ans. My fortune makes me more than amends, lady,
In your sweet kindness, which so nobly shewn me,
It makes me bold to speak my occasions to you;
I am this morning, that with clearness now
So cheerfully hastens me, to meet a friend

[1] *A man may make him* ready.] That is, dress himself. To make unready was used for undressing. See vol. VI. p. 203.

Upon my state's establishing, and the place
Ten miles from hence: Oh, I am forced unwillingly
To crave your leave for't; which done, I return
In service plentiful.

Phi. Is't so important?

Ans. If I should fail, as much as my undoing.

Phi. I think too well of you, to undo you, sir,
Upon this small acquaintance.

Ans. My great happiness.

Phi. But when should I be sure of you here again, sir?

Ans. As fast as speed can possibly return me.

Phi. You will not fail?

Ans. May never wish go well with me then!

Phi. There's to bear charges, sir.

Ans. Courtesy dwells in you.
I brought my horse up with me from the woods,
That's all the good they left me, 'gainst their wills too.
May your kind breast never want comfort, lady,
But still supplied, as liberally as you give!

Phi. Farewell, sir, and be faithful.

Ans. Time shall prove me. [*Exit* ANSALDO.

Phi. In my opinion now, this young man's likeliest
To keep his word; he's modest, wise, and courteous;
He has the language of an honest soul in him:
A woman's reputation may lie safe there,
I am much deceived else; he has a faithful eye,
If it be well observed.

Vio. Good speed be with thee, sir!—
He puts him to't, i'faith.

Phi. Violetta!

Vio. Mistress.

Phi. Alas, what have we done, wench?

Vio. What's the matter, mistress?

Phi. Run, run, call him again; he must stay, tell him,
Though it be upon's undoing, we're undone else;
Your master's clothes, they are known the country over.

Vio. Now by this light that's true, and well remember'd;
But there's no calling of him; he's out of sight now.

Phi. Oh, what will people think?

Vio. What can they think, mistress?
The gentleman has the worse on't: Were I he now,
I'd make this ten mile forty mile about,
Before I'd ride through any market town with 'em.

Phi. Will he be careful, think'st?

Vio. My life for yours, mistress.

Phi. I shall long mightily to see him again.

Vio. And so shall I; I shall never laugh till then.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Istria.—A Street.

Enter Ricardo *and* 2*d Suitor at one side of the Stage, and* Valeria *and* 1*st Suitor at the other.*

Ric. It goes well hitherto, my sweet protector.
2 *Suit.* Ay, and shall still to th' end, my honey: Wherefore
Have I enough, but to have't go well, sir?—
1 *Suit.* My whole state on't, thou overthrow'st him, Widow.
Val. I hope well still, sir.
1 *Suit.* Hope? be certain, wench:
I make no question now, but thou art mine,
As sure as if I had thee in thy night-geer.
Val. By'r lady, that I doubt, sir.
1 *Suit.* Oh, 'tis clear, wench,
By one thing that I mark'd.
Val. What's that, good sweet sir?
1 *Suit.* A thing that never fail'd me.
Val. Good sir, what?
1 *Suit.* I heard our counsellor speak a word of comfort,
Invita voluntate; ha, that's he, wench,
The word of words, the precious chief, i'faith.
Val. *Invita voluntate*, what's the meaning, sir?
1 *Suit.* Nay there I leave you, but assure you thus much,
I never heard him speak that word i' my life,

But the cause went on's side, that I mark'd ever.—

2 Suit. Do, do, and spare not: Thou would'st talk with her.

Ric. Yes, with your leave and liking.

2 Suit. Do, my adoption,
My chosen child; an thou hold'st so obedient,
Sure thou wilt live, and cozen all my kindred.

Ric. A child's part in your love, that's my ambition, sir.

2 Suit. Go, and deserve it then: Please me well now;
I love a wrangling life, boy; there's my delight;
I have no other venery but vexation,
That's all my honey now: Smartly now to her;
I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Ric. This need not ha' been, Widow.

Val. You say right, sir.
No, not your treachery, your close conspiracy
Against me for my wealth, need not ha' been neither.

Ric. I had you fairly; I scorn treachery
To your woman that I never meant to marry,
Much more to you whom I reserved for wife.

Val. How! wife?

Ric. Ay, wife, wife, Widow, be not ashamed on't;
It's the best calling ever woman came to,
And all your grace, indeed, brag as you list.

2 Suit. Ha, ha!

Val. I grant you, sir, but not to be your wife.

1 Suit. Oh, oh!

Ric. Not mine? I think 'tis the best bargain
That e'er thou mad'st i' thy life, or ever shall again,
When my head's laid: But that's not yet this threescore year.
Let's talk of nearer matters.

Val. You're as near, sir,
As e'er you're like to be, if law can right me.
Ric. Now, before conscience, you're a wilful housewife.
Val. How?
Ric. Ay, and I fear you spend my goods lavishly.
Val. Your goods?
Ric. I shall miss much, I doubt me,
When I come to look over the inventory.
Val. I'll give you my word you shall, sir.
Ric. Look to't, Widow,
A night may come will call you to account for't.
Val. Oh if you had me now, sir, in this heat,
I do but think how you'd be revenged on me.
Ric. Ay, may I perish else, if I would not get
Three children at a birth, an I could, of thee.
1 *Suit.* Take off your youngster there.
2 *Suit.* Take off your widow first,
He shall have the last word, I pay for't dearly.—
To her again, sweet boy, that side's the weaker.
I have enough, and I will have my humour.

Enter Brandino *and* Martino.

Val. Oh, brother! see I'm up to th' ears in law here;
Look, copy upon copy.
Bran. 'Twere grief enough, if a man did but hear on't,
But I'm in pain to see't.
Val. What, sore eyes still, brother?
Bran. Worse and worse, sister; the old woman's water
Does me no good.
Val. Why, it has help'd many, sir.
Bran. It helps not me, I'm sure.
Mar. Oh, oh.

Val. What ails Martino too?
Mar. Oh, oh, the tooth-ach, the tooth-ach!
Bran. Ah, poor worm, this he endures for me now.
There beats not a more mutual pulse of passion
In a kind husband, when his wife breeds child,
Than in Martino; I have mark'd it ever;
He breeds all my pains in's teeth still; and to quit me,[a]
It is his eye-tooth too.
Mar. Ay, ay, ay, ay.
Val. Where did I hear late of a skilful fellow,
Good for all kind of maladies? True, true, sir;
His flag hangs out in town here, i' th' Cross-inn,
With admirable cures of all conditions;
It shews him a great travelling and learn'd empirick.
Bran. We'll both to him, Martino.
Val. Hark you, brother.
Perhaps you may prevail, as one indifferent.
Suit. Ay, about that, sweet Widow.
Val. True; speak low, sir.
Bran. Well, what's the business? say, say.
Val. Marry this, brother:
Call the young man aside from the old wolf there,
And whisper in his ear a thousand dollars,
If he will vanish and let fall the suit,
And never put's to no more cost and trouble.
1 *Suit.* Say me those words, good sir, I'll make 'em worth
A chain of gold to you at your sister's wedding.
Bran. I shall do much for that.

[a] *To quit me.*] *i. e.* Quite, or requite.

Enter VIOLETTA.

Val. Welcome, sweetheart,
Thou com'st most happily; I'm bold to send for thee
To make a purpose good.

Vio. I take delight, forsooth,
In any such employment.

1 *Suit.* Good wench, trust me.

Ric. How, sir, let fall the suit? 'Life, I'll go naked first.

Bran. A thousand dollars, sir, think upon them.

Ric. Why, they're but a thousand dollars, when they're thought on.

Bran. A good round sum.

Ric. A good round widow's better;
There's meat and money too. I have been bought
Out of my lands, and yielded; but, sir, scorn
To be bought out of my affection.

Bran. Why, here's even just my university spirit;
I prized a piece of red deer above gold then.

Ric. My patron would be mad, an he should hear on't.

Mar. I pray what's good, sir, for a wicked tooth?

Ric. Hang'd, drawn, and quartering; is't a hollow one?

Mar. Ay, 'tis a hollow one.

Ric. Then take the powder
Of a burnt warrant, mix'd with oil of felon.

Mar. Why sure you mock me.

Ric. 'Troth, I think I do, sir.

2 *Suit.* Come hither, honey; what's the news in whispers?

Bran. He will not be bought out.
Val. No? That's strange, brother.
Pray take a little pains about this project then,
And try what that effects.
Bran. I like this better.—
Look you, sweet gentles, see what I produce here,
For amity's sake, and peace, to end all controversy;
This gentlewoman, my charge, left by her friends,
Whom for her person and her portion
I could bestow most richly, but in pity
To her affection, which lies bent at you, sir,
I am content to yield to her desire.
Ric. At me?
Bran. But for this jar, 't had ne'er been offer'd.
I bring you flesh and money, a rich heir,
And a maid too, and that's a thing worth thanks, sir:
Nay, one that has rid fifteen miles this morning
For your love only.
2 Suit. Honey, hearken after her.
Being rich, I can have all my money there;
Ease my purse well, and never wage law further;
I have enough, yet I will have my humour.
Ric. Do you love me, forsooth?
Vio. Oh, infinitely.
Ric. I do not ask thee, that I meant to have thee;
But only to know what came in thy head to love me.
Vio. My time was come, sir; that's all I can say.
Ric. Alas, poor soul! where didst thou love me, pr'ythee?
Vio. In happy hour be't spoke, out at a window, sir.
Ric. A window! pr'ythee clap it to, and call it in again;

What was I doing then, should make thee love me?

Vio. Twirling your band-string, which, methought, became you so generously well.

Ric. 'Twas a good quality to choose a husband for: That love was likely to be tied in matrimony, that began in a band-string: Yet I ha' known as much come to pass ere now upon a tassel. Fare you well, sister; I may be cozen'd in a maid, I cannot in a widow.

2 Suit. Art thou come home again? stick'st thou there still?
I will defend thee still then.

1 Suit. Sir, your malice
Will have enough on't.

2 Suit. I will have my humour.

1 Suit. Beggary will prove the spunge.

2 Suit. Spunge i' thy gascoyns,
Thy gally-gascoyns there![3]

Ric. Ha! brave protector!

Bran. I thought 'twould come to open wars again.
Let 'em agree as they will, two testy fops!
I'll have a care of mine eyes.

Mar. I of my chops. [*Exeunt.*

[3] *Gally-gascoyns*]—"or wide hose or slops, q. d. Caligæ Gallo-vasconicæ, sic dictæ quia Vascones istiusmodi caligis utuntur."—Skinner's *Etymologicon*. So, in Pierce Penilesse *his Supplication to the Divell*, 1592, p. 8:—" — of the vesture of salvation make some of us babies and apes coates, others strait trusses and divells breeches: some *gally gascoynes*, or a shipmans hose, like the Anabaptists," &c.—*Reed.*

See vol. II. p. 148, and vol. V. p. 458.

SCENE II.

A Room in the Cross-Inn. A Banner of Cures and Diseases hung out.

Enter LATROCINIO *and* OCCULTO, *disguised as Mountebanks.*

Lat. Away! Out with the banner! send's good luck to-day!

Oc. I warrant you; your name's spread, sir, for an empirick.
There's an old mason, troubled with the stone,
Has sent to you this morning for your counsel;
He would have ease fain.

Lat. Marry, I cannot blame him, sir.
But how he will come by't, there lies the question.

Oc. You must do somewhat, sir, for he's swol'n most piteously;
He has urine in him now was brew'd last March.

Lat. 'Twill be rich geer for dyers.

Oc. I would 'twere come to that, sir.

Lat. Let me see;
I'll send him a whole musket-charge of gunpowder.

Oc. Gunpowder! What, sir, to break the stone?

Lat. Ay, by my faith, sir.
It is the likeliest thing I know to do it;
I am sure it breaks stone-walls and castles down,
I see no reason but 't should break the stone.

Oc. Nay, use your pleasure, sir.

Lat. 'Troth, if that do not,
I ha' nothing else that will.
Oc. I know that too.
Lat. Why then thou art a coxcomb to make question on't.
Go call in all the rest, I have employment for them. [*Exit* OCCULTO.
When the highways grow thin with travellers,
And few portmanteaus stirring, (as all trades
Have their dead time we see, thievery poor takings,
And lechery cold doings, and so forwards still,)
Then do I take my inn, and those curmudgeons
Whose purses I can never get abroad,
I take 'em at more ease here i'my chamber,
And make 'em come to me; it's more state-like too.
Hang him that has but one way to his trade;
He's like a mouth that eats but on one side,
And half cozens his belly, 'specially if he dine among shavers,
And both-handed feeders.—Stratio, Silvio, and Fiducio!

Enter SILVIO, STRATIO, *and* FIDUCIO.

I will have none left out; there's parts for you.
Sil. For us? Pray let us have 'em.
Lat. Change yourselves
With all speed possible into several shapes,[4]
Far from your own; as you a farmer, sir;
A grazier you; and you may be a miller.
Fid. Oh no, a miller comes too near a thief;
That may spoil all again.
Lat. Some country tailor then.

[4] *Shape.*] *i. e.* Disguises. See vol. VII. p. 109.

Fid. That's near enough, by'r lady, yet I'll venture that;
The miller's a white devil, he wears his theft
Like innocence in badges most apparently
Upon his nose, sometimes between his lips;
The tailor modestly between his legs.
Lat. Why, pray, do you present that modest thief, then;
And, hark you, for the purpose.
Sil. 'Twill improve you, sir.
Lat. 'Twill get believers; believe that, my masters;
Repute and confidence, and make all things clearer;
When you see any come, repair you to me,
As samples of my skill. There are few arts
But have their shadows, sirs, to set 'em off;
Then, where the art itself is but a shadow,
What need is there, my friends! Make haste, away, sirs.

Enter OCCULTO.

Oc. Where are you, sir?
Lat. Not far, man: What's the news?
Oc. The old justice, sir, whom we robb'd once by moonlight,
And bound his man and him, in haycock time,
With a rope made of horse-meat, and in pity
Left their mares by 'em, which I think, ere midnight,
Did eat their hay-bound masters both at liberty—
Lat. 'Life, what of him, man?
Oc. He's inquiring earnestly
For the great man of art; indeed for you, sir:
Therefore withdraw, sweet sir: Make yourself dainty now,

And that's three parts of any profession.
Lat. I have enough on't. [*Exit.*

Enter Martia *as* Ansaldo, *in* Brandino's *clothes.*

Oc. How now, what thing's this?
Now, by this light, the second part o' th' justice
Newly revived, with ne'er a hair on's face
It should be the first rather by his smoothness,
But I ha' known the first part written last:
'Tis he, or, let me perish, the young gentleman
We robb'd and stript; but I am far from knowledge now.
Ans. One word, I pray, sir.
Oc. With me, gentle sir?
Ans. Was there not lately seen about these parts, sir,
A knot of fellows, whose conditions
Are privily suspected?
Oc. Why do you ask, sir?
Ans. There was a poor young gentleman robb'd last night.
Oc. Robb'd?
Ans. Stript of all, 'ifaith.
Oc. Oh, beastly rascals!
Alas, what was he?
Ans. Look o' me, and know him, sir.
Oc. Hard-hearted villains! strip? 'Troth when I saw you,
Methought those clothes were never made for you, sir.
Ans. Want made me glad of 'em.
Oc. 'Send you better fortune, sir;—
That we may have a bout with you once again. [*Aside.*
Ans. I thank you for your wish of love, kind sir.

Oc. 'Tis with my heart, i'faith; now store of coin
And better clothes be with you.
Ans. There's some honest yet,
And charitably minded.—How, what's here to do?
[*Sees the banner.*

Here within this place is cured [Reads.
All the griefs that were ever endured.

Nay there thou liest: I endured one last night
Thou canst not cure this morning; a strange promiser

Palsy, gout, hydropic humour,
Breath that stinks beyond perfumer,
Fistula in ano, ulcer, megrim,
Or what disease soe'er beleaguer 'em,
Stone, rupture, squinancy, imposthume;
Yet too dear it shall not cost 'em.

That's conscionably said, i'faith.

In brief, you cannot, I assure you,
Be unsound so fast as I can cure you.

By'r lady, you shall pardon me, I'll not try't, sir.

Enter BRANDINO *and* MARTINO.

Bran. Martino, is not yond my hinder-parts?
Mar. Yes, and your fore-parts too, sir.
Bran. I trow so;
I never saw my hind-parts in my life else,
No, nor my fore-ones neither.—What are you, sir?
Are you a justice, pray?
Ans. A justice? No, truly.
Bran. How came this suit to you, then?

Ans. How? this suit?
Why, must he needs be a justice, sir, that wears it?
Bran. You'll find it so; 'twas made for nobody else;
I paid for't.
Ans. Oh strange fortune! I have undone
The charitable woman.
Bran. He'll be gone.
Martino, hold him fast, I'll call for aid.
Ans. Hold me? Oh curse of fate!
[*Strikes* MARTINO.
Mar. Oh, master, master!
Bran. What ails Martino?
Mar. In my conscience
He has beat out the wrong tooth, I feel it now,
Three degrees off.
Bran. Oh slave, spoil'd a fine penman!
Ans. He lack'd good manners though; lay hands o' me!
I scorn all the deserts that belong to't.

Enter LATROCINIO.

Lat. Why, how now? What's the broil?
Bran. The man of art,
I take you, sir, to be.
Lat. I'm the professor
Of those slight cures you read of in the banner.
Bran. Our business was to you, most skilful sir;
But in the way to you, right worshipful,
I met a thief.
Lat. A thief?
Bran. With my clothes on, sir;
Let but the coat be search'd, I'll pawn my life
There's yet the tailor's bill in one o' th' pockets;
And a white thimble, that I found i' th' moonlight;

Thou saw'st me when I put it in, Martino.

Mar. Ay, ay.

Bran. Oh, he has spoil'd the worthiest clerk, that e'er
Drew warrant here!

Lat. Sir, you're a stranger, but I must deal plain with you,
That suit of clothes must needs come oddly to you.

Ans. I dare not say which way, that's my affliction.

Lat. Is not your worship's name Signior Brandino, sir?

Bran. It has been so, these threescore years and upwards.

Lat. I heard there was a robbery done last night,
Near to your house.

Ans. You heard a truth then, sir,
And I the man was robb'd.

Lat. Ah, that's too gross!
Send him away for fear of farther mischief;
I do not like him, he's a cunning knave.

Bran. I want but aid.

Lat. Within there!

Enter two or three Servants.

Bran. Seize upon that impudent thief.

Ans. Then hear me speak.

Bran. Away;
I'll neither hear thee speak, nor wear those clothes again.
To prison with the varlet!

Ans. How am I punish'd!

Bran. I'll make thee bring out all, before I leave thee.

[*Exeunt Servants with* ANSALDO.

Lat. You have took an excellent course with this bold villain, sir.

Bran. I am sworn for service to the commonwealth, sir.—

Enter STRATIO, SILVIO, *and* FIDUCIO, *disguised.*

What are these, learned sir?

Lat. Oh, they're my patients.—
Good morrow, gout, rupture, and palsy.

Stra. 'Tis farewell gout, almost, I thank your worship.

Lat. What now? you cannot part so soon, I hope?
You came but lately to me.

Stra. But most happily;
I can go near to leap, sir. [*Leaps.*

Lat. What! you cannot?
Away, I say: Take heed, be not too venturous though;
I have had you but three days, remember that.

Stra. Those three are better than three hundred, sir. [*Leaps again.*

Lat. Yet again!

Stra. Ease takes pleasure to be known, sir.

Lat. You with the rupture there, *hernia in scrotum,*
Pray let me see your pace this morning; walk, sir;
I'll take your distance strait; 'twas *F. O.* yesterday:[3]
Ah, sirrah, here's a simple alteration,
Secundo gradu; you're *F. U.* already;
Here's a most happy change. Be of good comfort, sir,

[3] *'Twas F. O. yesterday . . . You're* F. U. *already.*] This, I suppose, alludes to certain marks on the rule by which he pretended to measure Stratio's strides.

Your knees are come within three inches now
Of one another; by to-morrow noon
I'll make 'em kiss and jostle.

Sil. Bless your worship.

Bran. You have a hundred prayers in a morning, sir.

Lat. 'Faith, we have a few to pass away the day with.—
Tailor, you had a stitch.

Fid. Oh good your worship,
I have had none since Easter: Were I rid
But of this whoreson palsy, I were happy;
I cannot thread my needle.

Lat. No! that's hard,
I never mark'd so much.

Fid. It comes by fits, sir.

Lat. Alas, poor man!—What would your worship say now
To see me help this fellow at an instant?

Bran. And make him firm from shaking?

Lat. As a steeple,
From the disease on't.

Bran. 'Tis to me miraculous.

Lat. You, with your whoremaster disease, come hither;
Here, take me this round glass, and hold it stedfast,
Yet more, sir, yet, I say; so.

Bran. Admirable!

Lat. Go, live, and thread thy needle.

Bran. Here, Martino:—
Alas, poor fool, his mouth is full of praises,
And cannot utter 'em.

Lat. No? what's the malady?

Bran. The fury of a tooth.

Lat. A tooth? ha, ha;
I thought 'thad been some gangrene, fistula,

Canker, or ramex.

Bran. No, it's enough as 'tis, sir.

Lat. My man shall ease that straight :—Sit you down there, sir ;—
Take the tooth, sirrah, daintily, insensibly.—
But what's your worship's malady, that's for me, sir?

Bran. Marry, pray, look you, sir: Your worship's counsel
About mine eyes.

Lat. Sore eyes! that's nothing too, sir.

Bran. By'r lady, I that feel it think it somewhat.

Lat. Have you no convulsions? pricking aches, sir,
Ruptures, or apostemates?

Bran. No, by my faith, sir,
Nor do I desire to have 'em.

Lat. Those are cures;
There do I win my fame, sir.—Quickly, sirrah,
Reach me the eye-cup hither.—Do you make water well, sir?

Bran. I'm all well there.

Lat. You feel no grief i' th' kidney?

Bran. Sound, sound, sound, sir.

Lat. Oh, here's a breath, sir, I must talk withal,
One of these mornings.

Bran. There I think, i'faith,
I am to blame indeed, and my wife's words
Are come to pass, sir.

[LATROCINIO *applies the eye-glass, and picks his pocket, while* OCCULTO *picks* MARTINO'S.

Mar. Oh, oh, 'tis not that, 'tis not that;
It is the next beyond it; there, there!

Oc. The best have their mistakings: Now I'll fit you, sir.

Bran. What's that, sweet sir, that comforts with his coolness?

Lat. Oh, sovereign geer! Wink hard and keep it in, sir.

Mar. Oh, oh, oh.

Oc. Nay, here he goes; one twitch more, and he comes, sir.

Mar. Auh, ho.

Oc. Spit out: I told you he was gone, sir.

Bran. How chears Martino?

Mar. Oh, I can answer you now, master;
I feel great ease, sir.

Bran. So do I, Martino.

Mar. I am rid of a sore burden, for my part, master,
Of a scal'd little one.

Lat. Please but your worship, now,
To take three drops of the rich water with you;
I'll undertake your man shall cure you, sir,
At twice i' your own chamber.

Bran. Shall he so, sir?

Lat. I will uphold him in't.

Mar. Then will I do't, sir.

Lat. How lively your man's now!

Mar. Oh, I'm so light, methinks,
As e'er I was.[4]

Bran. What is't contents your worship?

Lat. Even what your worship please. I am not mercenary.

Bran. My purse is gone, Martino!

Lat. How, your purse, sir?

Bran. 'Tis gone, i'faith: I have been among some rascals.

Mar. And that's a thing
I ever gave you warning of, master; you care not
What company you run into.

[4] Over *I was.*] So the former copies.

Bran. Lend me some money: Chide me anon, I pr'ythee.
A pox on 'em for vipers! they ha' suck'd blood o' me.

Mar. Oh, master!

Bran. How now, man?

Mar My purse is gone too.

Bran. How?
I'll ne'er take warning more of thee while I live then;
Thou art an hypocrite, and art not fit
To give good counsel to thy master, that
Canst not keep from ill company thyself.

Lat. This is most strange, sir: Both your purses gone!

Mar Sir, I'd my hand on mine, when I came in.

Lat. Are you but sure of that? Oh, 'would you were!

Mar. As I'm of ease.

Lat. Then, they're both gone one way; be that your comfort.

Bran. Ay, but what way? that, sir!

Lat. That close knave in your clothes has got 'em both,
'Tis well you have clapt him fast.

Bran. Why, that's impossible.

Lat. Oh, tell me, sir! I ha' known purses gone,
And the thief stand, and look one full i' th' face,
As I may do your worship, and your man, now.

Mar Nay, that's most certain, master.

Bran. I will make
That rascal in my clothes answer all this then,
And all the robberies that have been done
Since the moon changed. Get you home first, Martino,
And know if any of my wife's things are missing,
Or any more of mine: Tell her he's taken,

And by that token he has took both our purses.

Mar. That's an ill token, master.

Bran. That's all one, sir,
She must have that or nothing; for I'm sure
The rascal has left nothing else for a token.
Begone, make haste again;
And meet me part o' th' way.

Mar. I'll hang the villain,
An 'twere for nothing but the sowse he gave me.
[*Exit.*

Bran. Sir, I depart ashamed of my requital,
And leave this seal-ring with you as a pledge
Of further thankfulness.

Lat No, I beseech you, sir.

Bran. Indeed you shall, sir.

Lat. Oh, your worship's word, sir,—

Bran. You shall have my word too, for a rare gentleman
As e'er I met withal. [*Exit.*

Lat. Clear sight be with you, sir;
If conduit-water, and my hostess' milk,
That comes with the ninth child now, may afford it.
'Life, I fear'd none but thee, my villainous tooth-drawer.

Oc. There was no fear of me; I have often told you
I was bound 'prentice to a barber once,
But ran away i' th' second year.

Lat. Ay, marry,
That made thee give a pull at the wrong tooth,
And me afraid of thee. What have we there, sirs?

Oc. Some threescore dollars i' the master's purse,
And sixteen in the clerk's; a silver seal,
Two or three amber beads, and four blank warrants.

Lat. Warrants! where be they? The best news came yet.
Mass, here's his hand, and here's his seal: I thank him;
This comes most luckily: One of our fellows
Was took last night, we'll set him first at liberty,
And other good boys after him: And if he
In the old justice's suit, whom we robb'd lately,
Will come off roundly,[5] we'll set him free too.

Oc. That were a good deed; 'faith, we may in pity.

Lat. There's nothing done merely for pity now-a-days;
Money or ware must help too.

SONG.

[IN PARTS, BY THE THIEVES.]

Give me fortune, give me health,
Give me freedom, I'll get wealth.
Who complains his fate's amiss,
When he has the wide world his?
He that has the devil in fee,
Can have but all, and so have we.
Give us fortune, give us health,
Give us freedom, we'll get wealth.
In every hamlet, town, and city,
He has lands that was born witty.

[Exeunt

[5] *Come off roundly.*] A proverbial phrase, signifying—to pay well. So in The Wits by Davenant—

"Where shall we dine to-day?—
At Lucy's aunt's, we'll make her costive beldameship
Come off; when she beholds a goodly jointure,
And our fair hopes."

In the line before this, the former copies read—Whom *he* robb'd lately.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Country. A Room in Brandino's *House.*

Enter Philippa *and* Violetta.

Phi. How well this gentleman keeps his promise too!
Sure there's no trust in man.
Vio. They are all Franciscos,
That's my opinion, mistress; fools, or false ones.
He might have had the honesty yet, i'faith,
To send my master's clothes home.
Phi. Ay, those clothes.
Vio. Colliers come by the door every day, mistress;
Nay, this is market-day too, poulterers, butchers;
They would have lain most daintily in a pannier,
And kept veal from the wind.
Phi. Those clothes much trouble me.
Vio. 'Faith, an he were a gentleman, as he seem'd
To be they would trouble him too, I think;
Methinks he should have small desire to keep 'em.
Phi. 'Faith, and less pride to wear 'em, I should think, wench,
Unless he kept 'em as a testimony
For after-times, to shew what misery
He past in his young days, and then wept over 'em.
Vio. Weep, mistress?

Nay sure, methinks, he should not weep for laughing.

Enter Martino.

Phi. Martino? Oh, we are spoil'd, wench. Are they come then?
Mar. Mistress, be of good cheer, I have excellent news for you;
Comfort your heart. What have you to breakfast, mistress?
You shall have all again, I warrant you.
Phi. What says he, wench?
Vio. I'm loth to understand him.
Mar. Give me a note of all your things, sweet mistress;
You shall not lose a hair, take 't o' my word;
We have him safe enough.
Phi. Alas, sweet wench,
This man talks fearfully.
Vio. And I know not what yet;
That's the worst, mistress.
Mar. Can you tell me, pray,
Whether the rascal has broke ope my desk or no?
There's a fine little barrel of pome-citrons
Would have served me this seven year. Oh, and my fig-cheese!
The fig of everlasting obloquy
Go with him, if he have eat it! I'll make haste,
He cannot eat it all yet. He was taken, mistress,
Grossly and beastly; how do you think, i'faith?
Phi. I know not, sir.
Mar. Troth, in my master's clothes:
Would any thief but a beast, been taken so?
Phi. Wench, wench! [*Apart to* Violetta.
Vio. I have grief enough of mine own to tend, mistress.

Phi. Did he confess the robbery?
Mar. O, no, no, mistress;
He's a young cunning rascal, he confess'd nothing;
While we were examining on him, he took away
My master's purse and mine, but confess'd nothing still.
Phi. That's but some slanderous injury raised against him.—
Came not your master with you?
Mar. No, sweet mistress;
I must make haste and meet him: Pray, dispatch me then.
Phi. I have look'd over all with special heedfulness;
There's nothing miss'd, I can assure you, sir,
But that suit of your master's.
Mar. I'm right glad on't.
That suit would hang him, yet I would not have
Him hang'd in that suit though; it will disgrace
My master's fashion for ever, and make it as hateful
As yellow bands.[6] [*Exit.*
Phi. O, what shall's do, wench?

[6] *Yellow bands.*] It has been observed in a former volume, that bands, dyed with yellow starch, invented by the celebrated Mrs Turner, were very fashionable. After her execution, for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, they were, at least for a time, discontinued, and to this the text evidently alludes. In Sir Simon D'Ewes' Life, quoted from the MS. by Mr Reed, he says, that the hangman, on that occasion, wore bands and cuffs of the same colour, "which made many of either sex to forbeare the use of that coloured starch, till, at last, it grew generallie to be detested and disused." In the year 1621 and 1622 the fashion became prevalent again as ever, and from this it seems evident that this comedy was produced between 1615 and 1621, probably soon after the first of these years, in which Beaumont's death happened, which might induce Fletcher to join Jonson and Middleton in the composition of this play.

Vio. 'Tis no marvel, mistress,
The poor young gentleman could not keep his promise.
Phi. Alas, sweet man! he's confess'd nothing yet, wench.
Vio. That shews his constancy and love to you, mistress;
But you must do't of force, there is no help for't.
The truth can neither shame nor hurt you much,
Let 'em make what they can on't. 'Twere sin and pity, i'faith,
To cast away so sweet a gentleman,
For such a pair of infidel hose and doublet;
I would not hang a Jew for a whole wardrobe on 'em.
Phi. Thou say'st true, wench.

Enter MARTIA *as* ANSALDO.

Vio. Oh, oh, they're come again, mistress.
Phi. Signior Ansaldo?
Ans. The same; mightily cross'd, lady,
But, past hope, freed again by a doctor's means,
A man of art: I know not justly what indeed,
But pity, and the fortunate gold you gave me,
Wrought my release between 'em.
Phi. Met you not
My husband's man?
Ans. I took such strange ways, lady,
I hardly met a creature.
Phi. Oh, most welcome!
Vio. But how shall we bestow him, now we have him, mistress?
Phi. Alas, that's true.
Vio. Martino may come back again.
Phi. Step you into that little chamber speedily, sir;

And dress him up in one of my gowns and head-tires;
His youth will well endure it.

Vio. That will be admirable.

Phi. Nay do't, do't quickly then; and cut that suit
Into an hundred pieces, that it may ne'er be known again.

Vio. A hundred? nay, ten thousand at the least, mistress;
For if there be a piece of that suit left as big as my nail,
The deed will come out; 'tis worse than a murder,
I fear 'twill ne'er be hid.

Phi. Away! do your endeavour, and dispatch, wench.

[*Exeunt* VIOLETTA *and* ANSALDO.

I have thought upon a way of certain safety,
And I may keep him while I have him, too,
Without suspicion now: I have heard o' th' like:
A gentleman, that for a lady's love
Was thought six months her woman, tended on her
In her own garments, and, she being a widow,
Lay night by night with her in way of comfort;
Marry, in conclusion, match they did together.
'Would I'd a copy of the same conclusion!

Enter BRANDINO *with a Writing.*

He's come himself now; if thou be'st a happy wench,
Be fortunate in thy speed; I'll delay time
With all the means I can.—Oh, welcome, sir.

Bran. I'll speak to you anon, wife, and kiss you shortly,
I am very busy yet. [*Reads.*] "Cocksey-down, Memberry,

Her manor-house at Well-dun."

Phi. What's that, good sir?

Bran. The Widow's, your sweet sister's deed of gift;
She's made all her estate over to me, wench:
She'll be too hard for 'em all: And now come buss me;
Good luck after thieves' handsel.

Phi. Oh, 'tis happy, sir;
You have him fast?

Bran. I ha' laid him safe enough, wench.

Phi. I was so lost in joy at the report on't,
I quite forgot one thing to tell Martino.

Bran. What's that, sweet blood?

Phi He, and his villains, sir,
Robb'd a sweet gentlewoman last night.

Bran. A gentlewoman?

Phi. Nay, most uncivilly, and basely stript her, sir.

Bran. Oh, barbarous slaves!

Phi. I was even fain for woman-hood's sake,
Alas, and charity's, to receive her in,
And clothe her poor wants in a suit of mine.

Bran. 'Twas most religiously done: I long for her.
Who have I brought to see thee, think'st thou, woman?

Phi. Nay, sir, I know not.

Bran. Guess, I pr'ythee, heartily:
An enemy of thine.

Phi. That I hope you have not, sir.

Bran. But all was done in jest: he cries thee mercy;—
Francisco, sirrah!

Phi. Oh, I think not on him.

Bran. That letter was but writ to try thy constancy:

He confess'd all to me.
Phi. Joy on him, sir!

Enter FRANCISCO.

So far am I from malice, look you, sir——
Welcome, sweet signior; but I'll never trust you, sir.
Bran. 'Faith, I'm beholden to thee, wife, for this.
Fran. Methinks, I enter now this house with joy, [*Apart.*
Sweet peace, and quietness of conscience;
I wear no guilty blush upon my cheek,
For a sin stampt last midnight: I can talk now
With that kind man, and not abuse him inwardly,
With any scornful thought made of his shame.
What a sweet being is an honest mind!
It speaks peace to itself, and all mankind.

Enter MARTINO.

Bran. Martino!
Mar. Master?
Bran. There's another robbery done, sirrah,
By the same party.
Mar. What? your worship mocks,
Under correction.
Phi. I forgot to tell thee;
He robb'd a lovely gentlewoman.
Mar. O pagan![8]
This fellow will be stoned to death with pipkins;
Your women in the suburbs will so maul him
With broken cruses, and pitchers without ears,
He'll never die alive, that's my opinion.

[8] *Oh, pagan.*] See vol. IX. p. 215.

Enter MARTIA *in Lady's Clothes, and* VIOLETTA.

Phi. Look you; your judgments, gentlemen, yours especially,
Signior Francisco, whose mere object now
Is woman at these years; that's the eye saint, I know,
Amongst young gallants: Husband, you have a glimpse too;
You offer half an eye, as old as you are.
Bran. By'r lady, better, wench: An eye and a half, I trow,
I should be sorry else.
Phi. What think you now, sirs?
Is't not a goodly manly gentlewoman?
Bran. Beshrew my heart else, wife;—
Pray, soft a little, signior, you're but my guest; remember.
I'm master of the house, I'll have the first buss.
Phi. But, husband, 'tis the courtesy of all places
To give a stranger ever the first bit.
Bran. In woodcock or so: but there's no heed to be taken in mutton: We commonly fall so roundly to that, we forget ourselves.—
I'm sorry for thy fortune, but thou'rt welcome, lady. [*Kisses her.*
Mar. My master kisses, as I've heard a hackney-coachman
Chear up his mare; chap, chap.
Bran. I have him fast, lady, and he shall lie by't close.
Martia. You cannot do me a greater pleasure, sir.
Bran. I am happily glad on't.
Fran. Methinks, there's somewhat whispers in my soul, [*Aside.*

This is the hour I must begin my acquaintance
With honest love, and banish all loose thoughts;
My fate speaks to me from the modest eye
Of yon sweet gentlewoman.

Phi. Wench, wench!

Vio. Pish, hold in your breath, mistress;
If you be seen to laugh, you'll spoil all presently;
I keep it in with all the might I have——puh!

Martia. Pray, what young gentleman's that, sir?

Bran. An honest boy, i'faith,
And came of a good kind: Dost like him, lady?
I would thou hadst him an thou beest not promised;
He's worth ten thousand dollars.

Vio. By this light, mistress,
My master will go near to make a match anon;
Methinks I dream of admirable sport, mistress.

Phi. Peace; thou'rt a drab.

Bran. Come hither now, Francisco:
I have known the time I have had a better stomach;
Now I can dine with looking upon meat.

Fran. That face deserved a better fortune, lady,
Than last night's rudeness shewed.

Martia. We cannot be
Our choosers, sir, in our own destiny.

Fran. I return better pleased, than when I went.

Mar. And could that beastly imp rob you, forsooth?

Martia. Most true, forsooth.
I will not altogether, sir, disgrace you,
Because you look half like a gentleman.

Mar. And that's the mother's half.

Martia. There's my hand for you.

Mar. I swear you could not give me any thing
I love better; a hand gets me my living.
Oh, sweet lemon-peel!

Fran. May I request a modest word or two, lady,
In private with you?

Martia. With me, sir?

Fran. To make it sure from all suspect of injury,
Or unbeseeming privacy, which Heaven knows
Is not my aim now, I'll entreat this gentleman
For an ear-witness unto all our conference.

Martia. Why, so I am content, sir.

[*Exeunt* FRANCISCO *and* MARTIA.

Bran. So am I, lady.

Mar. Oh, master, here's a rare bedfellow
For my mistress to-night; for you know we must
Both out of town again.

Bran. That's true, Martino.

Mar. I do but think how they'll lie telling of tales together,
The prettiest!

Bran. The prettiest, indeed.

Mar. Their tongues will never
Lin [a] wagging, master.

Bran. Never, Martino, never.

[*Exeunt* BRANDINO *and* MARTINO.

Phi. Take heed you be not heard.

Vio I fear you most, mistress.

Phi. Me, fool? ha, ha.

Vio. Why look you, mistress: 'faith, you're faulty, ha, ha.

[a] *Lin*] *i. e.* Cease, stop, or leave off. So in Grim, the Collier of Croydon—

"What, miller, are you up again?
Nay then my flail shall never *lin*,
Until I force one of us twain
Betake him to his heels again."

In a note on this passage in Dodsley's Old Plays, (ed. 1780, XI. 241,) Mr Reed has collected many passages in which the same word occurs.

Phi. Well said, i'faith: where lies the fault now, gossip?

Vio. Oh, for a husband! I shall burst with laughing else:
This house is able to spoil any maid.

Phi. I'll be revenged now soundly of Francisco,
For failing me when time was.

Vio. Are you there, mistress? I thought you would not forget that; however, a good turn disappointed is ever the last thing that a woman forgives; she'll scarce do't when she's speechless; nay, though she hold up her whole hand for all other injuries, she'll forgive that but with one finger.

Phi. I'll vex his heart as much as he mock'd mine.

Vio. But that may marr your hopes too, if our gentlewoman
Be known to be a man.

Phi. Not as I'll work it;
I would not lose this sweet revenge, methinks,
For a whole fortnight of the old man's absence,
Which is the sweetest benefit next to this.

Enter MARTIA.

Why how now, sir, what course take you for laughing?
We are undone for one.

Martia. 'Faith, with great pain
Stifle it, and keep it in: I ha' no receipt for it.
But, pray, in sadness, say, what is the gentleman?
I never knew his like for tedious urgings;
He will receive no answer.

Phi. 'Would he would not, sir.

Martia. Says I'm ordain'd for him; merely for him;
And that his wiving fate speaks in me to him;
Will force on me a jointure speedily
Of some seven thousand dollars.

Phi. 'Would thou had'st 'em, sir:
I know he can if he will.

Martia. For wond'rous pity,
What is this gentleman?

Phi. 'Faith, shall I tell you, sir?
One that would make an excellent honest husband
For her that's a just maid at one-and-twenty;
For on my conscience he has his maidenhead yet.

Martia. Fie, out upon him, beast!

Phi. Sir, if you love me,
Give way but to one thing I shall request of you.

Martia. Your courtesies, you know, may lay commands on me.

Phi. Then, at his next solicitings, let a consent
Seem to come from you; 'twill make noble sport, sir:
We'll get jointure and all; but you must bear
Yourself most affable to all his purposes.

Martia. I can do that.

Phi. Ay, and take heed of laughing.

Martia. I have 'bode the worst of that already, lady.

Enter FRANCISCO.

Phi. Peace, set your countenance then; for here he comes.

Fran. There is no middle continent in this passion;
I feel it here, it must be love or death;
It was ordain'd for one.

Phi. Signior Francisco,

I'm sorry 'twas your fortune, in my house, sir,
To have so violent a stroke come to you:
The gentlewoman's a stranger; pray be counsell'd, sir,
Till you hear further of her friends and portion.
Fran. 'Tis only but her love that I desire;
She comes most rich in that.
Phi. But be advised though;
I think she's a rich heir, but see the proof, sir,
Before you make her such a generous jointure.
Fran. 'Tis mine, and I will do't.
Phi. She shall be your's too,
If I may rule her, then.
Fran. You speak all sweetness.
Phi. She likes your person well; I tell you so much,
But take no note I said so.
Fran. Not a word.
Phi. Come, lady, come; the gentleman's de sertful,
And, o' my conscience, honest.
Martia. Blame me not;
I am a maid, and fearful.
Fran. Never truth
Came perfecter from man.
Phi. Give her a lip-taste,
That she herself may praise it.

Enter BRANDINO *and* MARTINO, *severally.*

Bran. Yea, a match, i'faith;
My house is lucky for 'em.—Now, Martino.
Mar. Master, the Widow has the day.
Bran. The day!
Mar. She's overthrown my youngster.
Bran. Precious tidings!
Clap down four woodcocks more.
Mar. They're all at hand, sir.

Bran. What! both her adversaries too?

Enter Valeria, Ricardo, *and the two Suitors.*

Mar. They are come, sir.
Bran. Go, bid the cook serve in two geese in a dish.
Mar. I like your conceit, master, beyond utterance.
Bran. Welcome, sweet sister; which is the man must have you?
I'd welcome no body else.
1 *Suit.* Come to me then, sir.
Bran. Are you he, i'faith? my chain of gold! I'm glad on't.
Val. I wonder you can have the face to follow me,
That have so prosecuted things against me.
But I ha' resolved[3] myself, 'tis done to spite me.
Ric. O dearth of truth!
2 *Suit.* Nay, do not spoil thy hair:
Hold, hold I say, I'll get thee a widow somewhere.
Ric. If hand and faith be nothing for a contract,
What shall man hope?
2 *Suit.* 'Twas wont to be enough, honey,
When there was honest meaning amongst widows;
But since your bribes came in, 'tis not allow'd,
A contract without gifts to bind it fast;
Every thing now must have a selling first:
Do I come near you, Widow?
Val. No, indeed, sir,
Nor ever shall, I hope: And, for your comfort, sir,
That sought all means to entrap me for my wealth,
Had law unfortunately put you upon me,
You had lost your labour, all your aim and hopes, sir:

[3] *Resolved.*] See above, vol. XII. p. 293.

Here stands the honest gentleman my brother,
To whom I have made a deed of gift of all.

Bran. Ay, that she has, i'faith, I thank her, gentlemen;
Look you here, sirs.

Val. I must not look for pleasures,
That give more grief if they prove false, or fail us,
Than ever they gave joy.

1 *Suit.* Have you served me so, Widow?

2 *Suit.* I am glad thou hast her not: laugh at him, honey; ha, ha!

Val. I must take one that loves me for myself:
Here's an old gentleman looks not after wealth,
But virtue, manners, and conditions.

1 *Suit.* Yes, by my faith, I must have lordships too, Widow.

Val. How, sir?

1 *Suit.* Your manners, virtue, and conditions, Widow,
Are pretty things within doors; I like well on 'em:
But I must have somewhat without, lying, or being
In the tenure or occupation of Master such-a-one: ha!
Those are fine things indeed.

Val. Why, sir, you swore to me it was for love.

1 *Suit.* True; but there's two words to a bargain, ever,
All the world over; and if love be one,
I'm sure money's the other; 'tis no bargain else;
Pardon me, I must dine as well as sup, Widow.

Val. 'Cry mercy, I mistook you all this while, sir;
It was this ancient gentleman indeed,
Whom I crave pardon on.

2 *Suit.* What of me, Widow?

Val. Alas, I have wronged you, sir: 'twas you that swore
You loved me for myself!

2 Suit. By my troth, but I did not:
Come, father not your lies upon me, Widow:
I love you for yourself! spit at me, gentlemen,
If e'er I'd such a thought: Fetch me in, Widow!
You'll find your reach too short.

Val. Why, you have enough, you say.

2 Suit. Ay, but I will have my humour too:
You never think of that; they are coach-horses,
They go together still.

Val Whom should a widow trust? I'll swear 'twas one of you
That made me believe so:—'Mass, 'think 'twas you, sir,
Now I remember me.

Ric. I swore too much,
To be believed so little.

Val. Was it you then?
Beshrew my heart for wronging of you.

Ric. Welcome blessing!
Are you mine faithfully now?

Val. As love can make me.

1 Suit. Why, this fills the commonwealth so full of beggars,
Marrying for love, which none of mine shall do.

Val. But, now I think on't, we must part again, sir.

Ric. Again?

Val. You are in debt, and I, in doubt of all,
Left myself nothing too; we must not hold;
Want on both sides makes all affection cold;
I shall not keep you from that gentleman;
You'll be his more than mine; and, when he list,
He'll make you lie from me in some sour prison.
Then let him take you now for altogether, sir;
For he that's mine, shall be all mine, or nothing.

Ric. I never felt the evil of my debts,
Till this afflicting minute.

2 Suit. I'll be mad once in my days:
I have enough to cure me, and I'll have my humour;
They are now but desperate debts again, I never look for 'em.
And ever since I knew what malice was,
I always held it sweeter to sow mischief,
Than to receive money; 'tis the finer pleasure.
I'll give him in his bonds as 'twere in pity
To make the match, and bring 'em both to beggary:
Then will they ne'er agree; that's a sure point.
He'll give her a black eye within these three days,
Beat half her teeth out by Alhallow-tide,
And break the little household-stuff they have,
With throwing at one another: O, sweet sport!—
Come, Widow, come, I'll try your honesty,
Here to my honey you have made many proffers,
I fear they're all but tricks: Here are his debts, gentlemen: [*Produces the bonds.*
How I came by 'em I know best myself.
Take him before us faithfully for your husband,
And he shall tear 'em all before your face, Widow.
Val. Else may all faith refuse me!
2 Suit. Tear 'em, honey,
'Tis firm in law, a consideration given:
What, with thy teeth? thou'lt shortly tear her so,
That's all my hope, thou'dst never had 'em else.
I have enough, and I will have my humour.
Ric. I'm now at liberty, Widow.
Val. I'll be so too,
And then I come to thee:—Give me this from you, brother.
Bran. Hold, sister: sister,—
Val. Look you, the deed of gift, sir; I'm as free:
He that has me, has all, and thou art he.
Both Suit. How's that?
Val. You're bobb'd, 'twas but a deed in trust,

And all to prove thee, whom I have found most just.

Bran. I'm bobb'd among the rest too: I'd have sworn
'Thad been a thing for me and my heirs for ever;
If I'd but got it up to the black box above,
It had been past redemption.

1 *Suit.* How am I cheated!

2 *Suit* I hope you'll have the conscience now to pay me, sir.

Ric. Oh, wicked man, sower of strife and envy,
Open not thy lips.

2 *Suit.* How, how is this?

Ric. Thou hast no charge at all, no child of thine own,
But two thou got'st once of a scouring-woman,
And they are both well provided for, they're i' th' hospital:
Thou hast ten thousand pound to bury thee;
Hang thyself when thou wilt, a slave go with thee!

2 *Suit.* I'm gone, my goodness comes all out together.
I have enough, but I have not my humour.

Enter VIOLETTA.

Vio. O master! gentlemen! And you, sweet Widow,
I think you are no forwarder, yet I know not.
If ever you be sure to laugh again,
Now is the time.

Val. Why, what's the matter, wench?

Vio. Ha, ha, ha!

Bran. Speak, speak.

Vio. Ha! a marriage, a marriage; I cannot tell't for laughing: Ha, he!

Bran. A marriage! do you make that a laughing matter?

Vio. Ha! Ay, and you'll make it so when you know all.

Enter FRANCISCO *and* MARTIA.

Here they come, here they come, one man married to another.

Val. How! man to man?

Vio. Ay, man to man, i'faith.
There'll be good sport at night to bring 'em both to bed;
Do you see 'em now? ha, ha, ha!

1 *Suit.* My daughter Martia!

Martia. Oh, my father!
Your love and pardon, sir.

Val. 'Tis she indeed, gentlemen.

Martia. I have been disobedient, I confess,
Unto your mind, and Heaven has punish'd me
With much affliction since I fled your sight;
But finding reconcilement from above
In peace of heart, the next I hope's your love.

1 *Suit.* I cannot but forgive thee, now I see thee.
Thou fled'st a happy fortune of an old man;
But Francisco's of a noble family,
Though he be somewhat spent.

Fran. I loved her not, sir,
As she was your's, for I protest I knew it not;
But for herself, sir, and her own deservings,
Which, had you been as foul as you've been spiteful,
I should have loved in her.

1 *Suit.* Well, hold your prating, sir;
You are not like to lose by't.

Phi. Oh, Violetta, who shall laugh at us now?

Vio. The child unborn, mistress.

Martia. Be good.
Fran. Be honest.
Martia. Heaven will not let you sin, an you'd be careful.
Fran. What means it sends to help you! think and mend,
You're as much bound as we to praise that friend.
Phi. I am so, and I will so.
Martia. Marry you speedily,
Children tame you, you'll die like a wild beast else.
Vio. Ay, by my troth, should I. I've much ado
To forbear laughing now, more's my hard fortune.

Enter Martino.

Mar. O, master, mistress, and you gentles all;
To horse, to horse presently, if you mean to do
Your country any service!
Bran. Art not ashamed, Martino, to talk of horsing
So openly before young married couples thus?
Mar. It does concern the commonwealth and me,
And you, master, and all: The thieves are taken.
Martia. What say'st, Martino?
Mar. La, here's commonwealth's men!
The man of art, master, that cupt your eyes,
Is proved an arrant rascal; and his man
That drew my tooth, an excellent purse-drawer;
I felt no pain in that, it went insensibly.
Such notable villanies are confest!
Bran. Stop there, sir;
We will have time for them: Come, gentle-folks,
Take a slight meal with us: But the best chear
Is perfect joy, and that we wish all here——
Ric. Stay, stay, sir; I'm as hungry of my Widow,
As you can be upon your maid, believe it;
But we must come to our desires in order,

There's duties to be paid, ere we go further.—
He that without your likings leaves this place,
[*To the Audience.*
Is like one falls to meat, and forgets grace;
And that's not handsome, trust me, no:
Our rights being paid, and your loves understood,
My Widow, and my meat, then does me good.—
I ha' no money, wench, I told thee true.
For my report, pray let her hear't from you.
[*Exeunt.*

THE CORONATION.

BY

JAMES SHIRLEY.

THE CORONATION.

As this Tragi-comedy was ascribed to Fletcher in the title-page of the original quarto,[1] and has been always included in the editions of these plays, it has not been thought proper to reject it in the present; but it is certain that Fletcher had no hand in the composition. The real author, James Shirley, claimed it in a list subjoined to a volume containing five of his till then unpublished plays, which was printed in 1652; and from Sir Henry Herbert's manuscript, it appears that it was licensed for the stage Feb. 6, 1634-5, about ten years after the death of Fletcher.

The play, indeed, which has never been revived, bears not the least resemblance to Fletcher's dramatic performances; and its portion of merit is but slender. The plot is sufficiently regular, but possesses very little interest; the poetry never rises above mediocrity; and nothing is particularly worthy of commendation in the delineation of the characters. When compared with the other productions of Shirley, which are of very unequal merit, it may certainly be classed above those of the lowest order, such as Andromana; but must yield infinitely to The Gamester, Hyde-Park, The Constant Maid, and the Lady of Pleasure.

[1] "The Coronation, a Comedy. As it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private house in Drury-lane. Written by John Fletcher, Gent. London: Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Andrew Crooke and William Cooke, and are to be sold at the Sign of the Green Dragon, in Paul's Church-yard, 1640."

PROLOGUE,

PRESENTED IN THE PERSON OF A LADY.

SINCE 'tis become the title of our play,
A woman once in a Coronation may
With pardon speak the prologue, give as free
A welcome to the theatre, as he
That with a little beard, a long black cloak,[1]
With a starch'd face and supple leg, hath spoke
Before the plays the twelve-month ; let me then
Present a welcome to these gentlemen !
If you be kind, and noble, you will not
Think the worse of me for my petticoat.—
But to the play ; the poet bade me tell
His fears first in the title, lest it swell
Some thoughts with expectation of a strain,
That but once could be seen in a king's reign.
This Coronation he hopes you may
See often ; while the genius of his play
Doth prophesy, the conduits may run wine,
When the day's triumph's ended, and divine
Brisk nectar swell his temples to a rage,
With something of more price to invest the stage.
There rests but to prepare you, that although
It be a Coronation, there doth flow
No under-mirth, such as doth lard the scene
For coarse delight ; the language here is clean ;
And confident, our poet bade me say,
He'll bate you but the folly of a play :
For which, although dull souls his pen despise,[2]
Who think it yet too early to be wise.[3]

[1] *A long black cloak.*] This was the appropriate dress of the person who spoke the prologue. See vol. X. p. 7.

[2] This, and the five following lines, are not in the copy of this prologue in Shirley's poems.

[3] *Who* thinks *it yet too early.*——] Corrected in 1750.

The nobler will thank his muse, at least
Excuse him, 'cause his thought aim'd at the best.
But we conclude not; it does rest in you
To censure poet, play, and prologue, too.
But, what have I omitted? is there not
A blush upon my cheeks, that I forgot
The ladies? and a female prologue too!
Your pardon, noble gentlewomen! you
Were first within my thoughts; I know you sit
As free, and high commissioners of wit,
Have clear and active souls; nay, though the men
Were lost, in your eyes they'll be found again:
You are the bright intelligences move,
And make a harmony this sphere of love:
Be you propitious then! our poet says,
One wreath from you,[4] is worth their grove of bays.

[4] Our *wreath from you.*] Mr Seward conjectured with me, that *one*, not *our*, must be the word, and so I have altered the text.—*Sympson.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Seleucus, *supposed son to Eubulus; but, in reality,* Leonatus, *the right king of Epirus.*

Arcadius, *supposed nephew to Macarius; but, in reality,* Demetrius, *second son to the dead king.*

Eubulus, } *noblemen, guardians to the late king's*
Macarius, } *sons.*

Cassander, *lord-protector.*

Lysimachus, *his son, a worthy gentleman.*

Nestorius, *father to Polidora.*

Philocles, } *courtiers.*
Lysander, }

Polianus, *captain of the castle.*

A Bishop, *and trustee of the dead king's will.*

Antigonus, *a gentleman in waiting.*

Servant *to Polidora.*

Sophia, *queen of Epirus.*

Polidora, *courted by Arcadius, and his noble and constant mistress.*

Charilla, *an attendant on Sophia.*

Gentlemen, Gentlewomen, Servants, Attendants, &c.

Fortune, Youth, Pleasure, Fame, Love, and Honour, Masquers.

SCENE,—Epirus.

THE CORONATION.[1]

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter PHILOCLES *and* LYSANDER.

Phil. Make way for my lord-protector!

Enter CASSANDER *and* LYSIMACHUS.

Lysim. Your grace's servants!
Cass. I like your diligent waiting. Where's Lysimachus?

[1] *The Coronation.*] It were to be wished that the publisher of our authors' works, in 1679, had given his reasons in the preface, or elsewhere, why he took this play into that edition. There seems to be no just grounds upon which he could go for so bold a practice, seeing the editor of the first folio in 1647, Mr Shirley, has left it out; a person who must be better acquainted with what was our authors', as living nearer to their time, than the editor of the second folio in 1679. It is true, there are several fine strokes

Lysim. I wait upon you, sir.
Cass. The queen looks pleasant
This morning; does she not?
Lysim. I ever found
Her gracious smiles on me.
Cass. She does consult
Her safety in't; for I must tell thee, boy,
But in the assurance of her love to thee,
I should advance thy hopes another way,
And use the power I have in Epire, to
Settle our own, and uncontrouled greatness:
But since she carrieth herself so fairly,
I am content to expect, and by her marriage
Secure, thy fortune; that's all my ambition
Now: Be still careful in thy applications
To her; I must attend other affairs.
Return, and use what art thou canst to lay
More charms of love upon her.
Lysim. I presume
She always speaks the language of her heart,
And I can be ambitious for no more

in it, which might possibly be Fletcher's; but those will no more entitle him to claim it for his own, than it will Shakspeare to assert the play of The Noble Kinsmen, in which we know he was partially concerned: To Mr Shirley, therefore, as he had claim to it, let us give this performance; nor rob him of the glory which *The Coronation* may do his memory.—*Sympson.*

This note betrays a wonderful inattention in Sympson; since *The Coronation* was one of the plays printed in QUARTO, and Shirley professed to insert none in the FOLIO that had ever appeared in QUARTO.—Ed. 1778.

Though Sympson's reason for giving this play to Shirley may possibly be controverted, I have no doubt but he is right. The style of this play is totally different from that of Beaumont and Fletcher: it is written in an unnatural hobbling kind of metre, such as we do not find in any of their other productions. Their errors generally arise rather from licentiousness than dull precision: they are rather careless in their metre than languidly correct.—*Mason.*

Happiness on earth, than she encourages
Me to expect.
Cass. It was an act becoming
The wisdom of her father, to engage
A tie between our families, and she
Hath play'd her best discretion to allow it.
But we lose time in conference; wait on her,
And be what thou wert born for, King of Epire!
I must away. [*Exit.*
Lysim. Success ever attend you.
Is not the queen yet coming forth?[a]
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
Lysan. Your servant!
You may command our duties.
[*Exit* LYSIMACHUS.
This is the court-star, Philocles.
Phil. The star that we must sail by.
Lysan. All must borrow
A light from him; the young queen directs all
Her favours that way.
Phil. He's a noble gentleman,
And worthy of his expectations:
Too good to be the son of such a father.
Lysan. Peace! remember he is lord-protector.
Phil. We have more need of Heaven's protection:
In the mean time, I wonder the old king
Did in his life design him for the office.
Lysan. He might suspect his faith; I have heard when

[a] *Is not the queen yet coming forth?*
Lysan. *Your servant.*] *Lysander's* asking this question supposes, that the gentlemen interrogated were capable of giving him an answer; but that, the reader sees, is no where to be found; therefore I have thought proper to mark an *hiatus* in the present text.—*Sympson.*
Sympson, we suppose, meant *Lysimachus*, instead of *Lysander*, who asks no question, but is the next speaker.—Ed. 1778.

The king, who was no *Epirote*, advanced
His claim, Cassander, our protector now,
Young then, opposed him toughly with his faction;
But, forced to yield, had fair conditions,
And was declared, by the whole state, next heir,
If the king wanted issue: Our hopes only
Thrived in this daughter.
Phil. Whom, but for her smiles,
And hope of marriage with Lysimachus,
His father, by some cunning, had removed
Ere this.
Lysan. Take heed! the arras may have ears.
I should not weep much if his grace would hence
Remove to Heaven.
Phil. I pr'ythee what should he do there?
Lysan. Some offices will fall.
Phil. And the sky too, ere I get one stair higher
While he's in place.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. Lysander, Philocles,
How looks the day upon us? Where's the queen?
Phil. In her bed-chamber.
Ant. Who was with her?
Lysan. None but
The young lord Lysimachus.
Ant. It is no treason,
If a man wish himself a courtier
Of such a possibility: He has
The mounting fate.
Phil. I would his father were
Mounted to th' gallows!
Ant. He has a path fair enough
If he survive, by title of his father.
Lysan. The queen will hasten his ascent.
Phil. 'Would I were queen!

Ant. Thou wouldst become rarely the petticoat!
What wouldst thou do?
Phil. Why, I would marry my
Gentleman-usher, and trust all the strength
And burden of my state upon his legs,
Rather than be called wife by any son
Of such a father.
Lysan. Come, let's leave this subject!
We may find more secure discourse. When saw
You young Arcadius, Lord Macarius' nephew?
Ant. There's a spark, a youth moulded for a favourite!
The queen might do him honour.
Phil. Favourite?
It is too cheap a name; there were a match
Now for her virgin blood!
Lysan. Must every man,
That has a handsome face or leg, feed such
Ambition? I confess I honour him,
He has a nimble soul, and gives great hope
To be no woman-hater; dances handsomely,
Can court a lady powerfully; but more
Goes to the making of a prince. He's here,
And's uncle.

Enter ARCADIUS, MACARIUS, *and* SELEUCUS.

Sel. Save you, gentlemen! Who can direct me
To find my lord-protector?
Lysan. He was here
Within this half-hour: Young Lysimachus
His son is with the queen.
Sel. There let him compliment;
I have other business.—Ha, Arcadius! [*Exit.*
Phil. Observed you with what eyes Arcadius
And he saluted? their two families
Will hardly reconcile.

Ant. Seleucus carries
Himself too roughly: With what pride and scorn
He pass'd by 'em!
Lysan. The other, with less show
Of anger, carries pride enough in's soul:
I wish 'em all at peace! Macarius' looks
Are without civil war, a good old man,
The old king loved him well; Seleucus' father
Was as dear to him, and maintain'd the character
Of an honest lord through Epire: That two men,
So loved of others, should be so unwelcome
To one another!
Arc. The queen was not wont
To send for me.
Mac. The reason's to herself;
It will become your duty to attend her.
Arc. Save you, gentlemen! What novelty
Does the court breathe to-day?
Lysan. None, sir; the news
That took the last impression is, that you
Purpose to leave the kingdom, and those men
That honour you take no delight to hear it.
Arc. I have ambition to see the difference
Of courts, and this may spare [me]; [3] the delights
At home do surfeit; and the mistress, whom
We all do serve, is fix'd upon one object;
Her beams are too much pointed. But no country
Shall make me lose your memories.

Enter SOPHIA, LYSIMACHUS, *and* CHARILLA.

Sophia. Arcadius!
Mac. Your lordship honour'd me;
I have no blessing in his absence.

[3] — *and this may spare.*] The word in brackets was silently inserted by Sympson.

Lysim. 'Tis
Done like a pious uncle.
Sophia. We must not
Give any licence.
Ant. If your majesty
Would please——
Sophia. We are not pleased! It had become your duty
To have first acquainted us, ere you declared
Your resolution public. Is our court
Not worth your stay?
Arc. I humbly beg your pardon!
Sophia. Where's Lysimachus?
Lysim. Your humble servant, madam.
Sophia. We shall find
Employment at home for you; do not lose us.
Arc. Madam, I then write myself bless'd on earth
When I may do you service. [*Exit.*
Sophia. We would be
Private, Macarius.
Mac. Madam, you have bless'd me! Nothing
But your command could interpose to stay him.
[*Exit.*
Sophia. Lysimachus, you must not leave us.
Lysan. Nothing but
Lysimachus? Has she not ta'en a philter?
[*Exeunt all but* SOPHIA *and* LYSIMACHUS.
Sophia. Nay, pray be cover'd; ceremony from you
Must be excused.
Lysim. It will become my duty.
Sophia. Not your love.
I know you would not have me look upon
Your person as a courtier,[4] not as favourite;

[4] *I know you would have me look upon*
Your person as a courtier, not *a favourite.*] This unmusical, nonsensical place is differently read in the quarto of 1640:—

That title were too narrow to express
How we esteem you.
Lysim. The least of all
These names from you, madam, is grace enough.
Sophia. Yet here you would not rest?
Lysim. Not if you please
To say there is a happiness beyond,
And teach my ambition how to make it mine:
Although the honours you already have
Let fall upon your servant, exceed all
My merit, I have a heart is studious
To reach it with desert, and make if possible
Your favours mine by justice, with your pardon.
Sophia. We are confident this needs no pardon, sir,
But a reward to cherish your opinion:

> *I know you would not have me look upon*
> *Your person as a courtier, not as favourite;*

That of 1679,

> *I know,* &c.
> —— *as a courtier, but a favourite;*

but yet the place is sad stuff still. I would suppose it once originally run thus:

> *I know you would* not——
> *Your person as a courtier,* but a (or as) *favourite;*
> (Though) *that title were too narrow,* &c.—Sympson.

The oldest reading, as is generally the case, is decidedly the best; the queen meaning to say,—You would not have me look upon you as a courtier, "not even," Mason says, "as a favourite, for that title were too narrow to express my esteem for you." The same idea occurs in page 237, where Antigonus, speaking of Arcadius, says—

> There's a spark! a youth moulded for a favourite!
> The queen might do him honour.

To which Philocles replies—

> —— Favourite?
> It is too cheap a name.

And that you may keep warm your passion,
Know we resolve for marriage; and if
I had another gift, besides myself,
Greater, in that you should discern how much
My heart is fix'd.

Lysim. Let me digest my blessing!

Sophia. But I cannot resolve when this shall be.

Lysim. How, madam? Do not make me dream of Heaven,
And wake me into misery, if your purpose
Be, to immortalise your humble servant!
Your power on earth's divine; princes are here
The copies of eternity, and create,
When they but will, our happiness.

Sophia. I shall
Believe you mock me in this argument;
I have no power.

Lysim. How! no power?

Sophia. Not as a queen.

Lysim. I understand you not.

Sophia. I must obey; your father's my protector

Lysim. How!

Sophia. When I am absolute, Lysimachus,
Our power and titles meet; before, we are but
A shadow, and to give you that were nothing.

Lysim. Excellent queen, my love took no original
From state, or the desire of other greatness,
'Bove what my birth may challenge modestly.
I love your virtues; mercenary souls
Are taken with advancement: You've an empire
Within you, better than the world's; to that
Looks my ambition.

Sophia. The other is not, sir,
To be despised; cosmography allows
Epire a place i' th' map; and know, till I
Possess what I was born to, and alone

Do grasp the kingdom's sceptre, I account
Myself divided; he that marries me
Shall take an absolute queen to his warm bosom:
My temples yet are naked; until then
Our loves can be but compliments and wishes,
Yet very hearty ones.
Lysim. I apprehend.
Sophia. Your father!

Enter Cassander *and* Seleucus.

Cass. Madam, a gentleman has an humble suit.
Sophia. 'Tis in your power to grant; you are protector;
I am not yet a queen.
Cass. How's this?
Lysim. I shall expound her meaning.
Sophia. Why kneel you, sir?
Sel. Madam, to reconcile two families
That may unite both counsels and their blood
To serve your crown.
Sophia. Macarius', and Eubulus',
That bear inveterate malice to each other.
It grew, as I have heard, upon the question
(Which some of either family had made)
Which of their fathers was the best commander
If we believe our stories, they have both
Deserved well of our state; and yet this quarrel
Has cost too many lives; a severe faction!
Sel. But I'll propound a way to plant a quiet
And peace in both our houses, which are torn
With their dissensions, and lose the glory
Of their great names: my blood speaks my relation
To Eubulus; and I wish my veins were emptied
To appease their war.
Sophia. Thou hast a noble soul!
This is a charity above thy youth,

And it flows bravely from thee. Name the way.
Sel. In such a desperate cause, a little stream
Of blood might purge the foulness of their hearts:
If you'll prevent a deluge——
Sophia. Be particular!
Sel. Let but your majesty consent that two
May, with their personal valour, undertake
The honour of their family, and determine
Their difference.
Sophia. This rather will enlarge
Their hate, and be a means to call more blood
Into the stream.
Sel. Not if both families
Agree, and swear——
Sophia. And who shall be the champions?
Sel. I beg the honour, for Eubulus' cause
To be engaged, if any for Macarius
(Worthy to wager heart with mine) accept it:
I am confident, Arcadius
(For honour would direct me to his sword)
Will not deny to stake against my life
His own, if you vouchsafe us privilege.
Sophia. You are the expectation and top boughs
Of both your houses; it would seem injustice
To allow a civil war to cut you off,
And yourselves the instruments. Besides,
You appear a soldier; Arcadius
Hath no acquaintance yet with rugged war,
More fit to drill a lady than expose
His body to such dangers; a small wound
I' th' head may spoil the method of his hair,
Whose curiosity exacts more time
Than his devotion; and who knows but he
May lose his ribbon by it in his lock,[5]

[5] *May lose his ribbon by it in his* lock.] Alluding to the ridiculous fashion, in our authors' time, of wearing *love-locks.* This

Dear as his saint, with whom he would exchange
His head for her gay colours; then his band
May be disordered and transformed from lace
To cutwork; his rich clothes be discomplexioned
With blood, beside the infashionable slashes;
And he at the next festival take physic,
Or put on black, and mourn for his slain breeches;
His hands, cased up in gloves all night, and sweet
Pomatum, the next day may be endangered
To blisters with a sword; how can he stand
Upon his guard, who hath fiddles in his head,
To which his feet must ever be a-dancing?
Besides, a falsify[6] may spoil his cringe
Or making of a leg, in which consists
Much of his court-perfection.

Sel. Is this character
Bestow'd on him?

Sophia. It something may concern
The gentleman; whom if you please to challenge
To dance, play on the lute, or sing——

Sel. Some catch?

Sophia. He shall not want those will maintain him
For any sum.

Sel. You are my sovereign;
I dare not think—yet I must speak somewhat;[7]

custom is also satirised in Cupid's Revenge; which see (vol. XI. p. 424.)—Ed. 1778.

This fashion was violently resented by the puritans, particularly by Prynne, who wrote an express treatise against it, entitled, The Unloveliness of Love-locks; and, in his Histriomastix, (p. 210,) he laments that they are "growne now too much in fashion with comly pages, youthes, and lewd effeminate ruffianly persons."

[6] *A falsify.*] A term in fencing; what is now called a feint.

[7] *I dare not think, yet I must speak somewhat.*] Why then 'tis plain he would speak without thinking; and is not this heroically said? However, though he durst not think, yet he was obliged to

I shall burst else :—I have no skill in jigs,
Nor tumbling——
Sophia. How, sir!
Sel. Nor was I born a minstrel; and in this
You have so infinitely disgraced Arcadius,
But that I have heard another character,
And with your royal licence do believe it,
I should not think him worth my killing.
Sophia. Your killing?
Sel. Does she not jeer me? [*Aside.*
I shall talk treason presently; I find it
At my tongue's end already: This is an
Affront! I'll leave her.
Sophia. Come back! Do you know Arcadius?
Sel. I ha' changed but little breath with him; our persons
Admit no familiarity; we were
Born to live both at distance yet I ha' seen him
Fight, and fight bravely.
Sophia. When the spirit of wine
Made his brain valiant, he fought bravely.
Sel. Although he be my enemy, should any
Of the gay flies that buz about the court,

speak *to keep himself from bursting.* How nonsense, like fame, *vires acquirit eundo!* Surely, if we suppose the words could ever be sense, we must imagine they run once thus:

I dare not speak— and *yet I must speak something,*
I shall burst else;

i. e. He was afraid of speaking lest he should utter an affront to his queen; and yet if he did not speak, his anger unvented might do him a mischief.—*Sympson.*

We think the text good and genuine, and Sympson's raillery pointless and ill founded.—Ed. 1778.

Sympson's raillery is indeed ill founded. Seleucus does not mean to say that he dare not think at all, but that he dare not indulge a particular thought, which suggested itself to him; probably a suspicion of the queen's passion for Arcadius.—*Mason.*

Sit to catch trouts i' th' summer,[a] tell me so,
I durst in any presence but your own——

Sophia. What?

Sel. Tell him he were not honest.

Sophia. I see, Seleucus, thou art resolute,
And I but wrong'd Arcadius: Your first
Request is granted, you shall fight, and he
That conquers be rewarded, to confirm
First place and honour to his family:
Is it not this you plead for?

Sel. You are gracious.

Sophia. Lysimachus!

Lysim. Madam.

Cass. She has granted then?

Sel. With much ado.

Cass. I wish thy sword may open
His wanton veins! Macarius is too popular,
And has taught him to insinuate.

Sophia. It shall
But haste the confirmation of our loves,
And ripen the delights of marriage.—
Seleucus! [*Exit with* Seleucus.

Lysim. As I guess'd!
It cannot be too soon.

Cass. To-morrow then we crown her, and invest
My son with majesty; 'tis to my wishes.
Beget a race of princes, my Lysimachus!

Lysim. First, let us marry, sir.

Cass. Thy brow was made
To wear a golden circle; I'm transported!
Thou shalt rule her, and I will govern thee.

Lysim. Although you be my father, that will not
Concern my obedience, as I take it. [*Aside*

[a] Sit *to catch trouts.*] The editors of 1750 substitute *fit* for *sit*; we think improperly: Seleucus seems to mean, "Courtiers that buz about the court, AND *sit to catch,*" &c.—Ed. 1778.

Enter PHILOCLES, LYSANDER, *and* ANTIGONUS.

Cass. Gentlemen,[9]
Prepare yourselves for a solemnity
Will turn the kingdom into triumph: Epire,
Look fresh to-morrow!—'Twill become your duties,
In all your glory, to attend the queen at
Her Coronation; she is pleased to make
The next day happy in our calendar:
My office doth expire, and my old blood
Renews with thought on't.—
Phil. How's this?
[*Apart to* ANTIGONUS *and* PHILOCLES.
Ant. Crown'd to-morrow?
Lysan. And he so joyful to resign his regency?
There's some trick in't: I do not like these hasty
Proceedings,[1] and whirls of state; they have commonly

[9] *Gentlemen,*
Prepare yourselves.] Mr Seward has happily restored the speaker, *Cassander*, which is dropt negligently through all the copies.—*Sympson.*

[1] ——— *these hasty*
Proceedings, *and whirls of state.*] Every judge of poetry must see, that *proceedings* is very unpoetical, both in sense and measure: I take the true word to have been blotted in the manuscript, and this to have been either the player or printer's insertion. I conjectured *turnings, and whirls of state,* which I afterwards found a strong confirmation of in this very play, act iii. scene iii.—

Phil. *'Tis a strange* turn.
Lysan. *The whirligigs of women.*—Seward.

The old reading should not have been changed, as there can be no objection to it. Why Seward introduces the word *turnings* into this passage, merely because he finds the word *turns* in another, I am at a loss to know.—*Mason.*

As strange and violent effects. Well, Heaven save
The queen!

Phil. Heaven save the queen, say I, and send her
A sprightly bedfellow! For the protector,
Let him pray for himself; he's like to have
No benefit of my devotion.

Cass. But this doth quicken my old heart!—Lysimachus,
There is not any step into her throne,
But is the same degree of thy own state.—
Come, gentlemen!

Lysan. We attend your grace.

Cass. Lysimachus!

Lysim. What heretofore could happen to mankind
Was with much pain to climb to Heaven; but in
Sophia's marriage, of all queens the best,
Heaven will come down to earth, to make me blest.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in the Castle of Nestorius.

Enter Arcadius *and* Polidora.

Polid. Indeed you shall not go.

Arc. Whither?

Polid. To travel.
I know you see me but to take your leave;
But I must never yield to such an absence.
Arc. I pr'ythee leave thy fears! I am commanded
To th' contrary; I wo' not leave thee now.
Polid. Commanded? by whom?
Arc. The queen.
Polid. I am very glad; for, trust me, I could think
Of thy departure with no comfort! Thou
Art all the joy I have, half of my soul;
But I must thank the queen now for thy company.
I pr'ythee, what could make thee so desirous
To be abroad?
Arc. Only to get an appetite
To thee, Polidora.
Polid. Then you must provoke it?
Arc. Nay, pr'ythee, do not so mistake thy servant.
Polid. Perhaps you surfeit with my love.
Arc. Thy love?
Polid. Although I have no beauty to compare
With the best faces, I have a heart above
All competition.
Arc. Thou art jealous now:
Come, let me take the kiss I gave thee last!
I am so confident of thee, no lip
Has ravish'd it from thine. I pr'ythee come
To court!
Polid. For what?
Arc. There is the throne for beauty.
Polid. 'Tis safer dwelling here.
Arc. There's none will hurt,
Or dare but think an ill to Polidora;
The greatest will be proud to honour thee:

Thy lustre wants the admiration here;[2]
There thou wo't shine indeed, and strike a reverence
Into the gazer.

Polid. You can flatter too.

Arc. No praise of thee can be thought so; thy virtue
Will deserve all. I must confess, we courtiers
Do oftentimes commend, to shew our art:
There is necessity sometimes to say
This madam breathes Arabian gums,
Amber, and cassia; though, while we are praising,
We wish we had no nostrils to take in
The offensive steam of her corrupted lungs.
Nay, some will swear they love their mistress,
Would hazard lives and fortunes to preserve
One of her hairs brighter than Berenice's,
Or young Apollo's; and yet, after this,
A favour from another toy would tempt him
To laugh, while the officious hangman whips
Her head off.

Polid. Fine men!

Arc. I am none of these:
Nay, there are women, Polidora, too,
That can do pretty well at flatteries;
Make men believe they dote, will languish for 'em,
Can kiss a jewel out of one, and dally
A carcanet[3] of diamonds from another,

[2] *Thy lustre wants* the *admiration* here.] We must either read,

——— that *admiration;*

or, ——— *admiration* there.—*Sympson.*

There needs no variation at all; the meaning is simply, "Thy lustre wants [*i. e.* is without] its due admiration HERE; THERE you would be noticed."—Ed. 1778.

[3] *A* carcanet.] A *necklace*, from the old French word *carcan*, whose diminutive was *carcanet*. See Cotgrave's Dictionary. It is used in Shakspeare.—*Reed.*

Weep into th' bosom of a third, and make
Him drop as many pearls; they count it nothing
To talk a reasonable heir within ten days
Out of his whole estate, and make him mad
He has no more wealth to consume.
Polid. You'll teach me
To think I may be flatter'd in your promises,
Since you live where this art is most profess'd.
Arc. I dare not be so wicked, Polidora.
The infant errors of the court I may
Be guilty of, but never to abuse
So rare a goodness; nor indeed did ever
Converse with any of those shames of court,
To practise for base ends. Be confident
My heart is full of thine, and I so deeply
Carry the figure of my Polidora,
It is not in the power of time, or distance,
To cancel it. By all that's blest, I love thee,
Love thee above all women, dare invoke
A curse when I forsake thee.
Polid. Let it be
Some gentle one.
Arc. Teach me an oath I pr'ythee,
One strong enough to bind, if thou dost find
Any suspicion of my faith; or else
Direct me in some horrid imprecation!
When I forsake thee for the love of other
Women, may Heaven reward my apostacy,
To blast my greatest happiness on earth,[4]

[4] ——— *of other*
Women, may Heaven *reward my apostacy*
To *blast*, &c.] Mr Seward supposes the words misplaced here, and that the natural order is thus:

—— *may* to *reward my apostacy*
Heaven *blast my greatest happiness.*—Sympson.

The old reading gives good sense, and more strongly expresses,

And make all joys abortive!

Polid. Revoke these hasty syllables! they carry
Too great a penalty for breach of love
To me; I am not worth thy suffering;
You do not know what beauty may invite
Your change, what happiness may tempt your eye
And heart together.

Arc. Should all the graces of your sex conspire
In one, and she should court me with a dower
Able to buy a kingdom, when I give
My heart from Polidora——

Polid. I suspect not;
And to requite thy constancy, I swear——

Arc. It were a sin to let thee waste thy breath;
I have assurance of thy noble thoughts.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your uncle hath been every where
I' th' court enquiring for you; his looks speak
Some earnest cause. [*Exit.*

Arc. I am more acquainted with
Thy virtue, than to imagine thou wilt not
Excuse me now: One kiss dismisses him
Whose heart shall wait on Polidora.

Polid. Pr'ythee[5]
Let me not wish for thy return too often!—
[*Exit* ARCADIUS.

My father?

that "blasting his happiness would be the proper reward of his falsehood."—Ed. 1778.

[5] *Whose heart shall wait on Polidora, pr'ythee*
Let me not wish——] The least attention to this passage will convince the reader, that the insertion of *Polidora's* name before *pr'ythee let me not*, which Mr Seward too communicated to me, is entirely requisite to the sense of this place.—*Sympson.*

Enter NESTORIUS *and a Servant.*

Nest. I met Arcadius in strange haste; he told me
He had been with thee.
Polid. Some affair too soon
Ravish'd him hence; his uncle sent for him.
You came now from [the] court: How looks the queen
This golden morning?
Nest. Like a bride: Her soul
Is all on mirth; her eyes have quick'ning fires,
Able to strike a spring into the earth
In winter.
Polid. Then Lysimachus can have
No frost in's blood, that lives so near her beams.
Nest. His politic father, the protector, smiles too.
Resolve to see the ceremony of the queen;
'Twill be a day of state.
Polid. I am not well.
Nest. How! not well? retire then. I must return;
My attendance is expected. Polidora,
Be careful of thy health!
Polid. It will concern me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Palace.

Enter Arcadius *and* Macarius.

Arc. You amaze me, sir.
Mac. Dear nephew, if thou respect thy safety
My honour, or my age, remove thyself;
Thy life's in danger.
Arc. Mine? Who is my enemy?
Mac. Take horse, and instantly forsake the city,
Or else within some unsuspected dwelling
Obscure thyself; stay not to know the reason.
Arc. Sir, I beseech your pardon! Which, i' th' number
Of my offences unto any, should
Provoke this [most] dishonourable flight?
Mac. I would, when I petition'd for thy stay,
I had pleaded for thy banishment; thou know'st not
What threatens thee.
Arc. I would desire to know it:
I am in no conspiracy of treason,
Have ravish'd no man's mistress, not so much
As given the lie to any: What should mean
Your strange and violent fears? I will not stir
Until you make me sensible I have lost
My innocence.
Mac. I must not live to see
Thy body full of wounds; it were less sin

To rip thy father's marble, and fetch from
The reverend vault his ashes, and disperse them
By some rude winds, where none should ever find
The sacred dust: It was his legacy,
The breath he mingled with his prayers to Heaven,
I should preserve Arcadius, whose fate
He prophesied in death would need protection:
Thou wo't disturb his ghost, and call it to
Affright my dreams, if thou refuse to obey me.

Arc. You more inflame me, to enquire the cause
Of your distraction; and you'll arm me better
Than any coward flight, by acquainting me
Whose malice aims to kill me: Good sir, tell me!

Mac. Then, prayers and tears assist me!

Arc. Sir?

Mac. Arcadius,
Thou art a rash young man, witness the spirit
Of him that trusted me so much! I bleed,
Till I prevent this mischief. [*Exit.*

Enter PHILOCLES *and* LYSANDER.

Arc. Ha! keep off. [*Draws.*

Phil. What mean you, sir?

Lysan. We are your friends.

Arc. I know your faces, but
Am not secure: I would not be betray'd.

Lysan. You wrong our hearts, who truly honour you.

Arc. They say I must be kill'd.

Phil. By whom?

Arc. I know not,
Nor would I part with life so tamely.

Phil. We dare
Engage ours in your quarrel; hide your sword,
It may beget suspicion; it is

Enough to question you.[6]

Arc. I am confident; [*Puts up.*

Pray pardon me! come, I despise all danger;
Yet a dear friend of mine, my uncle, told me
He would not see my body full of wounds.

Lysan. Your uncle? this is strange.

Arc. Yes, my honest uncle.
If my unlucky stars have pointed me
So dire a fate——

Phil. There is some strange mistake in't.

Enter ANTIGONUS.

Ant. Arcadius, the queen would speak with you;
You must make haste.

Arc. Though to my death, I fly
Upon her summons; I give up my breath
Then willingly, if she command it from me.
[*Exit.*

Phil. This does a little trouble me.

Lysan. I know not
What to imagine; something is the ground
Of this perplexity, but I hope there is not
Any such danger as he apprehends.

Enter SOPHIA, LYSIMACHUS, MACARIUS, EUBULUS, SELEUCUS, ARCADIUS, *Ladies, Attendants, and Gentlemen.*

Sophia. We have already granted to Seleucus,
And they shall try their valour, if Arcadius
Have spirit in him to accept the challenge;
Our royal word is passed.

6 —— *It is*
Enough to question you.] That is, to have you called in question.—*Mason.*

Phil. This is strange.
Eub. Madam, my son knew not what he ask'd,
And you were cruel to consent so soon.
Mac. Wherein have I offended, to be robb'd
At once of all the wealth I have? Arcadius
Is part of me.
Eub. Seleucus' life and mine
Are twisted on one thread, both stand or fall
Together. Hath the service for my country
Deserved but this reward, to be sent weeping
To my eternal home? Was't not enough,
When I was young, to lose my blood in wars,
But the poor remnant that is scarcely warm,
And faintly creeping through my wither'd veins,
Must be let out to make you sport?
Mac. How can
We, that shall this morn see the sacred oil
Fall on your virgin tresses, hope for any
Protection hereafter, when this day
You sacrifice the blood of them that pray for you?—
Arcadius, I pr'ythee speak thyself;
It is for thee I plead.
Eub. Seleucus, kneel,
And say thou hast repented thy rash suit!
If ere I see thee fight I be thus wounded,
How will the least drop forced from thy veins
Afflict my heart!
Mac. Why, that's good!
Arcadius, speak to her; hear him, madam.
Arc. If you call back this honour you have done me,
I shall repent I live.—Do not persuade me!—
Seleucus, thou'rt a noble enemy;
And I will love thy soul, though I despair
Our bodies' friendly conversation:
I would we were to tug upon some cliff,
Or, like two prodigies i' th' air, our conflict

Might generally be gazed at, and our blood
Appease our grandsires' ashes!
Mac. I'm undone!
Sel. Madam, my father says I have offended;
If so, I beg your pardon, but beseech you,
For your own glory, call not back your word!
Eub. They are both mad.
Sophia. No more! we have resolved:
And since their courage is so nobly flamed,
This morning we'll behold the champions
Within the list. Be not afraid their strife
Will stretch so far as death.—So soon as we
Are crown'd, prepare yourselves. Seleucus!
[SELEUCUS *kisses her hand.*
Sel. I have received another life in this
High favour, and may lose what nature gave me.
Sophia. Arcadius, to encourage thy young valour,
We give thee our father's sword;
Command it from our armory.—Lysimachus,
To our coronation.
[*Exeunt all but* EUBULUS, MACARIUS, PHILOCLES, *and* LYSANDER.
Eub. I will forfeit [sooner]
My head for a rebellion, than suffer it.[7] [*Exit.*
Mac. I am circled with confusions! I'll do somewhat:
My brains and friends assist me!

[7] Sel. *I'll forfeit*, &c.
Arc. *I am circled*——] Mr Theobald and Mr Seward agree with me here are two false names put into these two places; and that *Eubulus* should supply *Seleucus*, and *Macarius Arcadius*; and it is plain, for *Seleucus* and *Arcadius* are not now upon the stage, but went off with the queen, Lysimachus, &c. I have likewise ventured to add a word to

Eub. *I'll forfeit*
My head, &c.

which was not sense, as it stood in all the copies.—*Sympson.*

Phil. But do you think they'll fight indeed?
Lysan. Perhaps
Her majesty will see a bout or two:
And yet 'tis wond'rous strange! such spectacles
Are rare i' th' court. An they were to skirmish naked
Before her, then there might be some excuse.
There is some gimcracks in't; the queen is wise
Above her years.

Enter EUBULUS.

Phil. Macarius is perplex'd.
Lysan. I cannot blame him.—But my lord Eubulus
Returns; they are both troubled: 'Las, good men!
But our duties are expected; we forget.
[*Exeunt* PHILOCLES *and* LYSANDER.
Eub. I must resolve; and yet things are not ripe.
My brain's upon the torture!—
Mac. This may quit
The hazard of his person, whose least drop
Of blood is worth more than our families.—
My lord Eubulus, I have thought a way
To stay the young men's desperate proceedings:
It is our cause they fight; let us beseech
The queen, to grant us two the privilege
Of duel, rather than expose their lives
To either's fury: It were pity they
Should run upon so black a destiny:
We are both old, and may be spared; a pair
Of fruitless trees, mossy and wither'd trunks,
That fill up too much room.
Eub. Most willingly;
And I will praise her charity to allow it:
I have not yet forgot to use a sword.
Let's lose no time! By this act, she will licence

Our souls to leave our bodies but a day,
Perhaps an hour, the sooner; they may live
To do her better service, and be friends
When we are dead. And yet I have no hope
This will be granted; curse upon our faction!
Mac. If she deny us——
Eub. What?
Mac. I would do somewhat——
Eub. There's something o' the sudden struck upon
My imagination, that may secure us.
Mac. Name it; if no dishonour wait upon't,
To preserve them, I'll accept any danger.
Eub. There is no other way—and yet my heart
Would be excused—but 'tis to save his life.
Mac. Speak it, Eubulus.
Eub. In your ear I shall;
It sha'not make a noise if you refuse it. [*Whispers.*
Mac. Hum! though it stir my blood, I'll meet. Arcadius,
If this preserve thee not, I must unseal
Another mystery. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SOPHIA *crowned,* LYSIMACHUS, CASSANDER, CHARILLA, LYSANDER, PHILOCLES, *and* ANTIGONUS.

Sophia. We owe to all your loves, and will deserve,
At least by our endeavours, that none may
This day repent their prayers.—My lord-protector!
Cass. Madam, I have no such title now,
And am blest to lose that name so happily:
I was but trusted with a glorious burden.
Sophia. You have proved
Yourself our faithful counsellor, and must still
Protect our growing state: A kingdom's sceptre

Weighs down a woman's arm; this crown sits heavy
Upon my brow already; and we know
There's something more than metal in this wreath
Of shining glory; but your faith and counsel,
That are familiar with mysteries,
And depths of state, have power to make us fit
For such a bearing, in which both you shall
Do loyal service, and reward your duties.
Cass. Heaven preserve your highness!
Sophia. But yet, my lords and gentlemen, let none
Mistake me, that, because I urge your wisdoms,
I shall grow careless, and impose on you
The managing of this great province! No,
We will be active too; and as we are
In dignity above your persons, so
The greatest portion of the difficulties
We call to us, you in your several places
Relieving us with your experience,
Observing in your best directions
All modesty, and distance; for although
We are but young, no action shall forfeit
Our royal privilege, or encourage any
To unreverent boldness. As it will become
Our honour to consult, ere we determine,
Of the most necessary thing of state;
So we are sensible of any check,[8]
But in a brow, that saucily controuls
Our action, presuming on our years
As few, or frailty of our sex; that head

[8] *So we are sensible of* a *check.*] Seward would read,

> *So* were not *sensible of* any *check.*
> *But in a brow*, &c.

We have adopted Sympson's reading, which he thus explains: "*Even the least seeming dislike to our judgment expressed by a wrinkled brow, we are sensible of,*" &c.—Ed. 1778.

Is not secure, that dares our power or justice.

Phil. She has a brave spirit! Look, how the protector
Grows pale already!

Sophia. But I speak to you
Are perfect in obedience, and may spare
This theme; yet 'twas no immaterial
Part of our character, since I desire
All should take notice I have studied
The knowledge of myself; by which I shall
Better distinguish of your worth and persons
In your relations to us.

Lysan. This language
Is but a threatening to somebody.

Sophia. But we miss some, that use not to absent
Their duties from us: Where's Macarius?

Cass. Retired to grieve, your majesty hath given
Consent Arcadius should enter list
To-day, with young Seleucus.

Sophia. We purpose
They shall proceed.—

Enter Gentleman.

What's he?

Phil. A gentleman
Belonging to Seleucus, that gives notice
He is prepared, and waits your royal pleasure.

Sophia. He was composed for action. Give notice
To Arcadius, and admit the challenger!
Let other princes boast their gaudy tilting,
And mockery of battles! but our triumph
Is celebrated with true noble valour.

Enter SELEUCUS *and* ARCADIUS *at several Doors, their Pages before them, bearing their Targets.*

Two young men spirited enough to have
Two kingdoms staked upon their swords! Lysimachus,
Do not they excellently become their arms?
'Twere pity but they should do something more
Than wave their plumes. [*A shout within.*] What noise is that?

Enter MACARIUS *and* EUBULUS.

Mac. The people's joy, to know us reconciled,
Is added to the jubilee of the day:
We have no more a faction, but one heart.
Peace flow in every bosom!
Eub. Throw away
These instruments of death, and, like two friends,
Embrace by our example.
Sophia. This unfeign'd?
Mac. By our duties to yourself! Dear madam,
Command them not advance: Our houses from
This minute are incorporated; happy day!
Our eyes, at which before revenge look'd forth,
May clear suspicion.—Oh, my Arcadius!
Eub. We have found a nearer way to friendship, madam,
Than by exposing them to fight for us.
Sophia. If this be faithful, our desires are bless'd.
We had no thought to waste, but reconcile
Your blood this way, and we did prophesy [9]
This happy chance: Spring into either's bosom,
Arcadius and Seleucus!—What can now

[9] *And we did* prophesy.] i. e. *Foresee.*—Sympson.

Be added to this day's felicity?
Yes, there is something, is there not, my lord,
While we are virgin-queen?
Cass. Ha! that string
Doth promise music.
Sophia. I am yet, my lords,
Your single joy; and when I look upon
What I have took to manage, the great care
Of this most flourishing kingdom, I incline
To think I shall do justice to myself
If I chuse one, whose strength and virtue may
Assist my undertaking: Think you, lords,
A husband would not help?
Lysan. No question, madam;
And he that you purpose to make so bless'd,
Must needs be worthy of our humblest duty:
It is the general vote.
Sophia. We will not then
Trouble ambassadors to treat with any
Princes abroad; within our own dominion,
Fruitful in honour, we shall make our choice;
And, that we may not keep you over long
In the imagination, from this circle
We have purpose to elect one, whom I shall
Salute a king and husband.
Lysan. Now, my lord Lysimachus!
Sophia. Nor shall we in this action be accused
Of rashness, since the man we shall declare
Deserving our affection hath been early
In our opinion, (which had reason first
To guide it, and his known nobility,)
Long married to our thoughts, will justify
Our fair election.
Phil. Lysimachus blushes.
Cass. Direct our duties, madam, to pray for him!
[*She comes from the state.*[1]

[1] *She comes from the state.*] That is, the throne, in which sense

Sophia. Arcadius, you see from whence we come;
Pray lead us back: You may ascend.
Cass. How's this? o'er-reached?
Arc. Madam, be charitable to your humblest creature!
Do not reward the heart, that falls in duty
Beneath your feet, with making me the burden
Of the court-mirth, a mockery for pages!
'Twere treason in me but to think you mean thus.
Sophia. Arcadius, you must refuse my love,
Or share this kingdom.[2]
Phil. Is the wind in that corner?
Cass. I shall run mad, Lysimachus!
Lysim. Sir, contain yourself.
Sel. Is this to be believed?
Mac. What dream is this?
Phil. He kisses her! now, by this day, I am glad on't.
Lysan. Mark the protector
Ant. Let him fret his heart-strings!
Sophia. Is the day cloudy on the sudden?
Arc. Gentlemen,
It was not my ambition; (I durst never
Aspire so high in thought) but since her majesty
Hath pleased to call me to this honour, I
Will study to be worthy of her grace,
By whom I live.

the word was very generally used, though it might originally refer to the platform upon which the throne was erected.

[2] *Arcadius, you must refuse my love,*
Or shame this kingdom.] This is absolute nonsense, though unnoticed by the editors. We must undoubtedly read—

—— You must refuse my love,
Or *share* this kingdom

meaning, that he must either refuse her love, or share the kingdom with her. She could not mean that his not accepting her love would *shame the kingdom.*—Mason.

Sophia. The church to-morrow shall
Confirm our marriage. Noble Lysimachus,
We'll find out other ways to recompense
Your love to us. Set forward! Come, Arcadius!
[*Exeunt* SOPHIA, ARCADIUS, *and* PHILOCLES.

Mac. It must be so; and yet let me consider!

Cass. He insults already! Policy, assist me
To break his neck!

Lysim. Who would trust woman?
Lost, in a pair of minutes lost! How bright
A morning rose but now, and now 'tis night.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Castle of Nestorius.

Enter POLIDORA *and Servant.*

Polid. Oh, where shall virgins look for faith hereafter,
If he prove false, after so many vows?
And yet, if I consider, he was tempted
Above the strength of a young lover: Two
Such glories courting[3] his acceptance, were
Able to make disloyalty no sin,

[3] *Such* glorious *courting.*] Corrected in 1650.

At least not seem a fault: A lady first,
Whose very looks would thaw a man more frozen
Than the Alps, quicken a soul more dead than winter;
Add to her beauty and perfection,
That she's a queen, and brings with her a kingdom
Able to make a great mind forfeit Heaven.
What could the frailty of Arcadius
Suggest, to unspirit him so much, as not
To fly to her embraces?—You were present
When she declared herself?

Serv. Yes, madam.

Polid. Tell me,
Did he not make a pause, when the fair queen
A full temptation stood him?

Serv. Very little
My judgment could distinguish: She did no sooner
Propound, but he accepted.

Polid. That was ill.
He might with honour stand one or two minutes;
Methinks it should have startled him a little
To have remember'd me; I have deserved
At least a cold thought. Well, pray give it him.

Serv. I shall. [POLIDORA *gives him a letter.*

Polid. When?

Serv. Instantly.

Polid. Not so;
But take a time when his joy swells him most,
When his delights are high and ravishing,
When you perceive his soul dance in his eyes,
When she, that must be his, hath dress'd her beauty
With all her pride, and sends a thousand Cupids
To call him to the tasting of her lip;
Then give him this, and tell him, while I live,
I'll pray for him.

Serv. I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter CASSANDER *and* LYSIMACHUS.

Cass. There is no way but death.
Lysim. That's black and horrid!
Consider, sir, it was her sin, not his;
I cannot accuse him; what man could carry
A heart so frozen, not to melt at such
A glorious flame? Who could not fly to such
A happiness?
Cass. Have you ambition
To be a tame fool? See so vast an injury,
And not revenge it? Make me not suspect
Thy mother for this sufferance, my son.
Lysim. Pray hear me, sir.
Cass. Hear a patient gull,
A property? Thou hast no blood of mine,
If this affront provoke thee not: How canst
Be charitable to thyself, and let him live
To glory in thy shame? Nor is he innocent;
He had before crept slily into her bosom,
And practised thy dishonour.
Lysim. You begin
To stir me, sir.
Cass. How else could she be guilty
Of such contempt of thee, and in the eye
Of all the kingdom? they conspired this stain,

When they had cunning meetings. Shall thy love
And blooming hopes be scatter'd thus, and Lysimachus
Stand idle gazer?
Lysim. What, sir, will his death
Advantage us, if she be false to me?
So irreligious? and to touch her person—
Pause, we may be observed.

Enter PHILOCLES *and* LYSANDER.

Lysan. 'Tis the protector
And his son.
Phil. Alas, poor gentleman! I pity his
Neglect, but am not sorry for his father.
'Tis a strange turn.[4]
Lysan. The whirligigs of women!
Phil. Your grace's servant.
Cass. I am yours, gentlemen;
And should be happy to deserve your loves.
Phil. Now he can flatter.
Lysan. Not, sir, to enlarge
Your sufferings, I have a heart doth wish
The queen had known better to reward
Your love and merit.
Lysim. If you would express
Your love to me, pray do not mention it.
I must obey my fate.
Phil. She will be married
To t'other gentleman for certain then?

[4] Phil. *'Tis a strange turn.*
Phil. *The whirligigs of women!*
Lysan. *Your grace's servant.*] So the quarto, which is remarkably incorrect in the distribution of the speakers' names. The two last mistakes were corrected in the folio. Lower down, both the quarto and folio read—" In't, sir, to enlarge," &c. which was silently rectified in 1750.

Cass. I hope you'll wish 'em joy.
Phil. Indeed I will, sir.
Lysan. Your grace's servant! [*Exeunt.*
Cass. We are grown
Ridiculous, the pastime of the court!—
Here comes another.

Enter Seleucus.

Sel. Where's your son, my lord?
Cass. Like a neglected servant of his mistress—
Sel. I would ask him a question.
Cass. What?
Sel. Whether the queen,
As 'tis reported, loved him: He can tell
Whether she promised what they talk of, marriage.
Cass. I can resolve you that, sir.
Sel. She did promise?
Cass. Yes.
Sel. Then she's a woman; and your son——
Cass. What?
Sel. Not
Worthy his blood, and expectation,
If he be calm.
Cass. There's no opposing destiny.
Sel. I would cut the throat——
Cass. Whose throat?
Sel. The destiny's; that's all. Your pardon, sir!
I am Seleucus still; a poor shadow
O' th' world, a walking picture! it concerns
Not me; I am forgotten by my stars.
Cass. The queen, with more discretion, might ha' chosen thee.
Sel. Whom?
Cass. Thee, Seleucus.
Sel. Me?
I cannot dance, and frisk with due activity!

My body's lead, I have too much phlegm; what
should I
Do with a kingdom? No, Arcadius
Becomes the cushion, and can please. Yet, setting
Aside the trick that ladies of blood look at,
Another man might make a shift to wear
Rich clothes, sit in the chair of state, and nod,
Dare venture on discourse that does not trench
On compliment, and think the study of arms
And arts more commendable in a gentleman,
Than any galliard.[5]

Cass. Arcadius
And you were reconciled?

Sel. We? yes; oh, yes.
But 'tis not manners now to say we are friends;
At our equality there had been reason,
But now *subjection* is the word.

Cass. They are not yet married?

Sel. I'll make no oath upon't.—My lord Lysimachus,
A word! You'll not be angry if I love you?
May not a bachelor be made a cuckold?

Lysim. How, sir!

Cass. Lysimachus, this gentleman
Is worthy our embrace; he's spirited,
And may be useful.

Sel. Hark you; can you tell
Where's the best dancing-master? An you mean
To rise at court, practise to caper: Farewell,
The noble science that makes work for cutlers!
It will be out of fashion to wear swords
Masques and devices, welcome! I salute you.

[5] *Galliard.*] "The *galliard* is a lively air in triple time; Brossard intimates that it is the same with the *romanesca*, a favourite dance with the Italians."—*Sir John Hawkins. Hist. Music*, vol. iv. p. 387.—Ed. 1778.

Is it not pity any division
Should be heard out of music?[6] Oh, 'twill be
An excellent age of crotchets, and of canters![7]
B'y', captains,[8] that like fools will spend your blood
Out of your country! you will be of less
Use than your feathers; if you return unmaim'd,
You shall be beaten soon to a new march,
When you shall think it a discretion
To sell your glorious buffs to buy fine pumps,
And pantables;[9] this is, I hope, no treason.

6 *Is it not pity any* division
Should be heard out of music?] *Division* was a technical term, probably, as Steevens observes, "for the pauses, or parts, of a musical composition." So in The Lover's Melancholy by Ford:

"He could not run *division* with more art,
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to."

7 —— *Oh, 'twill be*
An excellent age of crotchets, and of canters.] This word occurs in Massinger's New Way to Pay Old Debts, where Tapwell the host says—

"Humbled myself to marriage with my troth here,
Gave entertainment"—

And Wellborn rejoins—

"Yes, to whores and *canters*,
Clubbers by night."

Mr Gifford explains the term—rogues, sturdy beggars. Possibly Shirley may have aimed at something like a pun, between *canters* and *chanters*, in the text.

8 Buy *captains, that like fools*——*if you return* unmann'd.] Both errors corrected by Seward.—Ed. 1778.

B'y' is a common abbreviation of, God be with you! not of *be ye*, that is, *If ye be*, as Mason supposes.

9 *Pantables.*] The same as pantofles, or slippers.

Enter ARCADIUS, *leading* SOPHIA, CHARILLA, EUBULUS, LYSANDER, PHILOCLES, *and* POLIDORA'S *Servant.*[1]

Cass. Wo't stay, Lysimachus?
Lysim. Yes, sir, and shew
A patience above her injury.
Arc. This honour is too much, madam! Assume
Your place, and let Arcadius wait still;
'Tis happiness enough to be your servant.
Cass. Now he dissembles.
Sophia. Sir, you must sit.
Arc. I am obedient. [*Music heard.*
Sophia. This is not music
Sprightly enough; it feeds the soul with melancholy.
How says Arcadius?
Arc. Give me leave to think,
There is no harmony but in your voice,
And not an accent of your heavenly tongue,
But strikes me unto rapture: I incline
To think the tale of Orpheus no fable;
'Tis possible he might enchant the rocks,
And charm the forest, soften Hell itself,
With his commanding lute; it is no miracle
To what you work, whose every breath conveys
The hearer into Heaven: How at your lips
Winds[2] gather perfumes, proudly glide away,
To disperse sweetness round about the world!
Sel. Fine stuff!
Sophia. You cannot flatter.

[1] *Polidora, servant.*] Corrected by Sympson.

[2] Day-*winds.*] The first of these words has no very determinate meaning. It was omitted silently in the editions of 1750 and 1778.

Arc. Not, if I should say
Nature had placed you here the creatures' wonder,
And her own spring, from which all excellence
On earth's derived, and copied forth; and when
The character of fair and good in others
Is quite worn out, and lost, looking on you
It is supplied, and you alone made mortal,
To feed and keep alive all beauty.

Sel Ha! ha! Can you endure it, gentlemen?

Lysan What do you mean?

Sel. Nay, ask him what he means;
Mine is a down-right laugh.

Sophia. Well, sir, proceed.

Arc. At such bright eyes the stars do light themselves,
At such a forehead swans renew their white,
From such a lip the morning gathers blushes.

Sel The morning is more modest than thy praises:
What a thing does he make her?

Arc. And when you fly to Heaven, and leave this world
No longer maintenance of goodness from you,
Then poetry shall lose all use with us,
And be no more, since nothing in your absence
Is left, that can be worthy of a verse.

Sel. Ha, ha!

Sophia. Who's that?

Sel 'Twas I, madam.

Arc Seleucus?

Cass. Ha!

Sel. Yes, sir, 'twas I that laugh'd.

Arc. At what?

Sel. At nothing.

Lysan. Contain yourself, Seleucus.

Eub. Are you mad?

Sophia. Have you ambition to be punish'd, sir?

Sel. I need not; 'twas punishment enough to hear
Him make an idol of you; he left out
The commendation of your patience.
I was a little moved in my nature,
To hear his rodomontados, and make
A monster of his mistress; which I pitied first;
But seeing him proceed, I guess'd he brought
You mirth with his inventions, and so made
Bold to laugh at it.
Sophia. You are saucy!
We'll place you where you shall not be so merry.—
Take him away!
Lysan. Submit yourself.
Arc. Let me plead for his pardon.
Sel. I would not owe
My life so poorly! Beg thy own: When you
Are king, you cannot bribe your destiny.
Eub. Good madam, hear me! I fear he is distracted.
Cass. Brave boy!—Thou shouldst be master of a soul
Like his; thy honour's more concern'd.[3]
Sel. 'Tis charity;
Away wi' me! B'y', madam![4]
Cass. He has a daring spirit.
[*Exeunt* SELEUCUS *guarded,* EUBULUS, *and* CASSANDER.
Arc. These, and a thousand more affronts, I must
Expect; your favours draw them all upon me:
In my first state I had no enemies;
I was secure, while I did grow beneath

[3] *Brave boy,* &c.] This speech was joined to that of Eubulus, till Mr Seward discovered the error.—Ed. 1778.

[4] —— *'boy, madam?*] Corrected by Sympson.

This expectation; humble vallies thrive with
Their bosoms full of flowers, when the hills melt
With lightning, and rough anger of the clouds.
Let me retire.

Sophia. And can Arcadius
At such a breath be moved? I had opinion
Your courage durst have stood a tempest for
Our love: Can you for this incline to leave
What other princes should in vain have sued for?
How many lovers are in Epire now
Would throw themselves on danger, not expect
One enemy, but empty their own veins,
And think the loss of all their blood rewarded,
To have one smile of us when they are dying!
And shall this murmur shake you?

Arc. Not, dear madam;
My life is such a poor despised thing,
In value your least graces, that to lose
It were to make myself a victory.
It is not for myself I fear: The envy
Of others cannot fasten wound in me
Greater, than that your goodness should be check'd
So daringly

Sophia. Let not those thoughts afflict thee,
While we have power to correct the offences.
Arcadius, be mine! This shall confirm it.
[*Kisses him.*

Arc. I shall forget,
And lose my way to Heaven: That touch had been
Enough to have restored me, and infused
A spirit of a more celestial nature,
After the tedious absence of my soul.
Oh, bless me not too much! one smile a-day
Would stretch my life to immortality.[5]

[5] *To* mortality.] Corrected in 1750.

Poets, that wrap divinity in tales,
Look here, and give your copies forth of angels!
What blessing can remain?

Sophia. Our marriage.

Arc. Place then some horrors in the way
For me, not you, to pass; the journey's end
Holds out such glories to me, I should think
Hell but a poor degree of suffering for it.—
[*Servant delivers him a paper.*
What's that? some petition? a letter to me?
[*Reads.*
"You had a Polidora." Ha! that's all!
I' th' minute when my vessel's new launch'd forth,
With all my pride. and silken wings about me,
I strike upon a rock: What power can save me?
"You had a Polidora!" There's a name!
Killed with grief, I can so soon forget her.

Serv. She did impose on me this service, sir;
And while she lives, she says, she'll pray for you.

Arc. She lives!
That's well; and yet 'twere better for my fame
And honour, she were dead. What fate hath placed me
Upon this fearful precipice!

Serv. He's troubled.

Arc. I must resolve: My faith is violated
Already; yet, poor loving Polidora
Will pray for me, she says; to think she can,
Renders me hated to myself, and every
Thought's a tormentor; let me then be just.

Sophia. Arcadius!

Arc. That voice prevails again. Oh, Polidora,
Thou must forgive Arcadius. I dare not
Turn rebel to a princess! I shall love
Thy virtue. but a kingdom has a charm
To excuse our frailty.—Dearest madam!

Sophia. Now set forward.

Arc. To perfect all our joys!

Enter Macarius *and a Bishop.*

Mac. I'll fright their glories.
Cass. By what means?
Mac. Observe.
Arc Our good uncle, welcome!
Sophia. My lord Macarius, we did want your person;
There's something in our joys wherein you share.
Mac. This you intend your highness' wedding-day?
Sophia. We are going——
Mac. Save your labour;
I have brought a priest to meet you.
Arc. Reverend father!
Sophia. Meet us? Why?
Mac. To tell you that you must not marry.
Cass. Didst thou hear that, Lysimachus?
Lysim. And wonder what will follow.
Sophia. We must not marry?
Bishop. Madam, 'tis a rule
First made in Heaven; and I must needs declare
You and Arcadius must tie no knot
Of man and wife.
Arc. Is my uncle mad?
Sophia. Joy has transported him,
Or age has made him dote: Macarius,
Provoke us not too much; you will presume
Above our mercy.
Mac. I'll discharge my duty,
Could your frown strike me dead.—My lord, you know
Whose character this is?
Cass. 'Tis Theodosius',
Your grace's father.

Bishop. I am subscribed a witness.
Phil. Upon my life, 'tis his.
Mac. Fear not; I'll cross this match.
[*Aside to* CASSANDER.
Cass. I'll bless thee for't.
Arc. Uncle, do ye know what you do, or what
We are going to finish? You will not break the neck of
My glorious fortune, now my foot's i' th' stirrup,
And, mounting, throw me o'er the saddle?
I hope you'll let one be a king —Madam,
'Tis as you say, my uncle's something crazed,
There is a worm in's brain, but I beseech you pardon him:
He's not the first of your council, that has talk'd idly.
Do you hear, my lord-bishop, I hope you have more
Religion than to join with him to undo me.
Bishop. Not I, sir; but I am commanded by oath
And conscience, to speak truth.
Arc. If your truth
Should do me any harm, I shall never be
In charity with a crozier-staff;[6] look to't!
Sophia. My youngest brother?
Cass. Worse and worse! my brains! [*Exit*
Mac. Deliver'd to me an infant with this writing
To which this reverend father is a witness.
Lysan. This he whom we so long thought dead, a child?
Sophia. But what should make my father to trust him
To your concealment? give abroad his death,
And bury an empty coffin?

[6] *With a crozier's staff.*] Corrected according to a proposition of Mason.

Mac. A jealousy he had
Upon Cassander, whose ambitious brain
He fear'd would make no conscience to depose
His son, to make Lysimachus king of Epire.
Sophia. He made no scruple to expose me then
To any danger?
Mac. He secured you, madam,
By an early engagement of your affection
To Lysimachus; (exempt this testimony)
Had he been Arcadius,[7] and my nephew,
I needed not obtrude him on the state;
Your love and marriage had made him king
Without my trouble, and saved that ambition.
There was necessity to open now
His birth and title.
Phil. Demetrius alive?
Arc. What riddles are these? Whom do they talk of?
All. [We] congratulate[8] your return to life and honour,
And, as becomes us, with one voice salute you,
Demetrius, king of Epire.
Mac. I am no uncle, sir: This is your sister;
I should have suffered incest, to have kept you
Longer i' th' dark: Love, and be happy both!
My trust is now discharged.
Lysan. And we rejoice.
Arc. But do not mock me, gentlemen;

[7] *He secured you, madam,*
By an early engagement of your affection
To Lysimachus, exempt *this* testimony,
Had he been Arcadius, &c.] The editors erroneously place a colon after the last line but one. The present pointing is Mason's, who observes, that "exempt this testimony," means without this testimony.

[8] *Congratulate.*] The word in brackets was silently added in 1750.

May I be bold upon your words to say
I am prince Theodosius' son?
Mac. The king.
Arc. You'll justify it?—
Sister, I am very glad to see you.
Sophia I am
To find a brother, and resign my glory.
My triumph is my shame. [*Exit.*

Enter CASSANDER.

Cass. Thine ear, Lysimachus.
Arc. Gentlemen, I owe
Unto your loves as large acknowledgment
As to my birth, for this great honour; and
My study shall be equal to be thought
Worthy of both.
Cass. Thou art turn'd marble.
Lysim. There will be the less charge for my monument.
Cass. This must not be: Sit fast, young king! [*Exit.*
Lysan. Your sister, sir, is gone.
Arc. My sister should have been my bride. That name
Puts me in mind of Polidora; ha!
Lysander! Philocles! gentlemen!
If you will have me think your hearts allow me
Theodosius' son, oh, quickly snatch some wings,
Express it in your haste to Polidora;
Tell her, what title is new dropt from Heaven
To make her rich, only created for me;
Give her the ceremony of my queen;
With all the state that may become our bride,
Attend her to this throne. Are you not there?
Yet stay! 'tis too much pride to send for her;
We'll go ourself; no honour is enough

For Polidora, to redeem our fault;
Salute her gently from me, and, upon
Your knee, present her with this diadem!
'Tis our first gift; tell her Demetrius follows
To be her guest, and give himself a servant
To her chaste bosom; bid her stretch her heart
To meet me! I am lost in joy and wonder!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Rampart of the Royal Castle.

Enter CASSANDER, EUBULUS, *and Soldier.*

Cass. Where's the captain of the castle?
Sold. He'll attend
Your honours presently.
Cass. Give him knowledge we expect him.
Sold. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*
Cass. He is my creature, (fear not!)
And shall run any course that we propound.
Eub. My lord, I like the substance of your plot,
'Tis promising; but matters of this consequence
Are not so easily perfect; and it does
Concern our heads to build upon secure
Principles: Though Seleucus, I confess,
Carry a high and daring spirit in him,

'Tis hard to thrust upon the state new settled
Any impostor; and we know not yet
Whether he'll undertake to play the prince;
Or, if he should accept it, with what cunning
He can behave himself.
Cass. My lord, affairs
Of such a glorious nature are half finish'd,
When they begin with confidence.
Eub Admit
He want no art, nor courage, it must rest
Upon the people to receive his title;
And with what danger their uncertain breath
May flatter ours, Demetrius scarcely warm
In the king's seat, I may suspect.
Cass. That reason
Makes for our part; for if it be so probable
That young Demetrius should be living, why
May not we work them to believe Leonatus,
The eldest son, was by some trick preserved,
And now would claim his own? There were two sons,
Who in their father's life we supposed dead;
May not we find a circumstance to make
This seem as clear as t'other? Let the vulgar
Be once possess'd,[9] we'll carry Epire from
Demetrius, and the world.
Eub. I could be pleased
To see my son a king.

[9] *Possess'd.*] That is, informed of, made acquainted with. So in The Fair Maid of the Inn, (vol. IX. p. 451:)—

" Deliver those aggrievances, which lately
Your importunity *possessed* our counsel
Were fit for audience."

Enter POLEANUS.

The captain's here.
Poleanus. I wait your lordship's pleasure.
Cass We come to visit your late prisoner.[1]
I will not doubt, but you entreat him fairly;
He will deserve it for himself, and you
Be fortunate in any occasion
To have expressed your service.
Poleanus. Sir, the knowledge
Of my honourable lord his father will
Instruct me to behave myself with all
Respects becoming me, to such a son.
Cass. These things will least
Oblige you; but how bears he his restraint?
Poleanus. As one whose soul's above it.
Eub. Patiently?
Poleanus. With contempt rather of the great command
Which made him prisoner: He will talk sometimes
So strangely to himself!
Eub. He's here.

Enter SELEUCUS.

Sel. Why was I born to be a subject? 'Tis
Soon answered sure; my father was no prince,
That's all: The same ingredients use to make
A man, as active, though not royal blood,
Went to my composition, and I

[1] *We come to visit your late prisoner.*] That is, the prisoner lately committed. So in Henry V. the king says—

" Who are the *late* commissioners?

that is, the commissioners lately appointed.—*Mason.*

Was gotten with as good a will perhaps,
And my birth cost my mother as much sorrow,
As I had been born an emperor.
Cass. While I look
Upon him, something in his face presents
A king indeed.
Eub. He does resemble much
Theodosius too.
Cass Whose son we would pretend him:
This will advance our plot.
Sel 'Tis but a name,
And mere opinion, that prefers one man
Above another: I'll imagine then
I am a prince, or some brave thing on earth,
And see what follows. But it must not be
My single voice will carry it;[2] the name
Of king must be attended with a troop
Of acclamations, on whose airy wings
He mounts, and, once exalted, threatens Heaven,
And all the stars. How to acquire this noise,
And be the thing I talk of—Men have risen
From a more cheap nobility to empires,
From dark originals, and sordid blood;
Nay, some that had no fathers, sons of the earth,
And flying people, have aspired to kingdoms,
Made nations tremble,[3] nay, have practised frowns
To awe the world: Their memory is glorious,
And I would hug them in their shades. But what's
All this to me, that am I know not what,
And less in expectation?
Poleanus. Are you serious?
Cass. Will you assist, and run a fate with us?

But it must not be
My single voice will carry it.] *i. e.* It must not be my single voice *that* will carry it.—*Sympson*

[3] *Tremble, any have practised frowns.*] Amended by Sympson.

Poleanus. Command my life; I owe it to your favour.

Sel. Arcadius was once as far from king[4]
As I; and had we not so cunningly
Been reconciled, or one, or both, had gone
To seek our fortunes in another world.—
What's the device now? If my death be next,
The summons shall not make me once look pale.

Cass. Chide your too vain suspicions; we bring
A life, and liberty, with what else can make
Thy ambition happy: Thou hast a glorious flame!
We come to advance it.

Sel. How?

Cass. Have but a will,
And be what thy own thoughts dare prompt thee to,
A king!

Sel. You do not mock me, gentlemen?
You are my father, sir.

Eub. This minute shall
Declare it, my Seleucus: Our hearts swelled
With joy, with duty rather—Oh, my boy!

Sel. What is the mystery?

Poleanus. You must be a king.

Cass. Seleucus, stay! thou'rt too incredulous:
Let not our faith and study to exalt thee
Be so rewarded!

Eub. I pronounce thee king;
Unless thy spirit be turned coward, and
Thou faint to accept it.

Sel. King of what?

[4] *As far from* being
As I.] This is true indeed, yet no mighty discovery, nor what the poets designed him to say: But the true lection, and what the place requires absolutely, is this:

—— *was as far from* king.—*Sympson.*

Cass. Of Epire.
Sel. Although the queen, since she sent me
Hither, were gone to Heaven, I know not how
That title could devolve on me.
Cass. We have
No queen, since he that should have married her
Is proved her youngest brother, and now king
In his own title.
Sel. Thank you, gentlemen!
There's hope for me.
Cass. Why, you dare fight with him,
An need be, for the kingdom?
Sel. With Arcadius?
If you'll make stakes; my life against his crown,
I'll fight with him, and you, and your fine son,
And all the courtiers one after another.
Cass. 'Two'not come to that.
Sel I am of your lordship's mind:
So fare you well!
Cass Yet stay and hear.
Sel. What, that you have betray'd me?
Do. tell your king! my life is grown a burden;
And I'll confess; and make your souls look pale,
To see how nimble mine shall leap this battlement
Of flesh, and, dying laugh at your poor malice.
All. No more; long live Leonatus, king of Epire!
Sel. Leonatus? Who's that?
Cass. Be bold, and be a king! Our brains have been
Working to raise you to this height. Here
Are none but friends: Dare you but call yourself
Leonatus, and but justify with confidence
What we'll proclaim you, if we do not bring
The crown to your head, we will forfeit ours.
Eub. The state is in distraction—Arcadius

Is proved a king—there was an elder brother—
If you dare but pronounce you are the same,
Forget you are my son——

Poleanus. These are no trifles, sir: All's plotted
To assure your greatness, if you will be wise,
And take the fair occasion that's presented.

Sel Arcadius, you say, is lawful king;
And now, to depose him, you would make me
An elder brother; is't not so?

Cass. Most right.

Sel. Nay, right or wrong, if this be your true meaning-

All. Upon our lives!

Sel. I'll venture mine. But, with your pardon,
Whose brain was this? from whom took this plot life?

Eub. My lord Cassander.

Sel. And you are of his mind? and you? and think
This may be done?

Eub. The destinies shall not cross us, if you have
Spirit to undertake it.

Sel. Undertake it?
I am not used to compliment: I'll owe
My life to you, my fortunes to your lordship.
Compose me as you please; and when you have made
Me what you promise, you shall both divide
Me equally.—One word, my lord! I had rather [*Apart to* EUBULUS.
Live in the prison still, than be a property
To advance his politic ends.

Eub. Have no suspicion!

Cass. So, so! I see Demetrius' heels already [*Aside.*
Tripp'd up, and I'll dispatch him out o' th' way;
Which gone, I can depose this at my leisure,

Being an impostor; then my son stands fair,
And may piece with the princess.—We lose time:
What think you? If we first surprise the court,
While you command the castle, we shall curb
All opposition.
Eub. Let's proclaim him first.
I have some faction; the people love me;
They gained to us, we'll fall upon the court.
Cass. Unless Demetrius yield himself, he bleeds.
Sel. Who dares call treason sin, when it succeeds? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter SOPHIA *and* CHARILLA.

Char. Madam, you are too passionate, and lose
The greatness of your soul, with the expence
Of too much grief, for that which providence
Hath eased you of, the burden of a state
Above your tender bearing.
Sophia. Thou'rt a fool,
And canst not reach the spirit of a lady
Born great as I was, and made only less
By a too-cruel destiny! "Above
Our tender bearing?" What goes richer to
The composition of man than ours?
Our soul's as free, and spacious, our heart's

As great, our will as large, each thought as active,
And in this only man more proud than we,
That would have us less capable of empire:
But search the stories, and the name of queen
Shines bright with glory, and some precedents
Above man's imitation.

Char. I grant it,
For the honour of our sex; nor have you, madam,
By any weakness, forfeited command:
He, that succeeds, in justice was before you,
And you have gained more, in a royal brother,
Than you could lose by your resign of Epire.

Sophia. This I allow, Charilla, I ha' done;
'Tis not the thought I am deposed afflicts me
(At the same time I feel a joy to know
My brother living;) no, there is another
Wound in me above cure.

Char. Virtue forbid!

Sophia. Canst find me out a surgeon for that?

Char. For what?

Sophia. My bleeding fame.

Char. Oh, do not injure
Your own clear innocence.

Sophia. Do not flatter me:
I have been guilty of an act will make
All love in women questioned; is not that
A blot upon a virgin's name? my birth
Cannot extenuate my shame; I am
Become the stain of Epire!

Char. It is but
Your own opinion, madam, which presents
Something to fright yourself, which cannot be
In the same shape so horrid to our sense.

Sophia. Thou wouldst, but canst not, appear ignorant:
Did not the court, nay, the whole kingdom, take

Notice I loved Lysimachus?
Char. True, madam.
Sophia. No, I was false!
Though counselled by my father to affect him,
I had my politic ends upon Cassander,
To be absolute queen, flattering his son with hopes
Of love and marriage, when that very day
(I blush to think) I wronged Lysimachus,
That noble gentleman: But Heaven punish'd me!
For though to know Demetrius was a blessing,
Yet who will not impute it my dishonour?
Char. Madam, you yet may recompense Lysimachus;
If you affect him now, you were not false
To him, whom then you loved not; if you can
Find any gentle passion in your soul
To entertain his thought, no doubt his heart,
Though sad, retains a noble will to meet it:
His love was firm to you, and cannot be
Unrooted with one storm.
Sophia. He will not, sure,
Trust any language from her tongue that mocked him,
Although my soul doth weep for't, and is punished
To love him above the world.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Char. He's here,
As Fate would have him reconciled: Be free,
And speak your thoughts.
Lysim. If, madam, I appear
Too bold, your charity will sign my pardon:
I heard you were not well, which made me haste
To pay the duty of an humble visit.
Sophia. You do not mock me, sir?

Lysim. I am confident
You think me not so lost to manners, in
The knowledge of your person, to bring with me
Such rudeness; I have nothing to present,
But an heart full of wishes for your health,
And what else may be added to your happiness.
Sophia. I thought you had been sensible——
Lysim. How, madam?
Sophia. A man of understanding: Can you spend
One prayer for me, rememb'ring the dishonour
I have done Lysimachus?
Lysim. Nothing can deface
That part of my religion in me,
Not to pray for you.
Sophia. It is not then impossible you may
Forgive me too: Indeed I have a soul
Is full of penitence, and something else,
If blushing would allow to give't a name. [*Weeps.*
Lysim. What, madam?
Sophia. Love; a love that should redeem
My past offence, and make me white again.
Lysim. I hope no sadness can possess your thoughts
For me; I am not worthy of this sorrow:
But if you mean it any satisfaction
For what your will hath made me suffer, 'tis
But a strange overflow of charity,
To keep me still alive. Be yourself, madam,
And let no cause of mine be guilty of
This rape upon your eyes; my name's not worth
The least of all your tears.
Sophia You think 'em counterfeit?
Lysim. Although I may
Suspect a woman's smile hereafter, yet
I would believe their wet eyes; and if this
Be what you promise, for my sake, I have
But one reply.

Sophia. I wait it.
Lysim. I have now
Another mistress——
Sophia. Stay!
Lysim. To whom I have made,
Since your revolt from me, a new chaste vow,
Which not the second malice of my fate
Shall violate: And she deserves it, madam,
Even for that wherein you are excellent,
Beauty, in which she shines equal to you;
Her virtue, if she but maintain what now
She is mistress of, beyond all competition,
So rich it cannot know to be improved,
At least in my esteem: I may offend,
But truth shall justify I have not flattered her.
I beg your pardon, and to leave my duty
Upon your hand. All that is good flow in you!
[*Exit.*
Sophia. Did he not say, Charilla, that he had
Another mistress?
Char. Such a sound, methought,
Came from him.
Sophia. Let's remove! here's too much air;
The sad note multiplies.
Char. Take courage, madam,
And my advice. He has another mistress?
If he have twenty, be you wise, and cross him
With entertaining twice as many servants;
And when he sees your humour, he'll return
And sue for any livery.[5] Grieve for this?
Sophia. It must be she; 'tis Polidora has
Taken his heart; she live my rival?

[5] —— *Be you wise, and cross him*
With entertaining twice as many servants;
And when he sees your humour, he'll return
And sue for any livery.] That is, to be entertained as one of your servants, or lovers, in any degree, or rank, in which you may choose to place him, with respect to your other lovers.

How does the thought inflame me!

Char. Polidora?

Sophia. And yet she does but justly, and he too;
I would have robb'd her of Arcadius' heart,
And they will both have this revenge on me.
But something will rebel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Room in the House of Nestorius.

Enter DEMETRIUS, PHILOCLES, *and* LYSANDER.

Dem. The house is desolate; none comes forth to meet us;
She's slow to entertain us. Philocles,
I pr'ythee tell me, did she wear no cloud
Upon her brow? was't freely that she said
We should be welcome?

Phil. To my apprehension;
Yet 'tis my wonder she appears not.

Lysan. She,
Nor any other. Sure there's some conceit[6]
To excuse it.

Enter FORTUNE *crowned, attended with* YOUTH, HEALTH, *and* PLEASURE.

Dem. Stay! who's this? Observe what follows.

[6] *Sure there's some* conceit
To excuse it.] *Conceit* means here fanciful conception, in allusion to the masque which is presented immediately after.

Phil. Fortune? some masque to entertain you, sir.

"*Fort.* Not yet? What silence doth inhabit here?
No preparation to bid Fortune welcome?
Fortune, the genius of the world? Have we
Descended from our pride and state, to come
So far, attended with our darlings, Youth,
Pleasure, and Health, to be neglected thus?
Sure this is not the place. Call hither Fame!

Enter FAME.

"*Fame.* What would great Fortune?
"*Fort.* Know
Who dwells here.
"*Fame.* Once more I report, great queen,
This is the house of Love.
"*Fort.* It cannot be;
This place has too much shade, and looks as if
It had been quite forgotten of the spring
And sun-beams: Love affects society
And heat; here all is cold as the hairs of winter;[7]
No harmony to catch the busy ear
Of passengers; no object of delight,
To take the wand'ring eyes; no song, no groan
Of lovers, no complaint of willow garlands;
Love has a beacon upon his palace-top,
Of flaming hearts, to call the weary pilgrim
To rest, and dwell with him; I see no fire
To threaten, or to warm: Can Love dwell here?

[7] *Here all is cold as the airs of winter.*] This is Theobald's reading, adopted by the editors [of 1778] as an amendment; the only effect is to destroy a poetical beauty. The old reading is—

Cold as the *hairs* of winter,

alluding to the icicles on the beard of Hyems; it must therefore be restored.—*Mason.*

" *Fame.* If there be noble Love upon the world,
Trust Fame, and find it here.
" *Fort.* Make good your boast,
And bring him to us."
Dem. What does mean all this?
Lysan. I told you, sir, we should have some device.

Enter Love.

There's Cupid now! that little gentleman
Has troubled every masque at court this seven year.
Dem. No more.
" *Love.* Welcome to Love! how much you honour me!
It had become me, that, upon your summons,
I should have waited upon mighty Fortune;
But since you have vouchsafed to visit me,
All the delights Love can invent shall flow
To entertain you. Music, through the air
Shoot your enticing harmony! [*Music plays.*
" *Fort.* We came
To dance and revel with you.
" *Love.* I am poor
In my ambition, and want thought to reach
How much you honour Love. [*Dance.*

Enter Honour.

" *Hon.* What intrusion's this?
Whom do you seek here?
" *Love.* 'Tis Honour.
" *Fort.* He's my servant.
" *Love.* Fortune is come to visit us.
" *Hon.* And has
Corrupted Love! Is this thy faith to her,
On whom we both wait, to betray her thus

To Fortune's triumph? Take her giddy wheel,
And be no more companion to Honour:
I blush to know thee! Who'll believe there can
Be truth in Love hereafter?
  "*Love.* I have found
My eyes, and see my shame, and with it this
Proud sorceress, from whom, and all her charms,
I fly again to Honour: Be my guard!
Without thee I am lost, and cannot boast
The merit of a name. [*Exit* HONOUR.
  "*Fort.* Despised? I shall
Remember this affront."
  Dem. What moral's this? [*Exeunt Masquers.*

Re-enter HONOUR, *with the crown upon a mourning cushion.*

What melancholy object strikes a sudden
Chillness through all my veins, and turns me ice?
It is the same I sent, the very same,
As the first pledge of her ensuing greatness:
Why in this mourning livery, if she live
To whom I sent it? Ha! what shape of sorrow?
[*Exit* HONOUR.

Enter POLIDORA, *in mourning.*

It is not Polidora! she was fair
Enough, and wanted not the setting off
With such a black: If thou be'st Polidora,
Why mourns my love? It neither does become
Thy fortune, nor my joys.
  Polid. But it becomes
My griefs; this habit fits a funeral,
And it were sin, my lord, not to lament
A friend new dead.
  Dem. And I yet living? Can

A sorrow enter but upon thy garment,
Or discomplexion thy attire, whilst I
Enjoy a life for thee? Who can deserve,
Weighed with thy living comforts, but a piece
Of all this ceremony? Give him a name.

Polid. He was Arcadius.

Dem. Arcadius?

Polid. A gentleman that loved me dearly once,
And does compel these poor and fruitless drops,
Which willingly would fall upon his hearse,
To embalm him twice.

Dem. And are you sure he's dead?

Polid. As sure as you are living, sir; and yet
I did not close his eyes; but he is dead,
And I shall never see the same Arcadius.
He was a man so rich in all that's good,
(At least I thought him so) so perfect in
The rules of honour, whom alone to imitate
Were glory in a prince: Nature herself,
Till his creation, wrought imperfectly,
As she had made but trial of the rest,
To mould him excellent.[8]

Dem. And is he dead?
Come, shame him not with praises; recollect
Thy scattered hopes, and let me tell my best
And dearest Polidora, that he lives,
Still lives to honour thee!

[8] *He was a man*, &c.] Dryden has a passage similar to this in All for Love:

> "So perfect, that the very gods who form'd you wonder'd
> At their own skill, and cried, 'A lucky hit
> Hath mended our design!' Then envy hinder'd,
> Or you had been immortal, and a pattern,
> When Heaven would work for ostentation sake,
> To copy out again."—*Reed.*

The thought is a very common one, perhaps too much so. The passage from Dryden has been very fairly parodied by Fielding.

Polid. Lives? where?
Dem. Look here;
Am not I worth your knowledge?
Polid. And my duty;
You are Demetrius, king of Epire, sir,
I could not easily mistake him so
To whom I gave my heart.
Dem. Mine is not changed,
But still hath fed upon thy memory:
These honours and additions of state
Are lent me for thy sake. Be not so strange!
Let me not lose my entertainment, now
I am improved, and raised unto the height
Beneath which I did blush to ask thy love!
Polid. Give me your pardon, sir! Arcadius,
At our last meeting, without argument
To move him, more than his affection to me,
Vowed he did love me, love me above all women,
And, to confirm his heart was truly mine,
He wished—I tremble to remember it—
When he forsook his Polidora's love,
That Heaven might kill his happiness on earth:
Was not this nobly said? Did not this promise
A truth to shame the turtle's?
Dem. And his heart
Is still the same, and I thy constant lover.
Polid. Give me your leave, I pray! I would not say
Arcadius was perjured; but the same day,
Forgetting all his promises and oaths,
While yet they hung upon his lips, forsook me,
(D'ye not remember this too?) gave his faith
From me, transported with the noise of greatness,
And would be married to a kingdom.
Dem. But
Heaven permitted not I should dispose
What was ordained for thee.
Polid. It was not virtue

In him; for sure he found no check, no sting,
In his own bosom, but gave freely all
The reins to blind ambition.
Dem. I am wounded!
The thought of thee, i' th' throng of all my joys,
Like poison poured in nectar, turns me frantic:
Dear, if Arcadius have made a fault,
Let not Demetrius be punished for't!
He pleads, that ever will be constant to thee.
Polid. Shall I believe man's flatteries again,
Lose my sweet rest, and peace of thought again?
Be drawn by you from the straight paths of virtue
Into the maze of love?
Dem I see compassion in thy eye, that chides me:
If I have either soul, but what's contained
Within these words, or if one syllable
Of their full force be not made good by me,
May all relenting thoughts in you take end,
And thy disdain be doubled! From thy pardon,
I'll count my Coronation; and that hour
Fix with a rubric in my calendar,[9]
As an auspicious time to entertain
Affairs of weight with princes. Think who now
Entreats thy mercy! Come, thou shalt be kind,
And divide titles with me.
Polid. Hear me, sir:
I loved you once for virtue, and have not
A thought so much unguarded, as to be
Won from my truth and innocence, with any
Motives of state to affect you.
Your bright temptation mourns while it stays here,
Nor can the triumph of glory, which made you
Forget me so, court my opinion back.
Were you no king, I should be sooner drawn
Again to love you; but 'tis now too late;

[9] *Fix with a* rubric *in my calendar.*] *i. e.* Consider it as a *red-letter* day.—Ed. 1778.

A low obedience shall become me best.
May all the joys I want
Still wait on you! If time hereafter tell you,
That sorrow for your fault hath struck me dead,
May one soft tear, dropt from your eye in pity,
Bedew my hearse, and I shall sleep securely!
I have but one word more: For goodness' sake
For your own honour, sir, correct your passion,
To her you shall love next, and I forgive you.
[*Exit.*

Dem. Her heart is frozen up, nor can warm prayers
Thaw it to any softness.

Phil. I'll fetch her, sir, again.

Dem. Persuade her not.

Phil. You give your passion too much leave to triumph.
Seek in another what she denies.

Enter MACARIUS.

Mac. Where is the king?—Oh, sir, you are undone;
A dangerous treason is afoot.

Dem. What treason?

Mac. Cassander and Eubulus have proclaim'd
Another king, whom they pretend to be
Leonatus your elder brother, he that was
But this morning prisoner in the castle.

Dem. Ha!

Mac. The easy Epirotes
Gather in multitudes to advance his title;
They have seized upon the court. Secure your person,
Whilst we raise power to curb this insurrection.

Ant. Lose no time then.

Dem. We will not arm one man.
Speak it again! have I a brother living,

And must be no king?
Mac. What means your grace?
Dem. This news doth speak me happy; it exalts
My heart, and makes me capable of more
Than twenty kingdoms!
Phil. Will you not, sir, stand
Upon your guard?
Dem. I'll stand upon my honour:
Mercy relieves me.
Lysan. Will you lose the kingdom?
Dem. The world's too poor to bribe me. Leave me all,
Lest you extenuate my fame, and I
Be thought to have redeemed it by your counsel!
You shall not share one scruple in the honour.
Titles may set a gloss upon our name,
But virtue only is the soul of fame.
Mac. He's strangely possessed, gentlemen.
[*Exeunt*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Presence-chamber in the Palace.

Enter Philocles *and* Lysander.

Phil. Here's a strange turn, Lysander.
Lysan. 'Tis a kingdom
Easily purchased: Who will trust the faith
Of multitudes?
Phil. It was his fault, that would

So tamely give his title to their mercy.
The new king has possession.
Lysan. And is like
To keep it. We are alone; what dost think of
This innovation? Is't not a fine jig?
A precious cunning in the late protector
To shuffle a new prince into the state?
Phil. I know not how they have shuffled, but, my head on't,
A false card's turn'd up trump: But, fates look to't!

Enter CASSANDER *and* EUBULUS.

Eub. Does he not carry it bravely
Cass. Excellently.—
Philocles! Lysander!
Phil. Lysan. Your lordship's servants!
Cass. Are we not bound to Heaven for multiplying
These blessings on the kingdom?[1]
Phil. Heaven alone
Works miracles, my lord.
Lysan. I think your lordship had
As little hope once to see these princes revive.
Cass. Here we
Must place our thanks, next Providence, for preserving
So dear a pledge.[2]

[1] *Are we not bound to Heaven.*] The retorting of these very words by Philocles in the next scene upon *Cassander*, led Mr Seward, Mr Theobald, and myself, to the assurance of their belonging to *Cassander* here, and accordingly I have placed his name before them.—*Sympson.*

[2] Phil. *Here we must place.*] I once imagined that this was a speech with action, and might easily be understood, by supposing *Philocles* to point to Eubulus; but I believe Mr Seward has more happily conjectured it ought to belong to *Cassander.*—Sympson.

Enter LEONATUS, *attended.*

Eub. The king!
Leo. It is our pleasure
The number of our guard be doubled. Give
A largess to the soldiers; but dismiss not
The troops till we command.
Cass. May it please——
Leo. It will not please us otherwise, my lord:
We have tried your faith!
Eub. Does he not speak with confidence?
Leo. My lords and gentlemen, to whose faith we must
Owe (next to Heaven) our fortune and our safety,
After a tedious eclipse, the day
Is bright, and we invested in those honours
Our blood and birth did challenge.
Cass. May no time
Be register'd in our annals, that shall mention
One that had life to oppose your sacred person!
Leo. Let them, whose title's forged and flawed, suspect
Their state's security! Our right to Epire
Heaven is obliged to prosper: Treason has
No face so black to fright it. All my cares
Level to this, that I may worthily
Manage the province, and advance the honour
Of our dear country:[3] And, be confident,

[3] —— *Worthily*
Manage the province, *and advance the honour*
Of our dear country.] To manage *the province of our dear country*, and *advance the honour of our dear country*, seems a little inaccurate: Perhaps we should read,

——— *Worthily*
Manage this *province*; or, my *province*,

i. e. *The* charge *I have undertook*, &c.—*Sympson.*

If an expence of blood may give addition
Of any happiness to you, I shall
Offer my heart the sacrifice, and rejoice
To make myself a ghost, to have inscribed
Upon my marble but whose cause I died for.

Eub. May Heaven avert such danger!

Cass. Excellent prince,
In whom we see the copy of his father!
None but the son of Theodosius
Could have spoke thus.

Leo. You are pleased to interpret well.
Yet, give me leave to say in my own justice,
I have but express'd the promptness of my soul
To serve you all; but 'tis not empty wishes
Can satisfy our mighty charge, a weight
Would make an Atlas double. A king's name
Doth sound harmoniously to men at distance;
And those, who cannot penetrate beyond
The bark and out skin of a commonwealth
Or state, have eyes but ravished with the ceremony
That must attend a prince, and understand not
What cares allay the glories of a crown:
But good kings find and feel the contrary.
You have tried, my lord, the burden; and can tell
It would require a pilot of more years
To steer this kingdom, now imposed on me
By justice of my birth.

Cass. I wish not life
But to partake those happy days which must
Succeed these fair proceedings: We are blest!
But, sir, be sparing to yourself! we shall
Hazard our joys in you too soon; the burden
Of state-affairs impose upon your council.
'Tis fitter that we waste our lives, than you

No amendment is necessary. *Manage the province* means, discharge my duty properly as a king.—*Mason.*

Call age too soon upon you with the trouble
And cares that threaten such an undertaking:
Preserve your youth!

Leo. And chuse you our protector?
Is't that you would conclude, my lord? We will
Deserve our subjects' faith for our own sake,
Not sit an idle gazer at the helm.

Enter Messenger, and speaks to CASSANDER.

Phil. How! observed you that? Mark how Cassander's planet-struck.

Eub. He might have look'd more calmly for all that.
I begin to fear; but do not yet seem troubled.[5]

Leo. With what news travels his haste? I must secure
Myself betimes; not be a king in jest,
And wear my crown a tenant to their breath.

Cass. Demetrius, sir, your brother,
With other traitors that oppose your claims,
Are fled to the castle of Nestorius,
And fortify——

Mess. I said not so, my lord.

Cass. I'll have it thought so; hence!

[*Exit Messenger.*

Leo. Plant force to batter
The walls; and in their ruin bring us word
They live not.

[5] Eub. *He might have look'd.*] If the reader will consider this answer, he will find that *Lysander*, and not *Eubulus*, should be prefix'd before it.—*Sympson.*

"If the reader will consider this answer, he will find," that *Lysander* could not speak it, nor any but a partisan in the plot for elevating Seleucus. *Eubulus* means by it to continue the deceit on Cassander, till he procures his dismission to the castle of Nestorius.—Ed. 1778.

Eub. Good sir, hear me!

Cass. Let it work. [*Apart.*
Were Demetrius dead, we easily might uncrown
This swoln impostor, and my son be fair
To piece with young Sophia, who, I hear,
Repents her late affront.

Eub. Their lives may do
You service; let not blood stain your beginnings!
The people, not yet warm in their allegiance,
May think it worth their tumult to revenge it,
With hazard of yourself.

Leo. Who dares but think it?
Yet, offer first our mercy: If they yield,
Demetrius must not live—My lord, your counsel:
What if he were in Heaven?

Cass. You have my
Consent.—You shall not stay long after him.
[*Aside.*

Leo. Sophia's not my sister: To prevent all
That may endanger us, we'll marry her;
That done, no matter though we stand discovered;
For in her title then we're king of Epire,
Without dispute.

Cass. Hum!—In my judgment, sir,
That wo'not do so well.

Leo. What's your opinion?

Cass. He countermines my plot: Are you so cunning? [*Aside.*

Leo. What's that you mutter, sir?

Cass. I mutter, sir?

Leo. Best say I am no king, but some impostor
Raised up to gull the state.

Cass. Very fine! To have said within
Few hours you'd been no king, nor like to be,
Was not i' th' compass of high-treason, I take it.

Eub. Restrain your anger! the king's moved; speak not.

Cass. I will speak louder: Do not I know him?
That self-same hand that raised him to the throne
Shall pluck him from it! Is this my reward?
Leo. Our guard! To prison with him!
Cass. Me to prison?
Leo. Off with his head!
Cass. My head?
Eub. Vouchsafe to hear me,
Great sir!
Cass. How dares he be so insolent?[6]
I ha' wrought myself into a fine condition!
Do ye know me, gentlemen?
Phil. Very well, my lord:
"How are we bound to Heaven for multiplying
These blessings on the kingdom!"
Leo. We allow it.
Eub. Counsel did never blast a prince's ear.
Leo. Convey him to the sanctuary of rebels,
Nestorius' house where our proud brother has
Ensconced himself! they'll entertain him lovingly;
He'll be a good addition to the traitors.
Obey me, or you die for't!—What are kings,
When subjects dare affront 'em?
Cass. I shall vex
Thy soul for this.
Leo. Away with him! When kings
Frown, let offenders tremble!—This flows not
From any cruelty in my nature, but
The fate of an usurper: He that will
Be confirm'd great, without just title to't,
Must lose compassion; know what's good, not do't.
[*Exeunt.*

[6] Cass. *How dares he be so insolent?*] Sympson gives this line to Leonatus, but it suits Cassander much better. He may very appropriately exclaim on the insolence of one whom he had raised to the throne, and whom he supposed to be of low birth.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Castle of Nestorius.

Enter POLIDORA *and her Servant.*

Serv. Madam, the princess Sophia!
Polid. I attend her highness.—

Enter SOPHIA.

How much your grace honours your humble servant!
Sophia. I hope my brother's well.
Polid. I hope so too, madam.
Sophia. Do you but hope? He came to be your guest.
Polid. We are all his, whilst he is pleased to honour
This poor roof with his royal presence, madam.
Sophia. I came to ask your pardon, Polidora.
Polid. You never, madam, trespass'd upon me;
Wrong not your goodness.
Sophia. I can be but penitent,
Unless you point me out some other way
To satisfy.
Polid. Dear madam, do not mock me!
Sophia. There is no injury, like that to love;
I find it now in my own sufferings:
But though I would have robb'd thee of Arcadius,

Heaven knew a way to reconcile your hearts,
And punish'd me in those joys you have found.
I read the story of my loss of honour,
Yet can rejoice, and heartily, that you
Have met your own again.

Polid. Whom do you mean?

Sophia. My brother.

Polid. He's found to himself and honour:
He is my king; and though I must acknowledge
He was the glory of my thoughts, and I
Loved him, as you did, madam, with desire
To be made his, reason and duty since
Formed me to other knowledge, and I now
Look on him without any wish of more
Than to be call'd his subject.

Sophia. Has he made
Himself less capable, by being king?

Polid. Of what?

Soph Of your affection.

Polid. With your pardon, madam,
Love, in that sense you mean, left Polidora
When he forsook Arcadius: I disclaim
All ties between us, more than what the name
Of king must challenge from my obedience.

Sophia. [*Aside.*] This does confirm my jealousy.
My heart!—
For my sake, madam, has he lost his value?

Polid. Let me beseech your grace, I may have leave
To answer in some other cause, or person!
This argument but opens a sad wound
To make it bleed afresh; we may change this
Discourse: I would elect some subject, whose
Praises may more delight your ear than this
Can mine. Let's talk of young Lysimachus!

Sophia. Ha! my presaging fears! [*Aside.*

Polid. How does your grace?

Sophia. Well.—You were talking of Lysimachus;
Pray give me your opinion of him.
Polid. Mine?
It will be much short of his worth: I think him
A gentleman so perfect in all goodness,
That if there be one in the world deserves
The best of women, Heaven created him
To make her happy.
Sophia. You have in a little, madam,
Expressed a volume of mankind, a miracle.
But all have not the same degree of faith:
He is but young——
Polid. What mistress would desire
Her servant old? He has both spring to please
Her eye, and summer to return a harvest.
Sophia. He is black——
Polid. He sets a beauty off more rich,
And she that's fair will love him: Faint complexions
Betray effeminate minds, and love of change;
Two beauties in a bed compound few men;
He's not so fair to counterfeit a woman,
Nor yet so black but blushes may betray
His modesty.
Sophia. His proportion exceeds not——
Polid. That praises him: And a well-compacted frame
Speaks temper, and sweet flow of elements;
Vast buildings are more oft for show than use:
I would not have my eyes put to the travel
Of many acres, ere I could examine
A man from head to foot; he has no great,
But he may boast an elegant, composition.
Sophia. I'll hear no more! You have so far outdone
My injuries to you, that I call back
My penitence; and must tell Polidora,

This revenge ill becomes her. Am I thought
So lost in soul to hear, and forgive this?
In what shade do I live? or shall I think
I have not, at the lowest, enough merit,
Setting aside my birth, to poise with yours?
Forgive my modest thoughts, if I rise up in
My own defence, and tell this unjust lady,
So great a winter hath not frozen yet
My cheek, but there is something Nature planted
That carries as much bloom, and spring upon't,
As yours! What flame is in your eye, but may
Find competition here? (forgive again,
My virgin honour!) what is in your lip
To 'tice the enamour'd soul to dwell with more
Ambition, than the yet-unwithered blush
That speaks the innocence of mine?—Oh, brother!

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. I'll talk with you anon.—My Polidora!
Allow thy patience till my breath recover,
Which now comes laden with the richest news
Thy ear was ever blest with.

Sophia. Both your looks
And voice express some welcome accident.

Dem. Guess what in wish would make me fortunate,
And Heaven hath dropt that on Demetrius.

Sophia. What means this extasy?

Dem. 'Twere sin to busy
Thy thoughts upon't; I'll tell thee.—That I could
Retain some part! it is too wide a joy
To be expressed so soon; and yet it falls
In a few syllables—thou wo't scarce believe me!
I am no king.

Sophia. How's that?

Polid. Good Heaven forbid!

Dem. Forbid? Heaven has relieved me with a mercy
I knew not how to ask: I have, they say,
An elder brother living, crown'd already:
I only keep my name Demetrius,
Without desire of more addition
Than to return thy servant.
Polid. You amaze me!
Can you rejoice to be deposed?
Dem. It but
Translates me to a fairer and better kingdom
In Polidora.
Polid. Me?
Dem. Did you not say,
Were I no king, you could be drawn to love me
Again? That was consented to in Heaven.
A kingdom first betrayed my ambitious soul
To forget thee: That, and the flattering glories,
How willingly Demetrius does resign,
The angels know! Thus naked, without titles,
I throw me on thy charity; and shall
Boast greater empire to be thine again, than
To wear the triumphs of the world upon me.

Enter MACARIUS.

Mac. Be not so careless of yourself! the people
Gather in multitudes to your protection,
Offering their lives and fortunes, if they may
But see you, sir, and hear you speak to 'em:
Accept their duties, and in time prevent
Your ruin.
Sophia. Be not desperate; 'tis counsel——
Dem. You trouble me with noise!—Speak, Polidora!
Polid. For your own sake, preserve yourself! My fears
Distract my reason.

Enter Antigonus.

Ant. Lord Lysimachus,
With something that concerns your safety, is
Fled hither, and desires a present hearing.

Mac. His soul is honest.—Be not, sir, a madman,
And for a lady give up all our freedoms! [*Exit.*

Enter Lysimachus.

Polid. I will say any thing, hear Lysimachus.

Sophia. Dear brother. hear him!

Lysim. Sir, I come to yield
Myself your prisoner: If my father have
Raised an impostor to supplant your title,
(Which I suspect, and inwardly do bleed for)
I shall not only, by the tender of
Myself, declare my innocence, but either,
By my unworthy life, secure your person,
Or by what death you shall impose, reward
The unexpected treason.

Sophia Brave young man!—
Did you not hear him, brother?

Lysim. I am not minded!

Polid Be witness, madam, I resign my heart!
It never was another's.—You declare
Too great a satisfaction.—I hope [*To* Sophia.
This will destroy your jealousy.—
Remember now your danger!

Dem. I despise it.
What fate dares injure me?

Lysim. Yet hear me, sir!

Sophia. Forgive me, Polidora! you are happy.
My hopes are removed further: I had thought
Lysimachus had meant you for his mistress.

'Tis misery to feed, and not know where
To place my jealousy.[7]

Enter MACARIUS.

Mac. Now 'tis too late!
You may be deaf, until the cannon make
You find your sense; we are shut up now by
A troop of horse: Thank yourself!
Polid. They will
Admit conditions——
Sophia. And allow us quarter? [*A shout within.*
Polid. We are all lost!
Dem. Be comforted!

Enter ANTIGONUS.

Ant. News!
My lord Cassander's sent by the new king
To bear us company.
Dem. Not as prisoner?
Ant. It does appear no otherwise. The soldiers
Declare how much they love him, by their noise
Of scorn and joy to see him so rewarded.
Dem. It cannot be!
Ant. You'll find it presently:
He curses the new king, talks treason 'gainst him
As nimble as he were in's shirt.[8] He's here. [*Exit.*

[7] *'Tis misery to feed, and not know where To place my jealousy.*] That is, It is misery to feed, or increase, my jealousy, (of Lysimachus, whom she still suspected,) and not know upon whom to charge it. Mason says we should read—

'Tis misery to *feel*, and not know where
To place my jealousy.

[8] *As nimble as he were in's shirt.*] This may allude to Hieroni-

Enter Cassander.

Cass. Oh, let me beg until my knees take root
I' th' earth! Sir, can you pardon me? [*Kneels.*
Dem. For what?
Cass. For treason, desperate, most malicious treason:
I have undone you, sir!
Dem. It does appear
You had a will.
Cass. I'll make you all the recompense I can;
But, ere you kill me, hear me! Know, the man
Whom I, to serve my unjust ends, advanced
To your throne, is an impostor, a mere counterfeit,
Eubulus' son.
Dem. It is not then our brother?
Cass. An insolent usurper, proud and bloody
Seleucus. Is no leprosy upon me?
There is not punishment enough in nature
To quit my horrid act; I have not in
My stock of blood, to satisfy with weeping;
Nor could my soul, though melted to a flood
Within me, gush out tears to wash my stain off.
Dem. How! an impostor? What will become on's now?
We are at his mercy.
Cass. Sir, the people's hearts
Will come to their own dwelling, when they see
I dare accuse myself, and suffer for it.
Have courage then, young king! thy fate cannot
Be long compell'd.
Dem. Rise, our misfortune
Carries this good; although it lose our hopes,

mo's appearing *in his shirt* on the stage, in The Spanish Tragedy, and inveighing against the murderer of his son.—*Reed.*

It makes you friend with Virtue: We'll expect
What Providence will do.
Cass You are too merciful.
Lysim. Our duties shall beg Heaven still to preserve you.

Enter ANTIGONUS.

Ant. Our enemy desires some parley, sir.
Lysim. 'Tis not amiss to hear their proposition.
Polid. I'll wait upon you.
Dem. Thou art my angel, and canst best instruct me!—
Boldly present ourselves! You'll with's, Cassander?
Cass. And in death be blest
To find your charity. [*Exit.*
Sophia. Lysimachus!
Lysim. Madam?
Sophia. They will not miss your presence, the small time
Is spent in asking of a question.
Lysim. I wait your pleasure.
Sophia. Sir, I have a suit to you.
Lysim. To me? it must be granted.
Sophia. If you have
Cancelled your kind opinion of me,
Deny me not to know who hath succeeded
Sophia in your heart! I beg the name
Of your new mistress.
Lysim You shall know her, madam,
If but these tumults cease, and fate allow us
To see the court again. I hope you'll bring
No mutiny against her. But this is
No time to talk of love: Let me attend you!
Sophia. I must expect, till you are pleased to satisfy

My poor request. Conduct me at your pleasure.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Palace.

Enter LEONATUS, *with a Paper,* EUBULUS, *Bishop,* LYSANDER, *and* PHILOCLES.

Leo. They are too slow! dispatch new messengers,
To entreat 'em fairly hither. I am extasied!
Were you witness for me too? Is't possible
I am what this affirms, true Leonatus?
And were you not my father? was I given
In trust to you an infant?
Eub. 'Tis a truth
Our soul's bound to acknowledge: You supplied
The absence and opinion of my son,
Who died but to make you my greater care.
I knew not of Demetrius; but supposed
Him dead indeed, as Epire thought you were.
Your father's character doth want no testimony,
Which, but compared with what concerns Demetrius,
Will prove itself king Theodosius' act,
Your royal father.
Bishop. I am subscribed to both his legacies,
By oath obliged to secrecy, until
Thus fairly summon'd to reveal the trust.

Eub. Cassander had no thought you would prove
thus,
To whose policy I gave this aim, although
He wrought you up to serve but as his engine
To batter young Demetrius: For it was
Your father's prudent jealousy that made him
Give out your early deaths, as if his soul
Prophesied his own first, and feared to leave
Either of you to the unsafe protection
Of one, whose study would be to supplant
Your right, and make himself the king of Epire.
Bishop. Your sister, fair Sophia, in your father's
Life, was designed to marry with Lysimachus;
That guarded her; although she used some art
To quit her pupillage, and, being absolute,
Declared love to Demetrius, which enforced
Macarius to discover first your brother.
Leo. No more! lest you destroy again Leonatus,
With wonder of his fate! Are they not come yet?—
Something it was I felt within me envy
Of young Demetrius' fortune; there were seeds
Scatter'd upon my heart, that made it swell
With thought of empire: Princes, I see, cannot
Be totally eclipsed. But wherefore stays
Demetrius and Sophia, at whose names
A gentle spirit walked upon my blood?[9]

[9] *at whose names*
A gentle spirit walk'd upon my blood?] This would imply, that before he knew his relation to his brother and sister, he had often had, by secret instinct, a love for them: But as no hint of this appears in any thing he before says or does, I prefer the present tense:

—— walks *upon my blood?*

This expression is noble, and seems taken from Genesis: "*The spirit of God* moved *upon the face of the waters.*"—Seward.

I conceive, that the poet designed here to express, how dormant that affection which ought to be toward brethren, though strangers

Enter DEMETRIUS, POLIDORA, SOPHIA, MACARIUS, CASSANDER, *and* LYSIMACHUS.

Eub. They are here.
Leo. Then thus I fly into their bosoms!—
Nature has rectified in me, Demetrius,
The wand'rings of ambition. Our dear sister,
You are amazed; I did expect it: Read
Assurance there! the day is big with wonder.
Mac. What means all this?
Leo. Lysimachus, be dear to us!
Cassander, you are welcome too.
Cass. Not I;
I do not look for't; all this sha' not bribe
My conscience to your faction, and make
Me false again.—Seleucus is no son
Of Theodosius: My dear countrymen,
Correct your erring duties, and to that,
Your lawful king, prostrate yourselves! Demetrius
Doth challenge all your knees.
Dem. All love and duty
Flow from me to my royal king, and brother!
I am confirmed.
Cass. You are too credulous!
What can betray your faith so much?
Leo. Sophia, you appear sad, as if your will
Gave no consent to this day's happiness.

to each other, had lain in Seleucus; and upon this account I would suppose, that a word of a stronger import may yet bid fairer for the true one: I read thus,

A gentle spirit wakes *upon my blood?*—Sympson.

We have retained the old reading, as thinking it far preferable to either of the variations.—Ed. 1778.

The present reading is not reprehensible; but Sympson's amendment is much more poetical.—*Mason.*

Sophia. No joy exceeds Sophia's for yourself.
Lysim. With your pardon, sir, I apprehend
A cause that makes her troubled: She desires
To know what other mistress, since her late
Unkindness, I have chosen to direct
My faith and service.
Leo. Another mistress?
Lysim. Yes, sir.
Leo. And does our sister love Lysimachus?
Sophia. Here's something would confess.
Leo. He must not dare
To affront Sophia.
Cass. How my shame confounds me!
I beg your justice, without pity, on
My age.
Leo. Your penance shall be, to be faithful
To our state hereafter.
All. May you live long
And happy, Leonatus, king of Epire!
Leo. But where's your other mistress?
Lysim. Even here, sir.
Leo. Our sister? is this another mistress, sir?
Lysim. It holds
To prove my thoughts were so: When she began
Her sorrow for neglecting me, that sweetness
Deserved I should esteem her another mistress
Than when she cruelly forsook Lysimachus.—
Your pardon, madam! and receive a heart
Proud with my first devotions to serve you!
Sophia. In this I am crowned again! now mine for ever!
Leo. You have deceived her happily.
Joy to you both!
Dem. We are ripe for the same wishes;
Polidora's part of me.
Polid. He all my blessing.

Leo. Heaven pour full joys upon you!
Mac. We are all blest:
There wants but one to fill your arms.
Leo. My mistress
And wife shall be my country, to which I
Was in my birth contracted: Your love since
Hath played the priest to perfect what was ceremony.
Though kingdoms by just titles prove our own,
The subjects' hearts do best secure a crown.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY SOPHIA.

THERE is no Coronation to-d[illegible]
Unless you[illegible] votes do crown our play,
If smiles appear within each lady's eye,
Which are the leading stars in this fair sky,
Our solemn day sets glorious; for then
We hope, by their soft influence, the men
Will grace what they first shined on: Make't appear,
(Both) how we please, and bless our covetous ear
With your applause; more welcome than the bells
Upon a triumph, bonfires, or what else,
Can speak a Coronation! And though I
Were late deposed, and spoiled of majesty,
By the kind aid of your hands, gentlemen,
I quickly may be crowned a queen again.

THE MASQUE OF THE INNER-TEMPLE AND GRAY'S INN, GRAY'S INN AND THE INNER-TEMPLE;

PRESENTED BEFORE HIS MAJESTY, THE QUEEN'S MAJESTY, THE PRINCE, COUNT PALATINE AND THE LADY ELIZABETH THEIR HIGHNESSES, IN THE BANQUETING-HOUSE AT WHITEHALL, ON SATURDAY THE 20TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1612.

BY

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

THE

MASQUE

OF THE

INNER-TEMPLE AND GRAY'S INN.

THE occasion on which this Masque was written is expressed in the title-page, and some further particulars will be found in the first note, p. 329, 330. It was the sole production of Beaumont, and was printed in quarto without date; but probably soon after the representation. The subsequent copies in the folio of 1647 and 1679, in Beaumont's Poems, and in the octavo editions of 1715 and 1750, are very incorrect, and the descriptive parts, which are absolutely requisite to understand the poetry, were entirely omitted. In the last edition, the Masque was printed in its original state as it appears in the quarto.

As this and similar compositions were chiefly calculated for show and magnificence, the poetry was generally of little consequence, and of course the present composition adds little to the fame of Beaumont. Ben Jonson, who was, for many years, employed to provide this fashionable amusement for King James I. and his successor, took a wider range, which gives, to some of his masques, a much greater degree of interest, and a few of them are really very beautiful. The finest of these compositions, however, with the exception of Comus, is certainly Browne's Inner-Temple Masque.

DEDICATION.

To the worthy Sir Francis Bacon, his Majesty's Solicitor-general, and the grave and learned Bench of the anciently-allied Houses of Gray's Inn and the Inner-Temple, the Inner-Temple and Gray's Inn.

You that spared no time nor travel, in the setting forth, ordering, and furnishing of this Masque, (being the first fruits of honour, in this kind, which these two societies have offered to his majesty,) will not think much now to look back upon the effects of your own care and work: For that, whereof the success was then doubtful, is now happily performed and graciously accepted; and that which you were then to think of in straits of time, you may now peruse at leisure: And you, Sir Francis Bacon, especially, as you did then by your countenance and loving affection advance it, so let your good word grace it and defend it, which is able to add value to the greatest and least matters.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS Masque was appointed to have been presented the Shrove-Tuesday before,[1] at which time, the masquers, with their attend-

[1] *This Masque was appointed,* &c.] The marriage of the Count Palatine of the Rhine with the Lady Elizabeth, daughter to James I., was celebrated on Valentine's Day, in the year 1613. The Masque then exhibited by the gentlemen of Gray's Inn and the Inner-Temple was performed with much splendour and magnificence, and at a great expense to both these societies. In Dugdale's Origines Juridiciales, 1671, p. 286, we find the following accounts of the charges attending this representation, extracted from the records of each society: "*Gray's Inn.* In the 10th of King James, the gentlemen of this house were (together with those of the other inns of court) actors in that great Masque at Whitehall, at the marriage of the king's eldest daughter unto Frederick Count Palatine of the Rhine; the charge in apparel for the actors in which Masque was supported by the society: The readers being each man assessed at 4*l.*; the ancients, and such as at that time were to be called ancients, at 2*l.* 10*s.* a-piece; the barristers at 2*l.* a man; and the students at 20*s.*; out of which so much was to be taken as the Inner-Temple did then allow.

"Which being performed, there was an order made, 18 Maii then next following, that the gentlemen who were actors in that Masque should bring in all their masqueing apparel, so provided at the charge of the house."

Ibid, p. 346. "*Lincoln's Inn.* The third upon a Masque in 11 Jac. presented by this society before the king, at the marriage of the Lady Elizabeth his daughter, to the prince Elector Palatine of the Rhine, which cost no less than mlxxxvi*l.* 8*s.* 11*d.*"—*Reed.*

The last of these extracts does not refer to the present Masque, which the society of Lincoln's Inn had no concern with; but another, written by Chapman, the machinery furnished by Inigo Jones, which was presented in honour of the same marriage, by that society. It was printed in 1614.

In Winwood's Memorials, (vol. III. p. 435,) Mr John Chamberlaine, after giving an account of the successful representation of the masque provided by the Middle-Temple and Lincoln's Inn, proceeds in the following words respecting that of Beaumont:—"But the next day our Gray's Inn men and the Inner-Temple had not the same fortune, though they deserved no less; for, striving to vary from their competitors, (and their device being the marrying of the Thames to the Rhine,) they made choice to go by water from Winchester-house in Southwark, with their

ants, and divers other gallant young gentlemen of both houses, as their convoy, set forth from Winchester-house (which was the rendezvous) towards the court, about seven of the clock at night.

This voyage by water was performed in great triumph: the gentlemen masquers being placed by themselves in the king's royal barge, with the rich furniture of state, and adorned with a great number of lights, placed in such order as might make best show.

They were attended with a multitude of barges and gallies, with all variety of loud music, and several peals of ordnance; and led by two admirals.

Of this show his majesty was graciously pleased to take view, with the prince, the Count Palatine and the Lady Elizabeth their highnesses, at the windows of his privy gallery, upon the water, till their landing, which was at the privy stairs; where they were most honourably received by the lord-chamberlain, and so conducted to the vestry.

The hall was by that time filled with company of very good fashion, but yet so as a very great number of principal ladies, and other noble persons, were not yet come in, whereby it was foreseen that the room would be so scanted as might have been inconvenient; and thereupon his majesty was most graciously pleased, with the consent of the gentlemen masquers, to put off the night until Saturday following, with this special favour and privilege, that there should be no let, as to the outward ceremony of magnificence until that time.

At the day that it was presented, there was a choice room reserved for the gentlemen of both their houses, who, coming in troop about seven of the clock, received that special honour and noble favour, as to be brought to their places by the Right Honourable the Earl of Northampton, Lord-Privy Seal.

boats and barges exceedingly trimed, and furnished with store of lights that made a glorious shew, and three peale of ordinance at their taking water, at their passing by the Temple, and at their landing; which passage by water cost them better then 300*l.* But when they were landed at the court, by what mischance I know not, they were feign to return, as they went without doing any thing; the reason whereof some say was, because the hall was so full that it could not be avoided, nor room made for them, and most of the principall ladyes that were in the galleries to see them land excluded. But the most probable is, that the king was so satiated and overwearied with watching, that he could hold out no longer, and so was driven to put it off till Saturday; when it was very well performed in the new banqueting-house, which, for a kind of amends, was granted to them, though with much repining and contradiction of their emulators. The next day the king made them all a solemn supper in the new marriage-room, and used them so well and graciously, that he sent both parties away well pleased with this great solemnity."

THE

MASQUE

OF

THE INNER-TEMPLE AND GRAY'S INN,

GRAY'S INN AND THE INNER-TEMPLE.

THE DEVICE OR ARGUMENT.

JUPITER and Juno, willing to do honour to the marriage of the two famous rivers, Thamesis and Rhine, employ their messengers severally, Mercury and Iris, for that purpose. They meet and contend: Then Mercury, for his part, brings forth an anti-masque all of spirits or divine natures; but yet not of one kind or livery (because that had been so much in use heretofore) but, as it were, in consort, like to broken music: And preserving the propriety of the device; for that rivers in nature are maintained either by springs from beneath, or showers from above, he raiseth four of the Naiades out of the fountains, and bringeth down five of the Hyades out of the clouds to dance. Hereupon, Iris scoffs at Mercury, for that he had devised a dance but of one sex, which could have no life: But Mercury, who was provided for that exception, and in token that the match should be blessed both with love and riches, calleth forth out of the groves four Cupids, and brings down from Jupiter's altar four statues of gold and silver to dance with the nymphs and stars: In which dance, the Cupids being blind, and the statues having but half life put into them, and retaining still somewhat of their old nature, giveth fit occasion to new and strange varieties both in the music and pieces. This was the first anti-masque.

Then Iris, for her part, in scorn of this high-flying device, and in token that the match shall likewise be blessed with the love of the common people, calls to Flora, her confederate (for that the months of flowers are likewise the months of sweet showers and rainbows) to bring in a May dance, or rural dance, consisting likewise not of any suited persons, but of a confusion or commixture of all such persons as are natural and proper for country sports. This is the second anti-masque.

Then Mercury and Iris, after this vieing one upon the other, seem to leave their contention; and Mercury, by the consent of Iris, brings down the Olympian knights, intimating, that Jupiter having, after a long discontinuance, revived the Olympian games, and summoned thereunto from all parts the liveliest and activest persons that were, had enjoined them, before they fell to their games, to do honour to these nuptials. The Olympian games portend to the match celebrity, victory, and felicity. This was the main masque.

The fabric was a mountain with two descents, and severed with two traverses.

At the entrance o[illegible]ing, the first traverse was drawn, and the lower descent of the mountain discovered, which was the pendant of a hill to life, with divers boscages and grovets upon the steep or hanging grounds thereof; and at the foot of the hill, four delicate fountains running with water, and bordered with sedges and water flowers.

Iris first appeared; and presently after Mercury, striving to overtake her.

Iris apparelled in a robe of discoloured taffeta,[1] figured in variable colours, like the rainbow, a cloudy wreath on her head, and tresses.

Mercury in doublet and hose of white taffeta, a white hat, wings on his shoulders and feet, his caduceus in his hand, speaking to Iris as followeth :—

Merc. Stay, stay!
Stay, light-foot Iris! for thou striv'st in vain;
My wings are nimbler than thy feet.
Iris. Away,
Dissembling Mercury! my messages
Ask honest haste; not like those wanton ones

[1] *Discoloured taffeta.*] *i. e.* variegated with a diversity of colours.—*Mason.*

Your thund'ring father sends.
Merc. Stay, foolish maid!
Or I will take my rise upon a hill,
When I perceive thee seated in a cloud,
In all the painted glory that thou hast,
And never cease to clap my willing wings,
Till I catch hold of thy discoloured bow,
And shiver it, beyond the angry power
Of your curst[a] mistress to make up again.
Iris. Hermes, forbear! Juno will chide and strike.
Is great Jove jealous that I am employed
On her love-errands? She did never yet
Clasp weak mortality in her white arms,
As he hath often done: I only come
To celebrate the long-wished nuptials
Here in Olympia, which are now performed
Betwixt two goodly rivers, which have mixed
Their gentle rising waves, and are to grow
Into a thousand streams, great as themselves.
I need not name them, for the sound is loud
In heaven and earth; and I am sent from her,
The queen of marriage, that was present here,
And smiled to see them join, and hath not chid
Since it was done. Good Hermes, let me go!
Merc. Nay, you must stay; Jove's message is the same,
Whose eyes are lightning, and whose voice is thunder,
Whose breath is any wind he will; who knows
How to be first on Earth, as well as Heaven.
Iris. But what hath he to do with nuptial rites?
Let him keep state upon his starry throne,
And fright poor mortals with his thunderbolts,

[a] *Curst.*] i. e. *Cross, peevish.* The word occurs in Philaster, and several other places.—Ed. 1778.

Leaving to us the mutual darts of eyes!
Merc. Alas, when ever offered he to abridge
Your lady's power, but only now, in these,
Whose match concerns his general government?
Hath not each god a part in these high joys?
And shall not he, the king of gods, presume
Without proud Juno's licence? Let her know,
That when enamoured Jove first gave her power
To link soft hearts in undissolving bands,
He then foresaw, and to himself reserved,
The honour of this marriage. Thou shalt stand
Still as a rock, while I, to bless this feast,
Will summon up, with my all-charming rod,
The nymphs of fountains, from whose watry locks
(Hung with the dew of blessing and encrease)
The greedy rivers take their nourishment.—
Ye nymphs, who, bathing in your loved springs,
Beheld these rivers in their infancy,
And joyed to see them, when their circled heads
Refreshed the air, and spread the ground with flowers;
Rise from your wells, and with your nimble feet
Perform that office to this happy pair,
Which in these plains you to Alphëus did,
When passing hence, through many seas unmixed,
He gain'd the favour of his Arethuse!

Immediately upon which speech, four Naiades arise gently out of their several fountains, and present themselves upon the stage, attired in long habits of sea-green taffeta, with bubbles of crystal intermixt with powdering of silver resembling drops of water, blueish tresses on their heads, garlands of water-lilies. They fall into a measure, dance a little, then make a stand.

Iris. Is Hermes grown a lover? By what power,

Unknown to us, calls he the Naiades?
Merc. Presumptuous Iris, I could make thee dance,
Till thou forgott'st thy lady's messages,
And rann'st back crying to her! Thou shalt know
My power is more; only my breath, and this,
Shall move fixed stars, and force the firmament
To yield the Hyades, who govern showers,
And dewy clouds, in whose dispersed drops
Thou form'st the shape of thy deceitful bow.—
Ye maids, who yearly at appointed times
Advance with kindly tears the gentle floods,
Descend, and pour your blessing on these streams,
Which rolling down from heaven-aspiring hills,
And now united in the fruitful vales,
Bear all before them, ravished with their joy,
And swell in glory, till they know no bounds!

Five Hyades descend softly in a cloud from the firmament, to the middle part of the hill, apparelled in sky-coloured taffeta robes, spangled like the heavens, golden tresses, and each a fair star on their head; from thence descend to the stage, at whose sight the Naiades, seeming to rejoice, meet and join in a dance.

Iris. Great wit and power hath Hermes, to contrive
A lifeless dance, which of one sex consists!
Merc. Alas, poor Iris! Venus hath in store
A secret ambush of her winged boys;
Who, lurking long within these pleasant groves,
First struck these lovers with their equal darts;
Those Cupids shall come forth, and join with these
To honour that which they themselves began.

Enter four Cupids from each side of the boscage, attired in flame-coloured taffeta close to their body, like naked boys, with bows, arrows, and wings of gold; chaplets of flowers on their heads, hoodwinked with tiffiny scarfs, who join with the Nymphs and the Hyades in another dance. That ended, MERCURY *speaks.*

Merc. Behold the statues which wise Vulcan placed[3]
Under the altar of Olympian Joy,
And gave to them an artificial life,
Shall dance for joy of these great nuptials.[4]
See how they move, drawn by this heavenly joy,
Like the wild trees, which followed Orpheus' harp!

The Statues enter, supposed to be before descended from Jove's altar, and to have been prepared in the covert with the Cupids, attending their call.
These Statues were attired in cases of gold and silver close to their bodies, faces, hands, and feet, nothing seen but gold and silver, as if they had been solid images of metal, tresses of hair as they had been of metal embossed, girdles and small aprons of oaken leaves, as if they likewise had been carved or moulded out of the metal: At their coming, the music changed from violins to hautboys, cornets, &c. and the air of the music was utterly turned into a soft

[3] Iris. *Behold, &c.*] The argument, as well as what follows, proves beyond contradiction that this speech belongs to *Mercury*, though hitherto erroneously allotted to *Iris*.—Ed. 1778.

[4] *Shall dance for joy of these great nuptials:*
And gave to them an artificial life.] The transposition of these lines seems indispensably necessary.—Ed. 1778.
The first of them is omitted in the second folio, and in the copy in Beaumont's Poems.

time, with drawing notes, excellently expressing their natures, and the measure likewise was fitted unto the same, and the statues placed in such several postures, sometimes all together in the center of the dance, and sometimes in the four utmost angles, as was very graceful, besides the novelty. And so concluded the first Anti-masque.

Merc. And what will Juno's Iris do for her?
Iris. Just match this show, or my invention fails:
Had it been worthier, I would have invoked
The blazing comets, clouds, and falling stars,
And all my kindred meteors of the air,
To have excelled it; but I now must strive
To imitate confusion: Therefore thou,
Delightful Flora, if thou ever felt'st
Encrease of sweetness in those blooming plants
On which the horns of my fair bow decline,
Send hither all the rural company
Which deck the May-games with their country sports!
Juno will have it so.

The second Anti masque rush in, dance their measure, and as rudely depart; consisting of, a Pedant,[5] May Lord, May Lady; Servingman, Chambermaid; a Country Clown, or Shepherd, Country Wench; an Host, Hostess; a He-Baboon, She-Baboon; a He-Fool, She-Fool, ushering them in. All these persons, apparelled to the life, the Men issuing out of one side of the boscage, and the Wo-

[5] *A Pedant, May Lord, May Lady,* &c.] The persons enumerated here as characters in the May-games, were no doubt selected by the imagination of the poet, as most of them do not appear to have been usual at these country-festivities. The Pedant evidently appears in the same character as Gerold in The Two Noble Kinsmen.

men from the other. The music was extremely well fitted, having such a spirit of country jollity, as can hardly be imagined; but the perpetual laughter and applause was above the music.

The dance likewise was of the same strain; and the dancers, or rather actors, expressed every one their part so naturally and aptly, as when a man's eye was caught with the one, and then past on to the other, he could not satisfy himself which did best. It pleased his Majesty to call for it again at the end, as he did likewise for the first Anti-masque; but one of the Statues by that time was undressed.

Merc. Iris, we strive,
Like winds at liberty, who should do most[6]
Ere we return. If Juno be the queen
Of marriages, let her give happy way
To what is done, in honour of the state
She governs!
Iris. Hermes, so it may be done
Merely in honour of the state, and these
That now have proved it; not to satisfy
The lust of Jupiter, in having thanks
More than his Juno; if thy snaky rod
Have power to search the Heavens, or sound the sea,
Or call together all the ends of earth,
To bring in any thing that may do grace
To us, and these; do it, we shall be pleased.
Merc. Then know, that from the mouth of Jove himself,
Whose words have wings, and need not to be borne,

[6] *Who should do* worst.] The sense seems to require us to read *most* for *worst*; unless it means, which should *worst* the other.—Ed. 1778.

As the text cannot possibly bear this meaning, and hardly bears any at all, the amendment has been adopted.

I took a message, and I bare it through
A thousand yielding clouds, and never stayed
Till his high will was done: The Olympian games,
Which long have slept, at these wished nuptials
He pleased to have renewed, and all his knights
Are gathered hither, who within their tents
Rest on this hill; upon whose rising head
Behold Jove's altar, and his blessed priests
Moving about it!—Come, you holy men,
And with your voices draw these youths along,
That till Jove's music call them to their games,
Their active sports may give a blest content
To those, for whom they are again begun.

The main Masque.—The second traverse is drawn, and the higher ascent to the mountain is discovered; wherein, upon a level, after a great rise of the hill, were placed two pavillions: open in the front of them, the pavillions were to sight as of cloth of gold, and they were trimmed on the inside with rich armour and military furniture, hanged up as upon the walls; and behind the tents there were represented, in prospective, the tops of divers other tents, as if it had been a camp. In these pavillions were placed fifteen Olympian Knights, upon seats a little embowed near the form of a crescent, and the Knights appeared first, as consecrated persons, all in veils, like to copes, of silver tiffiny, gathered, and falling a large compass about them, and over their heads high mitres, with long pendants behind falling from them; the mitres were so high, that they received their hats and feathers, that nothing was seen but veil. In the midst between both the tents, upon the very top of the hill, being a higher level than that of the tents, was placed Jupiter's altar gilt, with three great tapers upon golden candlesticks burning upon it; and the four Statues, two

of gold, and two of silver, as supporters, and Jupiter's Priests in white robes about it. Upon the sight of the King, the veils of the Knights did fall easily from them, and they appeared in their own habit.

The Knights' attire.—Arming doublets of carnation sattin, embroidered with blazing stars of silver plate, with powderings of smaller stars betwixt; gorgets of silver mail; long hose of the same, with the doublets laid with silver lace spangled, and enriched with embroidery between the lace; carnation silk stockings embroidered all over; garters and roses suitable; pumps of carnation sattin embroidered, as the doublets; hats of the same stuff, and embroidery cut like a helmet before, the hinder part cut into scallops, answering the skirts of their doublets; the bands of the hats were wreaths of silver in form of garlands of wild olives, white feathers, with one fall of carnation; belts of the same stuff, and embroidered with the doublet; silver swords; little Italian bands and cuffs embroidered with silver; fair long tresses of hair.

The Priests' habits.—Long robes of white taffeta; long white heads of hair; the High-Priest a cap of white silk shag close to his head, with two labels at the ears, the midst rising in form of a pyramis, in the top thereof a branch of silver; every Priest playing upon a lute; twelve in number.

The Priests descend, and sing this song following; after whom the Knights likewise descend, first laying aside their veils, belts, and swords.

SONG.

Shake off your heavy trance,
And leap into a dance,

Such as no mortals use to tread,
Fit only for Apollo
To play to, for the Moon to lead,
And all the Stars to follow!

The Knights by this time are all descended, and fallen into their place, and then dance their first measure.

SONG.

On, blessed youths! for Jove doth pause,
Laying aside his graver laws
For this device:
And at the wedding such a pair,
Each dance is taken for a prayer,
Each song a sacrifice.

The Knights dance their second measure.

SONG.

[*Solo.*] More pleasing were these sweet delights,
If ladies moved as well as knights;
Run every one of you, and catch
A nymph, in honour of this match;
And whisper boldly in her ear,
Jove will but laugh, if you forswear!

[*Chorus.*] And this day's sins, he doth resolve,
That we his priests should all absolve.[7]

[7] *And this day's sins he doth resolve,*
That we his priests should all absolve.] From the debaucheries committed at court-masques, which have been mentioned elsewhere, (vol. VIII. p. 173, and XI. p. 10,) the necessity of such an absolution of sins may be inferred.

The Knights take their Ladies to dance with them galliards, durets, corantoes,[8] *&c. and lead them to their places; then loud music sounds, supposed to call them to their Olympian games.*

SONG.

Ye should stay longer if we durst:
Away! Alas, that he that first
Gave Time wild wings to fly away,
Hath now no power to make him stay!
But though these games must needs be play'd,
I would this pair, when they are laid,
And not a creature nigh 'em,
Could catch his scythe as he doth pass,
And cut his wings, and break his glass,
And keep him ever by 'em.

The Knights dance their parting measure, and ascend, put on their swords and belts; during which time, the Priests sing the fifth and last song.

8 *Galliards, durets, corantoes.*] The first of these dances has been explained in vol. III. p. 468. Of the second, I have not met with any description. Corantoes are thus characterized by Sir John Davies in The Orchestra:—

"What shall I name those current traverses,
That on a triple dactyl foot do run
Close by the ground with sliding passages,
Wherein that dancer greatest praise hath won,
Which with best order can all orders shun:
For every where he wantonly must range,
And turn and wind with unexpected change?"

SONG.

Peace and silence be the guide
To the man, and to the bride!
If there be a joy yet new
In marriage, let it fall on you,
  That all the world may wonder!
If we should stay, we should do worse,
And turn our blessing to a curse,
  By keeping you asunder.[9]

[9] This Masque is here printed from the quarto edition. All the other copies of it are extremely erroneous and imperfect: None of the descriptive parts are inserted in them; and to point out the blunders and other omissions would require almost as many notes as the masque contains lines.—Ed. 1778.

THE POEMS

OF

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

To the right worshipful, the worthily honoured Robert Parkhurst, Esq.

Were these but worthless poems or light rhymes,
Writ by some common scribbler of the times,
Without your leave I durst not then engage
You to ennoble 'em by your patronage;
But these, though orphans, and left fatherless,
Their rich endowments shew they do possess
A father's blessing, whom the fates thought fit
To make a master of a mine of wit:
Whose ravishing conceits do tower so high,
As if his quill had dropt from Mercury:
But when his fancy chanced of love to sing,
You'd swear his pen were plum'd from Cupid's wing.
He doth an amorous passion so discover,
As if, save Beaumont, none had e'er been lover;
Same praise a manly bounty, some incline
More to applaud the virtues feminine;
Some several graces in both sexes hid,
But only Beaumont's, he alone that did
By a rare stratagem of wit connex
What's choice and excellent in either sex.
Then cherish, sir, these saplings, whose each strain
Speaks them the issue of brave Beaumont's brain;
Which made me thus dare to prefix your name,
Which will, if ought can, add unto their fame.

I am, sir,

Your most humble and devoted servant,

L. B.[1]

[1] Lawrence Blacklock, the bookseller.

In laudem Authoris.

LIKE to the weak estate of a poor friend,
To whom sweet fortune hath been ever slow,
Which daily doth that happy hour attend,
When his poor state may his affection show,
So fares my love, not able as the rest,
To chant thy praises in a lofty vein;
Yet my poor muse doth vow to do her best,
And, wanting wings, she'll tread an humble strain;
I thought at first her homely steps to raise,
And for some blazing epithets to look:
But then I feared that by such wond'rous praise,
Some men would grow suspicious of thy book:
For he that doth thy due deserts rehearse,
Derives that glory from thy worthy verse.

W. B.

To the Author.

EITHER the goddess draws her troops of loves
From Paphos, where she erst was held divine,
And doth unyoke her tender-necked doves,
Placing her seat in this small pap'ry shrine;
Or the sweet graces through th' Idalian grove,
Led the best author[2] in their danced rings;
Or wanton nymphs in wat'ry bow'rs have wove,
With fair Mylesian threads, the verse he sings;
Or curious Pallas once again doth strive
With proud Arachne, for illustrious glory,
And once again doth loves of Gods revive,
Spinning in silver twists a lasting story:
If none of these, then Venus chose his sight,
To lead the steps of her blind son aright.

J. B.[3]

[2] *Led the* best *author.*] If it was not for the authorities which occur in these volumes (vol. VI. 263, IX. 460, &c.) for the phrase *best*, we might be inclined to read *blest*.

[3] Sir John Beaumont, elder brother of our poet, was no doubt the author of these verses. His poems were published in 1629, and the principal one, entitled Bosworth-Field, is highly distinguished for the beauty of the versification and the spirit of the poetry.

To the Author.

THE matchless lust of a fair poesy,
Which was erst buried in old Rome's decays,
Now 'gins with heat of rising majesty,
Her dust-wrapt head from rotten tomb to raise,
And with fresh splendour gilds her fearless crest,
Rearing her palace in our poet's breast.

The wanton Ovid, whose enticing rhymes
Have with attractive wonder forced attention,
No more shall be admired at; for these times
Produce a poet, whose more rare invention
Will tear the love-sick myrtle from his brows,
T' adorn his temples with deserved boughs.

The strongest marble fears the smallest rain;
The rusting canker eats the purest gold;
Honour's best dye dreads envy's blackest stain;
The crimson badge of beauty must wax old:
But this fair issue of thy fruitful brain,
Nor dreads age, envy, cank'ring rust, or rain.

J. F.[4]

[4] The J. F. here is undoubtedly John Fletcher, and the ode, though not immediately relating to the plays, is inserted here, first, for its intrinsic merit: and, secondly, as it will be pleasing to find that Fletcher's muse was animated with friendship as well as Beaumont's; a circumstance which, till I saw this ode, seemed to be wanting to complete the amiable union which reigned between them. In the second stanza, the reader will see an authority for Milton's use of the word *rime* for verse in general,

"Things unattempted yet in prose or *rime*,"

which Dr Bentley so injudiciously altered to *prose and verse*. That Beaumont wrote something in the Ovidian *manner* seems evident from these lines; but the Hermaphrodite, which is printed as his, and supposed to be the thing referred to in this ode, is claimed by Cleaveland as a conjunct performance between himself and Randolph.—*Seward*

These stanzas, which Seward inserted among the commendatory verses in the first volume, are now restored to their original place. Seward makes a strange mistake respecting the Hermaphrodite, which was never claimed by any other. Two copies of verses were inserted in Blaiklock's edition of these poems, viz. "The Hermaphrodite, made after Beaumont's death by Thomas Randolph, M. A." and "Upon The Hermaphrodite, written since by Mr J. Cleaveland;" but these are quite distinct from Beaumont's Hermaphrodite, to which these stanzas of Fletcher were originally prefixed.

BEAUMONT'S POEMS.

THE only poem in this collection, which was published in the life-time of the author, is the Ovidian fable of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, which appeared in 1602. Beaumont was then only sixteen years of age, and it must be confessed that it bears all the marks of a very juvenile production. The versification is generally harmonious, but there is great confusion of imagery, and a too great display of school-acquirement, and of amorous conceit. It is rather a paraphrase than a translation of Ovid's tale. Among Sir Edward Sherburne's poems is a translation of another poem on the same foundation, from the Italian of Girolamo Preti, one of the most extravagant imitators of Marino. In what year this was written, I am unable to say; but as Preti died very young, in 1626, it is impossible that Beaumont could have made use of his composition.

Of all the editors of posthumous poems, the one who collected those of Beaumont was perhaps the least fitted for the task. Lawrence Blaiklock, who undertook to revive them, is described by Anthony Wood as a "presbyterian bookbinder near Temple-Bar, afterwards an informer to the committee of Sequestration at Haberdashers' and Goldsmiths' Hall, and a beggar defunct in prison." The first edition of these poems appeared in 1640, and the second in 1653. He most probably proposed to fill a certain number of sheets, as he has intermingled the poems of his author with those of several others. A few of them are acknowledged to be the work of other authors; and many are found also in the works of other poets of the seventeenth century, such as our author's brother Sir John Beaumont, Bishop King, Dr Donne, Shirley, Randolph, and Cleveland. Blaiklock also inserted a vast number of prologues, epilogues, and songs; the greater number of them belonging to plays written by Fletcher, after the death of his friend and associate. Such carelessness not only renders it more than probable that those compositions, which are found in the works of other writers, belong to them, and not to our poet; but even

makes it doubtful whether he actually wrote several of the others which are not claimed by the authors above enumerated. In the present edition many are entirely expunged on this account ; but those whose origin is in any degree doubtful are retained, and the poets in whose works they occur are referred to.

Beaumont has been admitted into the late enlarged edition of the English Poets; and the ingenious editor, Mr Alexander Chalmers, has given the following general character of his compositions:—"His original poems give him very superior claims to a place in this collection. Although we find some of the metaphysical conceits so common in his day, particularly in the Elegy on Lady Markham, he is in general more free from them than his contemporaries. His sentiments are elegant and refined, and his versification is unusually harmonious. Where have we more lively imagery, or in such profusion, as in the sonnet, "Like a Ring without a Finger?". His amatory poems are sprightly and original, and some of his lyrics rise to the empassioned spirit of Shakspeare and Milton. Mr Brydges is of opinion that the third song in the play of Nice Valour afforded the first hint of the Il Penseroso." With respect to the last sentence it may be observed, that Milton certainly took more than the hint of his poem from that song, as was long ago noticed by Seward,[1] but it has been rendered more than probable, in the introduction to that play,[2] that the song, as well as the whole play, was the composition of Fletcher, after the death of Beaumont.

[1] See on this subject, vol. IV. pp. 266, 319.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 265.

POEMS.

To the true Patroness of all Poetry,

CALLIOPE.

It is a statute in deep wisdom's lore,
That for his lines none should a patron chuse
By wealth and poverty, by less or more,
But who the same is able to peruse.
Nor ought a man his labour dedicate,
Without a true and sensible desert,
To any power of such a mighty state;
But such a wise defendress as thou art:
Thou great and powerful Muse, then pardon me
That I presume thy maiden cheek to stain
In dedicating such a work to thee,
Sprung from the issue of an idle brain.
I use thee as a woman ought to be,
I consecrate my idle hours to thee.

F. B.

The Author to the Reader.

I SING the fortune of a luckless pair,
Whose spotless souls now in one body be;
For beauty still is Prodromus to care,
Crost by the sad stars of nativity:
And of the strange enchantment of a well,
Given by the Gods, my sportive muse doth write,
Which sweet-lipp'd Ovid long ago did tell,
Wherein who bathes, straight turns Hermaphro-
dite:
I hope my poem is so lively writ,
That thou wilt turn half-mad with reading it.

SALMACIS AND HERMAPHRODITUS:

OR,

THE HERMAPHRODITE.

FROM OVID.

My wanton lines do treat of amorous love,
Such as would bow the hearts of gods above.
Thou Venus, our great Cytherean queen,
That hourly trip'st on the Idalian green;
Thou laughing Erycina, deign to see
These verses wholly consecrate to thee:
Temper them so within thy Paphian shrine,
That every lover's eye may melt a line;
Command the god of love, that little king,
To give each verse a slight touch with his wing;

That, as I write, one line may draw the other,
And every word skip nimbly o'er another.
There was a lovely boy the nymphs had kept,
That on th' Idalian mountains oft had slept,
Begot and born by pow'rs that dwelt above,
By learned Mercury on the queen of love.
A face he had that show'd his parents' fame,
And from them both conjoined he drew his name.
So wondrous fair he was, that (as they say)
Diana being hunting on a day,
She saw the boy upon a green bank lay him,
And there the virgin huntress meant to slay him;
Because no nymphs would now pursue the chace,
For all were struck blind with the wanton's face.
But when that beauteous face Diana saw,
Her arms were nummed, and she could not draw,
Yet did she strive to shoot, but all in vain,
She bent her bow, but loosed it straight again:
Then she began to chide her wanton eye,
And fain would shoot, but durst not see him die.
She turn'd and shot, but did of purpose miss him,
She turn'd again, but could not choose but kiss him.
Then the boy ran: for some say had he staid,
Diana had no longer been a maid.
Phœbus so doated on this roseate face,
That he hath oft stol'n closely from his place,
When he did lie by fair Leucothoë's side,
To dally with him in the vales of Ide;
And ever since this lovely boy did die,
Phœbus each day about the world doth fly,
And on the earth he seeks him all the day,
And every night he seeks him in the sea.
His cheeks were sanguine, and his lips were red,
As are the blushing leaves of the rose spread;
And I have heard that till this boy was born,
Roses grew white upon the virgin thorn;

Till one day walking to a pleasant spring,
To hear how cunningly the birds could sing,
Laying him down upon a flow'ry bed,
The roses blushed and turn'd themselves to red:
The rose that blushed not for his great offence,
The gods did punish, and for 's impudence
They gave this doom, and 'twas agreed by all,
The smell of the white rose should be but small.
His hair was bushy, but it was not long;
The nymphs had done his tresses mighty wrong,
For as it grew they pull'd away his hair,
And made habiliments of gold to wear.
His eyes were Cupid's, for until his birth
Cupid had eyes, and lived upon the earth;
Till on a day, when the great queen of love
Was by her white doves drawn from heav'n above,
Unto the top of the Idalian hill,
To see how well the nymphs her charge fulfil,
And whether they had done the goddess right
In nursing of her sweet Hermaphrodite;
Whom when she saw, although compleat and full,
Yet she complained his eyes were somewhat dull;
And therefore, more the wanton boy to grace,
She pull'd the sparkling eyes from Cupid's face,
Feigning a cause to take away his sight,
Because the ape would sometimes shoot for spite:
But Venus set those eyes in such a place,
As graced those clear eyes with a clearer face.
For his white hand each goddess did him woo,
For it was whiter than the driven snow;
His leg was straighter than the thigh of Jove,
And he far fairer than the god of love.
When first this well-shaped boy, beauty's chief king,
Had seen the labour of the fifteenth spring,
How curiously it painted all the earth,
He 'gan to travel from his place of birth,

Leaving the stately hills where he was nurst,
And where the nymphs had brought him up at first
He loved to travel unto coasts unknown,
To see the regions far beyond his own,
Seeking clear ivory springs to bathe him in,
For he did love to wish his ivory skin
The lovely nymphs have oft times seen him swim,
And closely stol'n his clothes from off the brim,
Because the wanton wenches would so fain
See him come nak'd to ask his clothes again.
He loved besides to see the Lycian grounds,
And know the wealthy Carians' utmost bounds.
Using to travel thus, one day he found
A crystal brook that trill'd along the ground;
A brook that in reflection did surpass
The clear reflection of the clearest glass.
About the side there grew no foggy reeds,
Nor was the front compass'd with barren weeds,
But living turf grew all along the side,
And grass that ever flourish'd in his pride.
Within this brook a beauteous nymph did dwell,
Who for her comely feature did excel:
So fair she was, of such a pleasing grace,
So straight a body, and so sweet a face,
So soft a belly, such a lusty thigh,
So large a forehead, such a crystal eye,
So soft and moist a hand, so smooth a breast,
So fair a cheek, so well in all the rest,
That Jupiter would revel in her bower
Were he to spend again his golden shower.
Her teeth were whiter than the morning milk,
Her lips were softer than the softest silk;
Her hair as far surpass'd the burnished gold,
As silver doth excel the basest mold.
Jove courted her for her translucent eye,
And told her he would place her in the sky;

Promising her, if she would be his love,
He would engrave her in the heavens above:
Telling this lovely nymph, that if she would,
He could deceive her in a shower of gold;
Or, like a swan, come naked to her bed,
And so deceive her of her maidenhead.
But yet, because he thought that pleasure best
Where each consenting joins each loving breast,
He would put off that all-commanding crown,
Whose terror struck the aspiring giants down;
That glittering crown, whose radiant sight did toss
Great Pelion from the top of mighty Osse,
He would depose from his world-swaying head,
To taste the amorous pleasure of her bed;
This added; he besides, the more to grace her,
Like a bright star he would in heaven's vault place
her.
By this the proud lascivious nymph was moved,
Perceiving that by great Jove she was loved:
And hoping as a star she should ere long
Be stern or gracious to the seaman's song,
(For mortals still are subject to the eye,
And what it sees they strive to get as high)
She was contented that almighty Jove
Should have the first and best fruits of her love;
For women may be likened to the year,
Whose first fruits still do make the daintiest chear;
But yet Astræa first should plight her troth,
For the performance of Jove's sacred oath;
Just times decline, and all good days are dead,
When heavenly oaths had need be warranted.
This heard great Jupiter, and liked it well,
And hastily he seeks Astræa's cell,
About the massy earth searching her tower;
But she had long since left this earthly bower,
And flew to Heaven above, loathing to see
The sinful actions of humanity:

Which when Jove did perceive he left the earth,
And flew up to the place of his own birth,
The burning heavenly throne, where he did spy
Astræa's palace in the glittering sky.
This stately tower was builded up on high,
Far from the reach of any mortal eye;
And from the palace' side there did distil
A little water through a little quill,
The dew of justice, which did seldom fall,
And when it dropt the drops were very small.
Glad was great Jove, when he beheld her tower,
Meaning a while to rest him in her bower,
And therefore sought to enter at her door:
But there was such a busy rout before,
(Some serving-men, and some promooters* be)
That he could pass no foot without a fee.
But as he goes he reaches out his hands,
And pays each one in order as he stands,
And still as he was paying those before,
Some slipp'd again betwixt him and the door.
At length, with much ado, he passed them all,
And entering straight into a spacious hall,
Full of dark angles and of hidden ways,
Crooked meanders, infinite delays,
All which delays and entries he must pass
Ere he could come where just Astræa was;
All these being past by his immortal wit,
Without her door he saw a porter sit,
An aged man that long time there had been,
Who used to search all those that entered in;
And still to every one he gave this curse,
"None must see Justice but with empty purse."
This man search'd Jove for his own private gain,
To seel the money which did yet remain,

* *Promooters.*] This seems to be a law phrase, probably derived from *moot*, a point or case in dispute.

Which was but small, for much was spent before
On the tumultuous rout that kept the door;
When he had done, he brought him to the place,
Where he might see divine Astræa's face.
There the great king of gods and men in went,
And saw his daughter Venus there lament,
And crying loud for justice, whom Jove found
Kneeling before Astræa on the ground;
And still she cried and begg'd for a just doom
Against black Vulcan, that unseemly groom,
Whom she had chosen for her only love,
Though she was daughter to great thund'ring
Jove;
And though the fairest goddess, yet content
To marry him, though weak and impotent.
But for all this they always were at strife:
For ever more he rail'd at her his wife,
Telling her still, "Thou art no wife of mine,
Another's strumpet, Mars his concubine."
By this Astræa spied almighty Jove,
And bowed her finger to the queen of love
To cease her suit, which she would hear anon,
When the great king of all the world was gone
Then she descended from her stately throne,
Which seat was builded all of jasper stone,
And o'er the seat was painted all above
The wanton, unseen stealths of amorous Jove
There might a man behold the naked pride
Of lovely Venus in the vale of Ide,
When Pallas, and Jove's beauteous wife, and she
Strove for the prize of beauty's rarity:
And there lame Vulcan and his Cyclops strove
To make the thunderbolt for mighty Jove.
From this same stately throne she down descended
And said the griefs of Jove should be amended,
Asking the king of gods what luckless cause,
What great contempt of state, what breach of laws,

(For sure she thought some uncouth cause befell,
That made him visit poor Astræa's cell,)
Troubled his thoughts; and, if she might decide it,
Who vext great Jove full dearly should abide it:
Jove only thank'd her, and began to shew
His cause of coming, (for each one doth know
The longing words of lovers are not many,
If they desire to be enjoyed of any,)
Telling Astræa, it would now befall
That she might make him blest that blesseth all:
For as he walk'd upon the flow'ry earth,
To which his own hands whilome gave a birth,
To see how straight he held it, and how just
He ruled this massy ponderous heap of dust;
He laid him down by a cool river's side,
Whose pleasant water did so gently slide,
With such soft whispering, for the brook was deep,
That it had lull'd him in a heavenly sleep.
When first he laid him down there was none near
him,
(For he did call before, but none could hear him)
But a fair nymph was bathing when he waked,—
(Here sigh'd great Jove, and after brought forth)
—naked.
He seeing, loved the nymph, yet here did rest
Where just Astræa might make Jove be blest,
If she would pass her faithful word so far
As that great Jove should make the nymph a star.
Astræa yielded, at which Joved was pleased,
And all his longing hopes and fears were eased;
Jove took his leave, and parted from her sight,
Whose thoughts were full of lovers' sweet de-
light;
And she ascended to the throne above,
To hear the griefs of the great queen of love;
But she was satisfied, and would no more
Rail at her husband as she did before;

But forth she tripp'd apace, because she strove
With her swift feet to overtake great Jove.
She skipt so nimbly as she went to look him,
That at the palace-door she overtook him.
The way was plain and broad as they went out,
And now they could see no tumultuous rout.
Here Venus, fearing lest the love of Jove
Should make this maid be placed in heaven above,
Because she thought this nymph so wond'rous bright
That she would dazzle her accustomed light,
And fearing now she should not first be seen
Of all the glittering stars as she had been,
But that the wanton nymph would every night
Be first that should salute each mortal sight,
Began to tell great Jove she grieved to see
The heaven so full of his iniquity:
Complaining that each strumpet now was graced,
And with immortal goddesses was placed,
Intreating him to place in heaven no more
Each wanton strumpet and lascivious whore.
Jove, mad with love, minded not what she said,
His thoughts were so entangled with the maid;
But furiously he to his palace leapt,
Being minded there till morning to have slept;
For the next morn, so soon as Phœbus' rays
Should yet shine cool by reason of the seas,
And ere the parting tears of Thetis' bed
Should be quite shaked from off his glittering head,
Astræa promised to attend great Jove
At his own palace in the heavens above,
And at that palace she would set her hand
To what the love-sick god should her command:
But to descend to earth she did deny;
She loath'd the sight of any mortal eye,
And for the compass of the earthly round
She would not set one foot upon the ground:

Therefore Jove meant to rise but with the sun,
Yet thought it long until the night was done.
In the mean space Venus was drawn along,
By her white doves, unto the sweating throng
Of hammering blacksmiths, at the lofty hill
Of stately Etna, whose top burneth still;
For at that [lofty] mountain's glittering top[1]
Her cripple husband Vulcan kept his shop.
To him she went, and so collogues that night[2]
With the best strains of pleasure's sweet delight,
That ere they parted she made Vulcan swear
By dreadful Styx, (an oath that gods do fear)
If Jove would make the mortal maid a star,
Himself should frame his thunderbolts of war:
He then took oath by black Cocytus' lake
He never more a thunderbolt would make;
For Venus so this night his senses pleased,
That now he thought his former griefs were eased;
She with her hands the blacksmith's body bound,
And with her ivory arms she twin'd him round;
And still the fair queen with a pretty grace
Dispersed her sweet breath o'er his swarthy face;
Her snowy arms so well she did display,
That Vulcan thought they melted as they lay.
Until the morn in this delight they lay,
Then up they got, and hasted fast away,
In the white chariot of the queen of love,
Towards the palace of great thund'ring Jove;
Where they did see divine Astræa stand
To pass her word for what Jove should command.

[1] *For at that mountain's glittering top.*] This line wants a foot, which I have ventured to supply.

[2] —— *and so collogues that night.*] To collogue is to wheedle or flatter. The word is now confined to the vulgar.

In limp'd the blacksmith; after stept his queen,
Whose light arrayment was of lovely green.
When they were in, Vulcan began to swear
By oaths that Jupiter himself doth fear,
If any whore in heaven's bright vault were seen
To dim the shining of his beauteous queen,
Each mortal man should the great god disgrace,
And mock almighty Jove unto his face;
And giants should enforce bright heaven to fall
Ere he would frame one thunderbolt at all.
Jove did entreat him that he would forbear;
The more he spake the more did Vulcan swear.
Jove heard the words, and 'gan to make his moan,
That mortal men would pluck him from his throne,
Or else he must incur the plague, he said,
Quite to forego the pleasure of the maid;
And once he thought, rather than lose these blisses,
Her heavenly sweets, her most delicious kisses,
Her soft embraces and the amorous nights,
That he should often spend in her delights,
He would be quite thrown down by mortal hands,
From the best place where his bright palace stands:
But afterwards he saw with better sight,
He should be scorn'd by every mortal wight,
If he should want his thunderbolts to beat
Aspiring mortals from his glittering seat;
Therefore the god no more did woo or move her,
But left to seek her love, though not to love her:
Yet he forgot not that he wooed the lass,
But made her twice as beauteous as she was,
Because his wonted love he needs would shew.
This have I heard, but yet not thought it true;
And whether her clear beauty was so bright,
That it could dazzle the immortal sight
Of gods, and make them for her love despair,
I do not know, but sure the maid was fair.

. Yet the fair nymph was never seen resort
Unto the savage and the bloody sport
Of chaste Diana, nor was ever wont
To bend a bow, nor never used to hunt;
Nor did she ever strive with pretty cunning
To overgo her fellow nymphs in running:
For she was the fair water-nymph alone
That unto chaste Diana was unknown.
It is reported that her fellows used
To bid her (though the beauteous nymph refused)
To take a painted quiver or a dart,
And put her lazy idleness apart.
But she would none; but in the fountains swims,
Where oft she washeth o'er her snowy limbs:
Sometimes she comb'd her soft dishevell'd hair,
Which with a fillet tied she oft did wear;
But sometimes loose she let it hang behind,
When she was pleased to grace the eastern wind,
For up and down it would her tresses hurl,
And as she went it made her loose hair curl:
Oft in the water did she see her face,
And oft she used to practise what quaint grace
Might well become her, and what comely feature
Might be best fitting so divine a creature.
Her skin was with a thin veil overthrown,
Through which her naked beauty clearly shone;
She used in this light raiment as she was
To spread her body on the dewy grass:
Sometimes by her own fountain as she walks
She nipt the flowers from off the fertile stalks,
And with a garland of the sweating vine
Sometimes she doth her beauteous front entwine.
But she was gathering flowers with her white hand,
When she beheld Hermaphroditus stand
By her clear fountain, wond'ring at the sight,
That there was any brook could be so bright;

For this was the bright river where the boy
Did die himself, that he could not enjoy
Himself in pleasure, nor could taste the blisses
Of his own melting and delicious kisses.
Here did she see him, and by Venus' law
She did desire to have him as she saw:
But the fair nymph had never seen the place
Where the boy was, nor his enchanting face,
But by an uncouth accident of love
Betwixt great Phœbus and the son of Jove,
Light-headed Bacchus: for upon a day
As the boy-god was keeping on his way,
Bearing his vine-leaves and his ivy-bands
To Naxos, where his house and temple stands,
He saw the nymph, and seeing he did stay,
And threw his leaves and ivy-bands away,
Thinking at first she was of heavenly birth,
Some goddess that did live upon the earth;
Virgin Diana that so lovely shone
When she did court her sweet Endymion;
But he, a god, at last did plainly see
She had no mark of immortality:
Unto the nymph went the young god of wine,
Whose head was chafed so with the bleeding vine
That now or fear or terror he had none,
But 'gan to court her as she sat alone.
" Fairer than fairest!" (thus began his speech)
" Would but your radiant eye please to enrich
My eye with looking, or one glance to give
Whereby my other parts may feed and live,
Or with one sight my senses to inspire
Far livelier than the stol'n Promethean fire;
Then might I live; then by the sunny light
That should proceed from thy chief radiant sight,
I might survive to ages; but that missing,"—
(At that same word he would have fain been kiss-
ing)—

"I pine, fair nymph; oh, never let me die
For one poor glance from thy translucent eye,
Far more transparent than the clearest brook."
The nymph was taken with his golden book;
Yet she turn'd back and would have tripp'd away,
But Bacchus forced the lovely maid to stay,
Asking her why she struggled to be gone,
Why such a nymph should wish to live alone?
Heaven never made her fair that she should vaunt
She kept all beauty, yet would never grant
She should be born so beauteous from her mother,
But to reflect her beauty on another:
"Then with a sweet kiss cast thy beams on me,
And I'll reflect them back again on thee.
At Naxos stands my temple and my shrine,
Where I do press the lusty swelling vine;
There with green ivy shall thy head be bound,
And with the red grape be encircled round;
There shall Silenus sing unto thy praise
His drunken reeling songs and tippling lays.
Come hither, gentle nymph."—Here blushed the maid,
And fain she would have gone, but yet she stayed.
Bacchus perceived he had o'ercome the lass,
And down he throws her in the dewy grass,
And kissed the helpless nymph upon the ground,
And would have strayed beyond that lawful bound.
This saw bright Phœbus, for his glittering eye
Sees all that lies below the starry sky;
And for an old affection that he bore
Unto this lovely nymph long time before,
(For he would oft times in his circle stand,
And sport himself upon her snowy hand;)
He kept her from the sweets of Bacchus' bed,
And 'gainst her will he saved her maidenhead.

Bacchus perceiving this, apace did hie
Unto the palace of swift Mercury;
But he did find him far below his birth,
Drinking with thieves and catchpoles on the earth,
And they were parting what they stole to-day,
In consultation for to-morrow's prey.
To him went youthful Bacchus, and began
To shew his cause of grief against the Sun;
How he bereft him of the heavenly blisses,
His sweet delight, his nectar-flowing kisses,
And other sweeter sweets that he had won
But for the malice of the bright-faced Sun;
Intreating Mercury by all the love
That had him borne amongst the sons of Jove,*
(Of which they two were part) to stand his friend
Against the God that did him so offend.
The quaint-tongued issue of great Atlas' race,
Swift Mercury, that with delightful grace,
And pleasing accents of his feigned tongue,
Had oft reform'd a rude uncivil throng
Of mortals, that great messenger of Jove,
And all the meaner gods that dwell above,
He whose acute wit was so quick and sharp
In the invention of the crooked harp;
He that's so cunning with his jesting sleights
To steal from heavenly Gods, or earthly wights,
Bearing a great hate in his grieved breast
Against that great commander of the West,
Bright-faced Apollo; for upon a day
Young Mercury did steal his beasts away;
Which the great God perceiving, straight did show
The piercing arrows and the fearful bow

* *That had* him born *amongst the sons of Jove.*] If this is not corrupt, it must mean, that was borne to him by the sons of Jove, or else the love that was borne to him above all the sons of Jove. Perhaps we should read—"*He* had him borne amongst the sons of Jove;" *he* referring to Bacchus.

That kill'd great Pithon, and with that did threat
him,
To bring his beasts again, or he would beat him;
Which Mercury perceiving, unespied,
Did closely steal his arrows from his side:
For this old grudge he was the easier won
To help young Bacchus 'gainst the fiery Sun.
And now the Sun was in the middle way,
And had o'ercome the one half of the day;
Scorching so hot upon the reeking sand
That lies upon the mere[5] Egyptian land,
That the hot people, burnt even from their birth,
Do creep again into their mother Earth:
When Mercury did take his powerful wand,
His charming caduceus in his hand,
And the thick beaver which he used to wear,
When aught from Jove he to the Sun did bear,
That did protect him from the piercing light
Which did proceed from Phœbus' glittering sight;
Clad in these powerful ornaments he flies
With out-stretcht wings up to the azure skies,
Where, seeing Phœbus in his orient shrine,
He did so well revenge the god of wine,
That, whilst the Sun wonders his chariot reels,
The crafty god had stol'n away his wheels.
Which when he did perceive he down did slide,
(Laying his golden coronet aside)
From the bright spangled firmament above,
To seek the nymph that Bacchus so did love,
And found her looking in the wat'ry glass,
To see how clear her radiant beauty was:

[5] *That lies upon the* mere *Egyptian land.*] *Mere*, I should suppose, means in this place *whole, entire.* So in All's Well that Ends Well:—

"Think you it is so?
Hel. Ay, surely, *mere* the truth;"

that is, as Malone explains it, "the exact, the *entire* truth."

And (for he had but little time to stay,
Because he meant to finish out his day)
At the first sight he 'gan to make his moan,
Telling her how his fiery wheels were gone;
Promising her if she would but obtain
The wheels that Mercury had stol'n again,
That he might end his day, she should enjoy
The heavenly sight of the most beauteous boy
That ever was. The nymph was pleased with this,
Hoping to reap some unaccustom'd bliss,
By the sweet pleasure that she should enjoy
In the blest sight of such a melting boy.
Therefore at his request she did obtain
The burning wheels that he had lost again;
Which when he had received, he left the land,
And brought them thither where his coach did stand,
And there he set them on, for all this space
The horses had not stirr'd from out their place;
Which when he saw he wept, and 'gan to say,
" 'Would Mercury had stol'n my wheels away
When Phaëton, my hair-brain'd issue, tried
What a laborious thing it was to guide
My burning chariot! then he might have pleased me,
And of a father's grief he might have eased me:
For then the steeds would have obey'd his will,
Or else at least they would have rested still."
When he had done he took his whip of steel,
Whose bitter smart he made his horses feel;
For he did lash so hard to end the day,
That he was quickly at the western sea.
And there with Thetis did he rest a space,
For he did never rest in any place
Before that time; but ever since his wheels
Were stol'n away, his burning chariot reels
Tow'rds the declining of the parting day;
Therefore he lights and mends them in the sea.

And though the poets feign that Jove did make
A treble night for fair Alcmena's sake,
That he might sleep securely with his love,
Yet sure the long night was unknown to Jove:
But the Sun's wheels one day disorder'd more,
Were thrice as long a-mending as before.
Now was the Sun environ'd with the sea,
Cooling his wat'ry tresses as he lay,
And in dread Neptune's kingdom while he sleeps,
Fair Thetis clips him in the wat'ry deeps;
There mermaids and the Tritons of the west,
Straining their voices to make Titan rest;
The while the black Night, with her pithy hand,
Took just possession of the swarthy land,
He spent the darksome hours in this delight,
Giving his power up to the gladsome Night;
For ne'er before he was so truly blest
To take an hour or one poor minute's rest.
But now the burning God this pleasure feels
By reason of his newly-crazed wheels;
There must he stay until lame Vulcan send
The fiery wheels which he had took to mend.
Now all the night the smith so hard had wrought,
That ere the Sun could wake his wheels were brought;
Titan being pleased with rest and not to rise,
And loth to open yet his slumbering eyes,
And yet perceiving how the longing sight
Of mortals waited for his glittering flight,
He sent Aurora from him to the sky
To give a glimpsing to each mortal eye.
Aurora, much ashamed of that same place
That great Apollo's light was wont to grace,
Finding no place to hide her shameful head,
Painted her chaste cheeks with a blushing red;
Which ever since remain'd upon her face
In token of her new-received disgrace:

Therefore she not so white as she had been,
Loathing of every mortal to be seen,
No sooner 'gan the rosy-fingered Morn
Kiss every flower that by her dew is born,
But from the golden window she doth peep
When the most part of earthly creatures sleep.
By this bright Titan opened had his eyes,
And 'gan to jerk his horses through the skies,
And taking in his hand his fiery whip,
He made Æous and swift Æthon skip
So fast, that straight he dazzled had the sight,
Of fair Aurora, glad to see his light.
And now the Sun in all his fiery haste
Did call to mind his promise lately past,
And all the vows and oaths that he did pass
Unto fair Salmacis, the beauteous lass:
For he had promised her she should enjoy
So lovely, fair, and such a well-shaped boy,
As ne'er before his own all-seeing eye
Saw from his bright seat in the starry sky.
Remembering this, he sent the boy that way
Where the clear fountain of the fair nymph lay;
There was he come to seek some pleasing brook.
No sooner came he but the nymph was struck,
And though she longed to embrace the boy,
Yet did the nymph a while defer her joy,
Till she had bound up her loose flagging hair,
And well ordered the garments she did wear,
Feigning her count'nance with a lover's care,
And did deserve to be accounted fair;
When thus much spake she while the boy abode,
" O boy, more worthy to be thought a god!
Thou may'st inhabit in the glorious place,
Of gods, or may'st proceed from human race;
Thou may'st be Cupid, or the god of wine
That lately wooed me with the swelling vine:
But whosoe'er thou art, O happy he
That was so blest to be a sire to thee!

.Thy happy mother is most blest of many,
Blessed thy sisters, if her womb bare any;
Both fortunate, Oh! and thrice happy she
Whose too much blessed breast gave suck to thee!
If any's wish with thy sweet bed be blest,
Oh, she is far more happy than the rest!
If thou hast any, let her name be known,
Or else let me be she, if thou hast none."
Here did she pause a while, and then she said,
"Be not obdurate to a silly maid;
A flinty heart within a snowy breast
Is like base mold lock'd in a golden chest;
They say the eye's the index of the heart,
And shews th' affection of each inward part:
Then love plays lively there, the little god
Hath a clear crystal palace of abode;
Oh! bar him not from playing in thy heart,
That sports himself upon each outward part."
Thus much she spake, and then her tongue was hush'd.
At her loose speech[6] Hermaphroditus blush'd;
He knew not what love was, yet love did shame him,
Making him blush, and yet his blush became him.
Then might a man his lively colour see
Like the ripe apple on a sunny tree,
Or ivory dyed o'er with a pleasing red,
Or like the pale morn being shadowed.
By this the nymph recovered had her tongue,
That to her thinking lay in silence long,
And said, "Thy cheek is mild: Oh, be thou so!
Thy cheek saith, aye, then do not answer, no;
Thy cheek doth shame, then do thou shame," she said,
"It is a man's shame to deny a maid:

[6] *Speeches.*] So the old copies.

Thou look'st to sport with Venus in her bower,
And be beloved of every heavenly power;
Men are but mortals, so are women too,
Why should your thoughts aspire more than ours do?
For sure they do aspire; else could a youth,
Whose countenance is full of spotless truth,
Be so relentless to a virgin's tongue?
Let me be wooed by thee but half so long;
With half those terms do but my love require,
And I will easily grant thee thy desire:
Ages are bad when men become so slow,
That poor unskilful maids are forced to woo."
Her radiant beauty and her subtle art
So deeply struck Hermaphroditus' heart,
That she had won his love, but that the light
Of her translucent eye did shine too bright;
For long he looked upon the lovely maid,
And at the last Hermaphroditus said:
"How should I love thee, when I do espy
A far more beauteous nymph hid in thy eye?
When thou dost love let not that nymph be nigh thee,
Nor, when thou woo'st, let that same nymph be by thee;
Or quite obscure her from thy lover's face,
Or hide her beauty in a darker place."
By this the nymph perceived he did espy
None but himself reflected in her eye;
And, for himself no more she meant to shew him,
She shut her eyes, and blindfold thus did wooe him:
"Fair boy, think not thy beauty can dispense
With any pain due to a bad offence;
Remember how the gods punish'd that boy,
That scorn'd to let a beauteous nymph enjoy
Her long-wished pleasure; for the peevish elf,
Loved of all others, needs would love himself:
So may'st thou love perhaps: thou may'st be blest
By granting to a luckless nymph's request;

Then rest awhile with me amidst these weeds,
The Sun, that sees all, winks at lovers' deeds.
Phœbus is blind when love-sports are begun,
And never sees until their sports be done.
Believe me, boy, thy blood is very staid,
Thou art so loth to kiss a youthful maid:
Wert thou a maid and I a man, I'll shew thee
With what a manly boldness I would woo thee:
'Fairer than Love's queen' (thus I would begin)
'Might not my over-boldness be a sin,
I would entreat this favour, if I could,
Thy roseate cheeks a little to behold!'
Then would I beg a touch, and then a kiss,
And then a lower yet a higher bliss;
Then would I ask what Jove and Leda did,
When like a swan the crafty god was hid.
What came he for? Why did he there abide?
Surely I think he did not come to chide;
He came to see her face, to talk and chat,
To touch, to kiss: came he for nought but that?
Yes, something else: what was it he would have?
That which all men of maidens ought to crave."
  This said, her eyelids wide she did display,
But in this space the boy was run away;
The wanton speeches of the lovely lass
Forced him for shame to hide him in the grass.
When she perceived she could not see him near her,
When she had called, and yet he would not hear her;
Look, how, when autumn comes, a little space
Paleth the red blush of the Summer's face,
Tearing the leaves, the Summer's covering,
Three months in weaving by the curious Spring,
Making the grass, his green locks, go to wrack,
Tearing each ornament from off his back;
So did she spoil the garments she did wear,
Tearing whole ounces of her golden hair.

She, thus deluded of her longed bliss,
With much ado at last she uttered this:
" Why wert so bashful, boy? Thou hast no part
Shews thee to be of such a female heart!
His eye is grey, so is the Morning's eye,
That blusheth always when the day is nigh.
Then is grey eyes the cause? that cannot be,
The grey-eyed Morn is far more bold than he;
For with a gentle dew from Heaven's bright tower,
It gets the maidenhead of every flower:
I would to God he were the roseate Morn,
And I a flower from out the earth new-born.
His face was smooth; Narcissus' face was so,
And he was careless of a sad nymph's woe:
Then that's the cause; and yet that cannot be,
Youthful Narcissus was more bold than he,
Because he died for love, though of his shade;
This boy nor loves himself, nor yet a maid.
Besides, his glorious eye is wond'rous bright;
So is the fiery and all-seeing light
Of Phœbus, who at every morning's birth
Blusheth for shame upon the sullen earth:
Then that's the cause: and yet that cannot be,
The fiery Sun is far more bold than he;
He nightly kisseth Thetis in the sea;
All know the story of Leucothoë.
His cheek is red, so is the fragrant rose,
Whose ruddy cheek with over-blushing glows;
Then that's the cause: and yet that cannot be,
Each blushing rose is far more bold than he;
Whose boldness may be plainly seen in this,
The ruddy rose is not ashamed to kiss;
For always, when the day is new begun,
The spreading rose will kiss the morning sun."
This said, hid in the grass she did espy him,
And stumbling with her will, she fell down by him,

And with her wanton talk, because he woo'd not,
Begg'd that which he, poor novice, understood not.
And (for she could not get a greater bliss)
She did entreat at least a sister's kiss;
But still the more she did the boy beseech,
The more he pouted at her wanton speech.
At last the nymph began to touch his skin,
Whiter than mountain-snow hath ever been;
And did in pureness that clear spring surpass
Wherein Acteon saw the Arcadian lass.
Thus did she dally long, till at the last
In her white palm she lock'd his white hand fast;
Then in her hands his wrist she 'gan to close,
When through his pulses straight his warm blood glows,
Whose youthful music, fanning Cupid's fire,
In her warm breast kindled a fresh desire;
Then did she lift her hand unto his breast,
A part as white and youthful as the rest,
Where, as his flow'ry breath still comes and goes,
She felt his gentle heart pant through his clothes.
At last she took her hand from off that part,
And said it panted like another heart:
"Why should it be more feeble and less bold?
Why should the blood about it be more cold?
Nay, sure that yields, only thy tongue denies,
And the true fancy of thy heart belies."
Then did she lift her hand unto his chin,
And praised the pretty dimpling of his skin.
But straight his skin she 'gan to overslip,
When she beheld the redness of his lip,
And said: "Thy lips are soft, press them to mine,
And thou shalt see they are as soft as thine."
Then would she fain have gone unto his eye,
But still his ruddy lip standing so nigh,
Drew her hand back, therefore his eye she miss'd,
'Ginning to clasp his neck, and would have kiss'd:

But then the boy did struggle to be gone,
Vowing to leave her in that place alone:
But the bright Salmacis began to fear,
And said: "Fair stranger, I will leave thee here,
Amid these[7] pleasant places all alone."
So turning back, she feigned to be gone:
But from his sight she had no power to pass,
Therefore she turned and hid her in the grass;
When to the ground bending her snow-white knee,
The glad earth gave new coats to every tree.
He then supposing he was all alone,
Like a young boy that is espied of none,
Runs here and there, then on the banks doth look,
Then on the crystal current of the brook;
Then with his feet he touch'd the silver streams,
Whose drowsy waves made music in their dreams,
And, for he was not wholly in, did weep,
Talking aloud and babbling in their sleep;
Whose pleasant coolness when the boy did feel,
He thrust his foot down lower to the heel,
O'ercome with whose sweet noise he did begin
To strip his soft clothes from his tender skin.
When straight the scorching Sun wept tears of
brine,
Because he durst not touch him with his shine,
For fear of spoiling that same ivory skin
Whose whiteness he so much delighted in;
And then the Moon, mother of mortal ease,
Would fain have come from the Antipodes
To have beheld him naked as he stood,
Ready to leap into the silver flood;
But might not, for the laws of Heaven deny
To shew men's secrets to a woman's eye:
And therefore was her sad and gloomy light
Confined unto the secret-keeping night.

[7] And *these*.] So the former copy.

When beauteous Salmacis a while had gazed
Upon his naked corpse, she stood amazed,
And both her sparkling eyes burnt in her face,
Like the bright sun reflected in a glass:
Scarce can she stay from running to the boy,
Scarce can she now defer her hoped joy:
So fast her youthful blood plays in her veins,
That, almost mad, she scarce herself contains;
When young Hermaphroditus, as he stands
Clapping his white sides with his hollow hands,
Leapt lively from the land whereon he stood
Into the main part of the crystal flood;
Like ivory then his snowy body was,
Or a white lily in a crystal glass.
Then rose the water-nymph from where she lay,
As having won the glory of the day,
And her light garments cast from off her skin,
"He's mine," she cried, and so leapt sprightly in.
The flattering ivy who did ever see
Inclasp the huge trunk of an aged tree,
Let him behold the young boy as he stands
Inclaspt in wanton Salmacis' pure hands;
Betwixt those ivory arms she lockt him fast,
Striving to get away; till at the last,
Fondling she said, "Why striv'st thou to be gone?
Why should'st thou so desire to be alone?
Thy cheek is never fair when none is by,
For what is red and white but to the eye?
And for that cause the heavens are dark at night,
Because all creatures close their weary sight;
For there's no mortal can so early rise
But still the morning waits upon his eyes.
The early-rising and soon-singing lark
Can never chant her sweet notes in the dark;
For sleep she ne'er so little or so long,
Yet still the morning will attend her song.

All creatures that beneath bright Cynthia be
Have appetite unto society;
The overflowing waves would have a bound
Within the confines of the spacious ground,
And all their shady currents would be placed
In hollow of the solitary waste,
But that they loath to let her soft streams sing
Where none can hear their gentle murmuring."
Yet still the boy, regardless what she said,
Struggled apace to overswim the maid;
Which when the nymph perceived she 'gan to say,
" Struggle thou may'st, but never get away:
So grant, just gods, that never day may see
The separation 'twixt this boy and me!"
The gods did hear her prayer, and feel her woe,
And in one body they began to grow.
She felt his youthful blood in every vein,
And he felt her's warm his cold breast again;
And ever since was woman's love so blest,
That it will draw blood from the strongest breast.
Nor man nor maid now could they be esteem'd,
Neither and either might they well be deem'd.
When the young boy, Hermaphroditus, said,
With the set voice of neither man nor maid:
" Swift Mercury, thou author of my life,
And thou my mother, Vulcan's lovely wife,
Let your poor offspring's latest breath be blest
In but obtaining this his last request:
Grant that whoe'er, heated by Phœbus' beams,
Shall come to cool him in these silver streams,
May never more a manly shape retain,
But half a virgin may return again."
His parents hearken'd to his last request,
And with that great pow'r they the fountain blest;
And since that time who in that fountain swims,
A maiden's smoothness seizeth half his limbs.

THE REMEDY OF LOVE.

FROM OVID.

When Cupid read this title, straight he said,
"Wars, I perceive, against me will be made."
But spare, oh Love! to tax thy poet so,
Who oft hath borne thy ensign 'gainst thy foe;
I am not he by whom thy mother bled,
When she to heaven on Mars his horses fled.
I oft, like other youths, thy flame did prove,
And if thou ask, what I do still? I love.
Nay, I have taught by art to keep Love's course,
And made that reason which before was force.
I seek not to betray thee, pretty boy,
Nor what I once have written to destroy.
If any love, and find his mistress kind,
Let him go on, and sail with his own wind;
But he that by his love is discontented,
To save his life my verses were invented.
Why should a lover kill himself? or why
Should any, with his own grief wounded, die?

Thou art a boy, to play becomes thee still,
Thy reign is soft; play then, and do not kill;
Or if thou'lt needs be vexing, then do this,
Make lovers meet by stealth, and steal a kiss:
Make them to fear lest any overwatch them,
And tremble when they think some come to catch
them;
And with those tears that lovers shed all night,
Be thou content, but do not kill outright.—
Love heard, and up his silver wings did heave,
And said, "Write on; I freely give thee leave."
Come then, all ye despised, that love endure,
I, that have felt the wounds, your love will cure;
But come at first, for if you make delay,
Your sickness will grow mortal by your stay:
The tree, which by delay is grown so big,
In the beginning was a tender twig;
That which at first was but a span in length,
Will, by delay, be rooted past men's strength.
Resist beginnings, medicines bring no curing
Where sickness is grown strong by long enduring.
When first thou seest a lass that likes thine eye,
Bend all thy present powers to descry
Whether her eye or carriage first would shew
If she be fit for love's delights or no:
Some will be easy, such an one elect;
But she that bears too grave and stern aspèct,
Take heed of her, and make her not thy jewel,
Either she cannot love, or will be cruel.
If love assail thee there, betime take heed,
Those wounds are dangerous that inward bleed:
He that to-day cannot shake off love's sorrow,
Will certainly be more unapt to-morrow.
Love hath so eloquent and quick a tongue,
That he will lead thee all thy life along,
And on a sudden clasp thee in a yoke,
Where thou must either draw, or striving choke.

Strive then betimes, for at the first one hand
May stop a water-drill that wears the sand;
But, if delayed, it breaks into a flood,
Mountains will hardly make the passage good.
But I am out, for now I do begin
To keep them off, not heal those that are in.
First, therefore, lovers, I intend to shew
How love came to you, then how he may go.
You that would not know what love's passions be,
Never be idle, learn that rule of me.
Ease makes you love, as that o'ercomes your wills,
Ease is the food and cause of all your ills.
Turn ease and idleness but out of door,
Love's darts are broke, his flame can burn no more.
As reeds and willows love the water's side,
So love loves with the idle to abide.
If then at liberty you fain would be,
Love yields to labour, labour and be free.
Long sleeps, soft beds, rich vintage, and high feeding,
Nothing to do, and pleasure of exceeding,
Dulls all our senses, makes our virtue stupid,
And then creeps in that crafty villain Cupid.
That boy loves ease a' life,[8] hates such a stir,
Therefore thy mind to better things prefer.
Behold thy country's enemies in arms,
At home love gripes the heart in his sly charms;
Then rise and put on armour, cast off sloth,
Thy labour may at once o'ercome them both!
If this seem hard and too unpleasant, then
Behold the law set forth by God and men;

[8] *That boy loves ease* a' life.] This is a common phrase in old poetry, being probably a contraction of *at life*. So in Kirke's Seven Champions of Christendom:—"Oh, I do love those things *a' life*—Have you any squibs in your country? Any green men in your shows, and whizers upon lines, Jack Pudding upon rope, or Sis in fire-works?"

Sit down and study that, that thou may'st know
The way to guide thyself, and others shew.
Or if thou lov'st not to be shut up so,
Learn to assail the deer with trusty bow,
That through the woods thy well-mouth'd hounds may ring,
Whose echo better joys than love will sing:
There may'st thou chance to bring thy love to end;
Diana unto Venus is no friend.
The country will afford thee means enow,
Sometimes disdain not to direct the plough;
To follow through the fields the bleating lamb,
That mourns to miss the comfort of his dam.
Assist the harvest, help to prune the trees,
Graft, plant, and sow, no kind of labour leese.[9]
Set nets for birds, with hook'd lines bait for fish,
Which will employ thy mind and fill thy dish;
That, being weary with these pains, at night
Sound sleep may put the thoughts of love to flight.
With such delights, or labours as are these,
Forget to love, and learn thyself to please.
But chiefly learn this lesson, for my sake,
Fly from her far, some journey undertake:
I know thou'lt grieve, and that her name once told,
Will be enough thy journey to withhold;
But when thou find'st thyself most bent to stay,
Compel thy feet to run with thee away.
Nor do thou wish that rain or stormy weather
May stay your steps, and bring you back together;
Count not the miles you pass, nor doubt the way,
Lest those respects should turn you back to stay.
Tell not the clock, nor look not once behind,
But fly like lightning, or the northern wind;
For where we are too much o'ermatch'd in might,
There is no way for safe-guard but by flight.

[9] *Leese.*] An obsolete word for *loose*, evidently used here *rhythmi gratia.*

But some will count my lines too hard and bitter:
I must confess them hard; but yet 'tis better
To fast a while, that health may be provoked,
Than feed at plenteous tables and be choked.
To cure the wretched body, I am sure
Both fire and steel thou gladly wilt endure:
Wilt thou not then take pains by any art
To cure thy mind, which is thy better part?
The hardness is at first, and that once past,
Pleasant and easy ways will come at last.
I do not bid thee strive with witches' charms,
Or such unholy acts, to cure thy harms;
Ceres herself, who all these things did know,
Had never power to cure her own love so:
No, take this medicine, (which of all is sure)
Labour and absence is the only cure.
  But if the fates compel thee in such fashion,
That thou must needs live near her habitation,
And canst not fly her sight, learn here of me,
Thou that[a] would'st fain, and canst not yet be free:
Set all thy mistress' faults before thine eyes,
And all thy own disgraces well advise;
Say to thyself, that "she is covetous,
Hath ta'en my gifts, and used me thus and thus;
Thus hath she sworn to me, and thus deceived;
Thus have I hoped, and thus have been bereaved.
With love she feeds my rival, while I starve,
And pours on him kisses which I deserve:
She follows him with smiles, and gives to me
Sad looks; no lover's, but a stranger's fee.
All those embraces I so oft desired,
To him she offers daily unrequired;
Whose whole desert, and half mine weighed together,
Would make mine lead, and his seem cork and feather;

[a] That thou *wouldst fain.*] So the old copy.

Then let her go, and since she proves so hard,
Regard thyself, and give her no regard."
Thus must thou school thyself, and I could wish
Thee to thyself most eloquent in this.
But put on grief enough, and do not fear,
Grief will enforce thy eloquence t' appear.
Thus I myself the love did once expel
Of one whose coyness vex'd my soul like hell.
I must confess she touch'd me to the quick,
And I, that am physician, then was sick;
But this I found to profit: I did still
Ruminate what I thought in her was ill;
And for to cure myself, I found a way,
Some honest slanders on her for to lay:
Quoth I, "How lamely doth my mistress go!"
(Although I must confess it was not so;)
I said her arms were crooked, fingers bent,
Her shoulders bow'd, her legs consumed and spent;
Her colour sad, her neck as dark as night,
When Venus might in all have ta'en delight.
But yet, because I would no more come nigh her,
Myself unto myself did thus bely her.
Do thou the like, and, though she fair appear,
Think vice to virtue often comes too near;
And in that error (though it be an error)
Preserve thyself from any further terror.
If she be round and plump, say she's too fat;
If brown, say black, and thick, who cares for that?
If she be slender, swear she is too lean,
That such a wench will wear a man out clean.
If she be red, say she's too full of blood;
If pale, her body nor her mind is good;
If wanton, say, she seeks thee to devour;
If grave, neglect her, say, she looks too sour.

Nay, if she have a fault, and thou dost know it,
Praise it, that in thy presence she may show it:
As, if her voice be bad, crack'd in the ring,
Never give over till thou make her sing;
If she have any blemish in her foot,
Commend her dancing still, and put her to't;
If she be rude of speech, incite her talk;
If halting lame, provoke her much to walk;
Or if on instruments she have small skill,
Reach down a viol, urge her to that still:
Take any way to ease thy own distress,
And think those faults be which are nothing less.
Then meditate besides what thing it is
That makes thee still in love to go amiss.
Advise thee well, for as the world now goes,
Men are not caught with substance but with shows.
Women are in their bodies turn'd to French,
That face and body's least part of a wench.
I know a woman hath in love been troubled
For that which tailors make, a fine neat doublet;
And men are even as mad in their desiring,
That oftentimes love women for their tiring:[1]
He that doth so, let him take this advice:
Let him rise early, and, not being nice,
Up to his mistress' chamber let him hie
Ere she arise, and there he shall espy
Such a confusion of disordered things,
In boddice, jewels, tires, wires, lawns, and rings,
That sure it cannot choose but much abhor him,
To see her lie in pieces thus before him;
And find those things shut in a painted box,
For which he loves her and endures her mocks.
Once I myself had a great mind to see
What kind of things women undressed be;

[1] *Tiring.*] i. e. Dressing, attiring. Thus *tires*, a few lines lower down, means dresses.

And found my sweetheart, just when I came at her,
Screwing her teeth, and dipping rags in water.
She missed her perriwig, and durst not stay,
But put it on in haste the backward way;
That, had I not o' th' sudden changed my mind,
I had mistook and kiss'd my love behind:
So, if thou wish her faults should rid thy cares,
Watch out thy time, and take her unawares;
Or rather put the better way in proof,
Come thou not near, but keep thyself aloof.
If all this serve not, use one medicine more,
Seek out another love, and her adore;
But choose out one in whom thou well may'st see
A heart inclined to love and cherish thee:
For, as a river parted slower goes,
So love, thus parted, still more evenly flows.
One anchor will not serve a vessel tall,
Nor is one hook enough to fish withall;
He that can solace him and sport with two,
May in the end triumph as others do.
Thou, that to one hast shewed thyself too kind,
May'st in a second much more comfort find;
If one love entertain thee with despite,
The other will embrace thee with delight;
When by the former thou art made accurst,
The second will contend to excel the first,
And strive with love to drive her from thy breast·
That first to second yields, women know best.
Or if to yield to either thou art loth,
This may perhaps acquit thee of them both:[3]
For what one love makes odd, two shall make
even;
Thus blows with blows, and fire with fire's out-
driven.

[3] *This may perhaps acquit* them *of them both.*] So the former copies.

Perchance this course will turn thy first love's
heart,
And when thine is at ease, cause her's to smart.
If thy love's rival stick so near thy side,
Think, women can copartners worse abide;
For though thy mistress never means to love thee,
Yet from the other's love she'll strive to move thee:
But let her strive, she oft hath vex'd thy heart,
Suffer her now to bear herself a part;
And though thy bowels burn like Ætna's fire,
Seem colder far than ice, or her desire;
Feign thyself free, and sigh not overmuch,
But laugh aloud when grief thy heart doth touch.
I do not bid thee break through fire and flame,
Such violence in love is much to blame;
But I advise that thou dissemble deep,
And all thy passions in thine own breast keep.
Feign thyself well, and thou at last shall see
Thyself as well as thou didst feign to be:
So have I often, when I would not drink,
Sat down as one asleep, and feign'd to wink,
Till, as I nodding sat, and took no heed,
I have at last fall'n fast asleep indeed;
So have I oft been angry, feigning spite,
And, counterfeiting smiles, have laughed outright,
So love by use doth come, by use doth go,
And he that feigns well shall at length be so.
If e'er thy mistress promised to receive thee
Into her bosom, and did then deceive thee,
Locking thy rival in, thee out of door,
Be not dejected, seem not to deplore,
Nor when thou seest her next take notice of it,
But pass it over, it shall turn to profit:
For if she sees such tricks as these perplex thee,
She will be proud, and take delight to vex thee.
But if she prove thee constant in this kind,
She will begin at length some sleights to find,

How she may draw thee back, and keep thee still
A servile captive to her fickle will.
But now take heed, here comes the proof of men,
Be thou as constant as thou seemest then:
Receive no messages, regard no lines,
They are but snares to catch thee in her twines;
Receive no gifts, think all that praise her flatter;
Whate'er she writes believe not half the matter.
Converse not with her servant, nor her maid,
Scarce bid good-morrow, lest thou be betray'd.
When thou goest by her door never look back,
And though she call do not thy journey slack.
If she should send her friends to talk with thee,
Suffer them not too long to walk with thee;
Do not believe one word they say is sooth,
Nor do not ask so much as how she doth;
Yea, though thy very heart should burn to know,
Bridle thy tongue, and make thereof no show:
Thy careless silence shall perplex her more
Than can a thousand sighs sigh'd o'er and o'er.
By saying, thou lovest not, thy loving prove not,
For he's far gone in love, that says, "I love not:"
Then hold thy peace, and shortly love will die.
That wound heals best that cures not by and by.
 But some will say, "Alas, this rule is hard!
Must we not love where we may find reward?
How should a tender woman bear this scorn,
That cannot, without art, by men be borne?"
Mistake me not; I do not wish you show
Such a contempt to them whose love you know:
But where a scornful lass makes you endure
Her slight regarding, there I lay my cure.
Nor think in leaving love you wrong your lass,
Who one to her content already has;
While she doth joy in him, joy thou in any,
Thou hast, as well as she, the choice of many:

Then, for thy own contempt, defer not long,
But cure thyself, and she shall have no wrong.
Among all cures I chiefly do commend
Absence in this to be the only friend;
And so it is, but I would have ye learn
The perfect use of absence to discern.
First then, when thou art absent to her sight,
In solitariness do not delight:
Be seldom left alone, for then I know
A thousand vexing thoughts will come and go.
Fly lonely[4] walks, and uncouth places sad,
They are the nurse of thoughts that make men mad.
Walk not too much where thy fond eye may see
The place where she did give love's rights to thee:
For even the place will tell thee of those joys,
And turn thy kisses into sad annoys.
Frequent not woods and groves, nor sit and muse
With arms across, as foolish lovers use
For as thou sitt'st alone thou soon shalt find
Thy mistress' face presented to thy mind,
As plainly to thy troubled phantasy,
As if she were in presence, and stood by.
This to eschew open thy doors all day,
Shun no man's speech that comes into thy way;
Admit all companies, and when there's none,
Then walk thou forth thyself, and seek out one;
When he is found, seek more, laugh, drink, and sing;
Rather than be alone do any thing.
Or if thou be constrained to be alone,
Have not her picture for to gaze upon:
For that's the way, when thou art eased of pain,
To wound anew and make thee sick again;

[4] *Lovely*] So the original reads.

Or if thou hast it, think the painter's skill
Flattered her face, and that she looks more ill;
And think, as thou dost musing on it sit,
That she herself is counterfeit like it:
Or rather fly all things that are inclined
To bring one thought of her into thy mind;
View not her tokens, nor think on her words,
But take some book, whose learned womb affords
Physic for souls, there search for some relief
To 'guile the time, and rid away thy grief.
  But if thy thoughts on her must needs be bent,
Think what a deal of precious time was spent
In quest of her; and that thy best of youth
Languish'd and died while she was void of truth;
Think but how ill she did deserve affection,
And yet how long she held thee in subjection;
Think how she changed, how ill it did become her,
And thinking so, leave love, and fly far from her.
He that from all infection would be free,
Must fly the place where the infected be:
And he that would from love's affection fly,
Must leave his mistress' walks, and not come nigh.
Sore eyes are got by looking on sore eyes,
And wounds do soon from new-heal'd scars arise;
As embers touch'd with sulphur do renew,
So will her sight kindle fresh flames in you.
If then thou meet'st her, suffer her go by thee,
And be afraid to let her come too nigh thee:
For her aspèct will cause desire in thee,
And hungry men scarce hold from meat they see.
If e'er she sent thee letters, that lie by,
Peruse them not, they'll captivate thy eye,
But lap them up, and cast them in the fire,
And wish, as they waste, so may thy desire.
If e'er thou sent'st her token, gift, or letter,
Go not to fetch them back; for it is better

That she detain a little paltry pelf,
Than thou should'st seek for them and lose thy-
self:
For why? her sight will so enchant thy heart
That thou wilt lose thy labour, I my art.
But if, by chance, there fortune such a case,
Thou needs must come where she shall be in place,
Then call to mind all parts of this discourse,
For sure thou shalt have need of all thy force.
Against thou goest curl not thy head and hair,
Nor care whether thy band be foul or fair;
Nor be not in so neat and spruce array
As if thou mean'st to make it holiday;
Neglect thyself for once, that she may see
Her love hath now no power to work on thee;
And if thy rival be in presence too,
Seem not to mark, but do as others do;
Salute him friendly, give him gentle words,
Return all courtesies that he affords:
Drink to him, carve him, give him compliment;
This shall thy mistress more than thee torment:
For she will think, by this thy careless show,
Thou car'st not now whether she love or no.
But if thou canst persuade thyself indeed
She hath no lover, but of thee hath need,
That no man loves her but thyself alone,
And that she shall be lost when thou art gone;
Thus sooth thyself, and thou shalt seem to be
In far more happy taking than is she.
For if thou think'st she's loved and loves again,
Hell-fire will seem more easy than thy pain.
But chiefly when in presence thou shalt spy
The man she most affecteth standing by,
And see him grasp her by the tender hand,
And whispering close, or almost kissing stand;
When thou shalt doubt whether they laugh at thee,
Or whether on some meeting they agree;

If now thou canst hold out, thou art a man,
And canst perform more than thy teacher can;
If then thy heart can be at ease and free,
I will give o'er to teach, and learn of thee.
But this way I would take: among them all,
I would pick out some lass to talk withall,
Whose quick inventions and whose nimble wit
Should busy mine and keep me from my fit:
My eye with all my heart should be a-wooing,
No matter what I said so I were doing;
For all that while my love should think at least
That I, as well as she, on love did feast;
And though my heart were thinking of her face,
Of her unkindness and my own disgrace,
Of all my present pains by her neglect,
Yet would I laugh, and seem without respect.
Perchance, in envy thou should'st sport with any,
Her beck will single thee from forth of many:
But, if thou canst, of all that present are,
Her conference alone thou should'st forbear;
For if her looks so much thy mind do trouble,
Her honied speeches will distract thee double.
If she begin once to confer with thee,
Then do as I would do, be ruled by me:
When she begins to talk, imagine straight,
That now to catch thee up she lies in wait:
Then call to mind some business or affair,
Whose doubtful issue takes up all thy care;
That while such talk thy troubled fancies stirs,
Thy mind may work, and give no heed to her's.
Alas! I know men's hearts, and that full soon,
By women's gentle words we are undone;
If women sigh or weep, our souls are grieved,
Or if they swear they love, they are believed.
But trust not thou to oaths if she should swear,
Nor hearty sighs, believe they dwell not there.

If she should grieve in earnest or in jest,
Or force her arguments with sad protest,
As if true sorrow in her eyelid sate,
Nay, if she come to weeping, trust not that;
For know that women can both weep and smile,
With much more danger than the crocodile.
Think all she doth is but to breed thy pain,
And get the power to tyrannize again;
And she will beat thy heart with trouble more
Than rocks are beat with waves upon the shore.
Do not complain to her then of thy wrong,
But lock thy thoughts within thy silent tongue.
Tell her not why thou leav'st her, nor declare
(Although she ask thee) what thy torments are.
Wring not her fingers, gaze not on her eye;
From thence a thousand snares and arrows fly:
No, let her not perceive, by sighs and signs,
How at her deeds thy inward soul repines.
Seem careless of her speech, and do not hark,
Answer by chance as though thou didst not mark;
And if she bid thee home, straight promise not,
Or break thy word as if thou hadst forgot;
Seem not to care whether thou come or no,
And if she be not earnest do not go;
Feign thou hast business, and defer the meeting,
As one that greatly cared not for her greeting:
And as she talks cast thou thine eyes elsewhere,
And look among the lasses that are there;
Compare their several beauties to her face,
Some one or other will her form disgrace;
On both their faces carry still thy view,
Balance them equally in judgment true:
And when thou find'st the other doth excel
(Yet that thou canst not love it half so well)
Blush that thy passions make thee dote on her
More than on those thy judgment doth prefer.

When thou hast let her speak all that she would,
Seem as thou hast not one word understood:
And when to part with thee thou see'st her bent,
Give her some ordinary compliment,
Such as may seem of courtesy, not love,
And so to other company remove.
This carelessness, in which thou seem'st to be,
(Howe'er in her) will work this change in thee,
That thou shalt think, for using her so slight,
She cannot choose but turn her love to spite:
And if thou art persuaded once she hates,
Thou wilt beware, and not come near her baits.
But though I wish thee constantly believe
She hates thy sight, thy passions to deceive;
Yet be not thou so base to hate her too,
That which seems ill in her do not thou do;
'Twill indiscretion seem, and want of wit,
Where thou didst love to hate instead of it;
And thou may'st shame ever to be so mated,
And joined in love with one that should be hated:
Such kind of love is fit for clowns and hinds,
And not for debonair and gentle minds;
For can there be in man a madness more
Than hate those lips he wish'd to kiss before,
Or loath to see those eyes, or hear that voice
Whose very sound hath made his heart rejoice?
Such acts as these much indiscretion shews,
When men from kissing turn to wish for blows:
And this their own example shews so naught,
That when they should direct they must be taught.
But thou wilt say, "For all the love I bear her,
And all the service, I am ne'er the nearer;"
And, which thee most of all doth vex like hell,
"She loves a man ne'er loved her half so well:
Him she adores, but I must not come at her,
Have I not then good reason for to hate her?"

I answer, no; for make the cause thine own,
And in thy glass her actions shall be shown:
When thou thyself in love wert so far gone,
Say, couldst thou love any but her alone?
I know thou could'st not, though with tears and cries
These had made deaf thine ears, and dim' thine eyes:
Would'st thou for this that they hate thee again?
If so thou would'st, then hate thy love again:
Your faults are both alike; thou lovest her,
And she in love thy rival doth prefer:
If then her love to him thy hate procure,
Thou should'st for loving her like hate endure:
Then do not hate; for all the lines I write
Are not address'd to turn thy love to spite,
But writ to draw thy doting mind from love,
That in the golden mean thy thoughts may move;
In which, when once thou find'st thyself at quiet,
Learn to preserve thyself with this good diet:

THE CONCLUSION.

Sleep not too much; nor longer than asleep
Within thy bed thy lazy body keep;
For when thou, warm awake, shalt feel it soft,
Fond cogitations will assail thee oft:
Then start up early, study, work, or write,
Let labour, others' toil, be thy delight.
Eat not too much, or if[5] thou much dost eat,
Let it not be dainty or stirring meat:
Abstain from wine, although thou think it good,
It sets thy meat on fire, and stirs thy blood;

[5] For *if*.] So the former copies.

Use thyself much to bathe thy wanton limbs,
In coolest streams, which o'er the gravel swims:
Be still in gravest company, and fly
The wanton rabble of the younger fry,
Whose lustful tricks will lead thee to delight
To think on love, where thou shalt perish quite;
Come not at all where many women are,
But, like a bird that lately 'scaped the snare,
Avoid their garish beauty, fly with speed,
And learn by her that lately made thee bleed,
Be not too much alone, but if alone,
Get thee some modest book to look upon;
But do not read the lines of wanton men,
Poetry sets thy mind on fire again:
Abstain from songs and verses, and take heed
That not a line of love thou ever read

AN ELEGY

ON

THE LADY MARKHAM.

This Elegy is written in the style of Marino, which had been introduced into England by Donne, and was brought to its pitch of absurdity by Cleaveland, Crashaw, and Cowley. Fortunately for Beaumont, this poem and a few others were only essays in this metaphysical style, which he had sufficient good sense not to pursue to the prejudice of his fame. Some of the metaphors bear some similarity to the sublime canzone of Andrea de Basso, an Italian poet of the fifteenth century, commencing—

" *Risorga da la tomba avara e lorda.*"

As unthrifts groan in straw for their pawn'd beds,
As women weep for their lost maidenheads,
When both are without hope or remedy,
Such an untimely grief I have for thee.
I never saw thy face, nor did my heart
Urge forth mine eyes unto it whilst thou wert;
But being lifted hence, that, which to thee
Was death's sad dart, proved Cupid's shaft to me.
Whoever thinks me foolish that the force
Of a report can make me love a corse,
Know he that when with this I do compare
The love I do a living woman bear,
I find myself most happy: now I know
Where I can find my mistress, and can go

Unto her trimm'd bed, and can lift away
Her grass-green mantle, and her sheet display;
And touch her naked; and though th' envious
mold
In which she lies uncover'd, moist, and cold,
Strive to corrupt her, she will not abide
With any art her blemishes to hide,
As many living do, and know their need;
Yet cannot they in sweetness her exceed,
But make a stink with all their art and skill,
Which their physicians warrant with a bill;
Nor at her door doth heaps of coaches stay,
Footmen and midwives to bar up my way;
Nor needs she any maid or page to keep,
To knock me early from my golden sleep,
With letters that her honour all is gone,
If I not right her cause on such a one.
Her heart is not so hard to make me pay
For every kiss a supper, and a play:
Nor will she ever open her pure lips
To utter oaths, enough to drown our ships,
To bring a plague, a famine, or the sword,
Upon the land, though she should keep her word;
Yet, ere an hour be past, in some new vein
Break them, and swear them double o'er again.
Pardon me, that with thy blest memory
I mingle mine own former misery:
Yet dare I not excuse the fate that brought
These crosses on me, for then every thought
That tended to thy love was black and foul,
Now all as pure as a new-baptiz'd soul:
For I protest, for all that I can see,
I would not lie one night in bed with thee;
Nor am I jealous, but could well abide
My foe to lie in quiet by thy side.
You worms, my rivals, whilst she was alive,
How many thousands were there that did strive

To have your freedom? for their sake forbear
Unseemly holes in her soft skin to wear:
But if you must (as what worms can abstain
To taste her tender body?) yet refrain
With your disordered eatings to deface her,
But feed yourselves so as you most may grace her.
First, through her ear-tips see you make a pair
Of holes, which, as the moist inclosed air
Turns into water, may the clean drops take,
And in her ears a pair of jewels make.
Have ye not yet enough of that white skin,
The touch whereof, in times past, would have been
Enough to have ransom'd many a thousand soul
Captive to love? If not, then upward roll
Your little bodies, where I would you have
This Epitaph upon her forehead grave:

" Living, she was young, fair, and full of wit;
Dead, all her faults are in her forehead writ."

A CHARM.[6]

Sleep, old man, let silence charm thee,
Dreaming slumbers overtake thee,
Quiet thoughts and darkness arm thee,
That no creaking do awake thee.

Phœbe hath put out her light,
All her shadows closing;
Phœbe lend her horns to-night
To thy head's disposing.

Let no fatal bell nor clock
Pierce the hollow of thy ear:
Tongueless be the early cock,
Or what else may add a fear.

Let no rat nor silly mouse
Move the senseless rushes,
Nor a cough disturb this house
Till Aurora blushes.

Come, my sweet Corinna, come,
Laugh, and leave thy late deploring:
Sable Midnight makes all dumb,
But thy jealous husband's snoring.

And with thy sweet perfum'd kisses
Entertain a stranger:
Love's delight, and sweetest bliss is
Got with greatest danger.

[6] In the editions of Beaumont's Poems, an elegy occurs before these lively stanzas, which has been omitted, as it is nothing more than the first part of Sir John Beaumont's Elegy on the Marchioness of Winchester, inserted among the poems of his brother, by the ignorance of the bookseller.

ON

THE MARRIAGE OF A BEAUTEOUS YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN WITH AN ANCIENT MAN.

FONDLY, too curious Nature, to adorn
Aurora with the blushes of the morn:
Why do her rosy lips breathe gums and spice,
Unto the East, and sweet to Paradise?
Why do her eyes open the day? her hand
And voice intrance the panther, and command
Incensed winds; her breasts, the tents of love,
Smooth as the godded swan, or Venus' dove;
Soft as the balmy dew, whose every touch
Is pregnant; but why those rich spoils, when such
Wonder and perfection must be led
A bridal captive unto Tithon's bed?
Ag'd, and deformed Tithon! must thy twine
Circle and blast at once what care and time
Had made for wonder? must pure beauty have
No other foil but ruin and a grave?
So have I seen the pride of Nature's store,
The orient pearl, chained to the sooty Moor;
So hath the diamond's bright ray been set
In night, and wedded to the negro jet.
See, see, how thick those showers[7] of pearl do fall
To weep her ransom, or her funeral,
Whose every treasured drop, congealed, might bring
Freedom and ransom to a fettered king,
While tyrant Wealth stands by, and laughs to see
How he can wed love and antipathy.
Hymen, thy pine burns with adulterate fire;
Thou and thy quivered boy did once conspire

[7] *Flowers.*] So the old copies.

To mingle equal flames, and then no shine
Of gold, but beauty, dressed the Paphian shrine;
Roses and lilies kiss'd; the amorous vine
Did with the fair and straight-limb'd elm entwine.

THE GLANCE.

Cold Virtue guard me, or I shall endure
From the next glance a double calenture
Of fire and lust! Two flames, two Semeles,
Dwell in those eyes, whose looser glowing rays
Would thaw the frozen Russian into lust,
And parch the negro's hotter blood to dust.
Dart not your balls of wild-fire here; go throw
Those flakes upon the eunuch's colder snow,
Till he in active blood do boil as high
As he that made him so in jealousy.
When that loose queen of love did dress her eyes
In the most taking flame to win the prize
At Ida; that faint glare to this desire
Burnt like a taper to the zone of fire:
And could she then the lustful youth have crowned
With thee his Helen, Troy had never found
Her fate in Sinon's fire; thy hotter eyes
Had made it burn a quicker sacrifice
To lust, whilst every glance in subtle wiles
Had shot itself like lightning through the piles.
Go blow upon some equal blood, and let
Earth's hotter ray engender and beget
New flames to dress the aged Paphians' quire,
And lend the world new Cupids borne on fire.
Dart no more here those flames, nor strive to throw
Your fire on him who is immured in snow!

Those glances work on me like the weak shine
The frosty sun throws on the Appenine,
When the hill's active coldness doth go near
To freeze the glimmering taper to his sphere:
Each ray is lost on me, like the faint light
The glow-worm shoots at the cold breast of night.
Thus virtue can secure; but for that name
I had been now sin's martyr, and your flame.

A SONNET.

Flattering Hope, away and leave me,
She'll not come, thou dost deceive me;
Hark the cock crows, th' envious light
Chides away the silent night;
Yet she comes not, oh! how I tire
Betwixt cold fear and hot desire.

Here alone enforced to tarry
While the tedious minutes marry,
And get hours, those days and years,
Which I count with sighs and fears:
Yet she comes not, oh! how I tire
Betwixt cold fear and hot desire.

Restless thoughts a while remove
Unto the bosom of my love,
Let her languish in my pain,
Fear and hope, and fear again;
Then let her tell me, in love's fire,
What torment's like unto desire?

Endless wishing, tedious longing,
Hopes and fears together thronging,
Rich in dreams, yet poor in waking,
Let her be in such a taking:
Then let her tell me, in love's fire,
What torment's like unto desire?

Come then, Love, prevent day's eyeing,
My desire would fain be dying:
Smother me with breathless kisses,
Let me dream no more of blisses;
But tell me, which is in Love's fire
Best, to enjoy, or to desire?

TRUE BEAUTY.

May I find a woman fair,
And her mind as clear as air,
If her beauty go alone,
'Tis to me as if't were none.

May I find a woman rich,
And not of too high a pitch;
If that pride should cause disdain,
Tell me, lover, where's thy gain?

May I find a woman wise,
And her falsehood not disguise;
Hath she wit as she hath will,
Double arm'd she is to ill.

May I find a woman kind,
And not wavering like the wind:
How should I call that love mine,
When 'tis his, and his, and thine?

May I find a woman true,
There is Beauty's fairest hue,
There is Beauty, Love, and Wit:
Happy he can compass it.

THE INDIFFERENT.

Never more will I protest,
To love a woman but in jest:
For as they cannot be true,
So, to give each man his due,
  When the wooing fit is past
  Their affection cannot last.

Therefore, if I chance to meet
With a mistress fair and sweet,
She my service shall obtain,
Loving her for love again:
  Thus much liberty I crave,
  Not to be a constant slave.

But when we have tried each other,
If she better like another,
Let her quickly change for me,
Then to change am I as free.
  He or she that loves too long
  Sell their freedom for a song.

LOVE'S FREEDOM.

Why should man be only tied
To a foolish female thing,
When all creatures else beside,
Birds and beasts, change every spring?
Who would then to one be bound,
When so many may be found?

Why should I myself confine
To the limits of one place,
When I have all Europe mine,
Where I list to run my race.
Who would then to one be bound,
When so many may be found?

Would you think him wise that now
Still one sort of meat doth eat,
When both sea and land allow
Sundry sorts of other meat?
Who would then to one be bound,
When so many may be found?

Ere old Satan changed his throne,
Freedom reigned and banish'd strife,
Where was he that knew his own,
Or who called a woman, wife?
Who would then to one be bound,
When so many may be found?

Ten times happier are those men
That enjoyed those golden days:
Until time redress't again
I will never Hymen praise.

Who would then to one be bound,
When so many may be found?

ON THE LIFE OF MAN.

These lines occur, as Mr Ellis observes, in Bishop King's Poems, printed in 1667, and he is probably the real proprietor. They bear a striking resemblance to some beautiful verses in Burns's Tam o' Shanter, but no imitation can be reasonably supposed.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are,
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew,
Or like a wind which chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Even such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight call'd in and paid to night:
The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
The spring intomb'd in Autumn lies,
The dew's dried up, the star is shot,
The flight is past, and man forgot.

AN EPITAPH.

HERE she lies, whose spotless fame
Invites a stone to learn her name.
The rigid Spartan, that denied
An epitaph to all that died,
Unless for war, in charity
Would here vouchsafe an elegy.
She died a wife, but yet her mind,
Beyond virginity refined,
From lawless fire remain'd as free,
As now from heat her ashes be.
Her husband, yet without a sin,
Was not a stranger, but her kin;
That her chaste love might seem no other
To her husband than a brother.
Keep well this pawn, thou marble chest,
Till it be call'd for let it rest;
For while this jewel here is set,
The grave is like a cabinet.

A SONNET.

Like a ring without a finger,
Or a bell without a ringer;
Like a horse was never ridden,
Or a feast and no guest bidden;
Like a well without a bucket,
Like a rose if no man pluck it:
  Just such as these may she be said
  That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The ring, if worn, the finger decks,
The bell pulled by the ringer speaks;
The horse doth ease if he be ridden,
The feast doth please if guest be bidden;
The bucket draws the water forth,
The rose when pluck'd is still most worth:
  Such is the virgin, in my eyes,
  That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like to a stock not grafted on,
Or like a lute not played upon;
Like a jack without a weight,
Or a bark without a freight;
Like a lock without a key,
Or a candle in the day:
  Just such as these may she be said
  That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The grafted stock doth bear best fruit,
There's music in the finger'd lute:
The weight doth make the jack go ready,
The freight doth make the bark go steady;

The key the lock doth open right,
The candle's useful in the night:
  Such is the virgin, in my eyes,
  That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like a call without, "Anon, sir!"
Or a question and no answer;
Like a ship was never rigg'd,
Or a mine was never digg'd;
Like a wound without a tent,
Or civet-box without a scent:
  Just such as these may she be said
  That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

Th' Anon, sir! doth obey the call,
The question answered pleaseth all;
Who rigs a ship sails with the wind,
Who digs a mine doth treasure find;
The wound by wholesome tent hath ease,
The box perfumed the senses please:
  Such is the virgin in my eyes
  That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like marrow-bone was never broken,
Or commendations and no token;
Like a fort and none to win it,
Or like the moon and no man in it;
Like a school without a teacher,
Or like a pulpit and no preacher:
  Just such as these may she be said
  That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The broken marrow-bone is sweet,
The token doth adorn the greet;[8]

[8] *Greet.*] i. e. Greeting.

There's triumph in the fort being won,
The man rides glorious in the moon;
The school is by the teacher still'd,
The pulpit by the preacher fill'd:
  Such is the virgin, in my eyes,
  That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

Like a cage without a bird,
Or a thing too long deferr'd;
Like the gold was never tried,
Or the ground unoccupied;
Like a house that's not possess'd,
Or the book was never press'd:
  Just such as these may she be said
  That lives, ne'er loves, but dies a maid.

The bird in cage doth sweetly sing,
Due season prefers every thing;
The gold that's tried from dross is pured,
There's profit in the ground manured;
The house is by possession graced,
The book when press'd is then embraced:
  Such is the virgin, in my eyes,
  That lives, loves, marries, ere she dies.

A DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

These stanzas also occur in Sir John Beaumont's Poems, and as they are edited with far more care than those of his brother, they were probably produced by him. In the former copies they are followed by six lines, entitled The Shepherdess, which are now omitted, being no other than the commencement of a long poem by Sir John Beaumont.

Love is a region full of fires,
And burning with extreme desires,
An object seeks, of which possess'd
The wheels are fix'd, the motions rest,
The flames in ashes lie oppress'd;
This meteor striving high to rise,
The fuel spent, falls down and dies.

Much sweeter and more pure delights
Are drawn from fair alluring sights,
When ravished minds attempt to praise
Commanding eyes like heavenly rays,
Whose force the gentle heart obeys:
Than where the end of this pretence
Descends to base inferior sense.

"Why then should lovers," most will say,
"Expect so much th' enjoying day?"
Love is like youth, he thirsts for age,
He scorns to be his mother's page;
But when proceeding times assuage

The former heat, he will complain,
And wish those pleasant hours again.

We know that Hope and Love are twins,
Hope gone, Fruition now begins;
But what is this? Unconstant, frail,
In nothing sure, but sure to fail;
Which if we lose it we bewail,
And when we have it, still we bear
The worst of passions, daily fear.

When Love thus in his centre ends,
Desire and Hope, his inward friends,
Are shaken off, while Doubt and Grief,
The weakest givers of relief,
Stand in his counsel as the chief;
And now he to his period brought,
From Love becomes some other thought.

These lines I write not to remove
United souls from serious love;
The best attempts by mortals made
Reflect on things which quickly fade;
Yet never will I men persuade
To leave affections where may shine
Impressions of the love divine.

A FUNERAL ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

THE LADY PENELOPE CLIFTON.

This lady, whose death was also the subject of an elegy by our poet's elder brother, was the daughter of Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick, and the first of the seven wives of Sir Gervase Clifton, Baronet. She died 26th Oct 1613.

SINCE thou art dead, CLIFTON, the world may see
A certain end of flesh and blood in thee;
Till then a way was left for man to cry,
Flesh may be made so pure it cannot die;
But now thy unexpected death doth strike
With grief the better and the worse alike;
The good are sad they are not with thee there,
The bad have found they must not tarry here.
Death, I confess, 'tis just in thee to try
Thy pow'r on us, for thou thyself must die;
Thou pay'st but wages, Death, yet I would know
What strange delight thou tak'st to pay them so;
When thou com'st face to face thou strik'st us mute,
And all our liberty is to dispute
With thee behind thy back, which I will use:
If thou hadst bravery in thee, thou wouldst choose
(Since thou art absolute, and canst controul
All things beneath a reasonable soul)

Some look'd for way of killing; if her day
Had ended in a fire, a sword, or sea,
Or hadst thou come hid in a hundred years
To make an end of all her hopes and fears,
Or any other way direct to thee
Which Nature might esteem an enemy,
Who would have chid thee? now it shews thy hand
Desires to cozen where it might command:
Thou art not prone to kill, but where th' intent
Of those that suffer is their nourishment;
If thou canst steal into a dish, and creep
When all is still as though into a sleep,
And cover thy dry body with a draught,
Whereby some innocent lady may be caught,
And cheated of her life, then thou wilt come
And stretch thyself upon her early tomb,
And laugh as pleased, to shew thou canst devour
Mortality as well by wit as pow'r.
I would thou hadst had eyes, or not a dart,
That yet at least, the clothing of that heart
Thou struck'st so spitefully might have appear'd
To thee, and with a reverence have been fear'd:
But since thou art so blind, receive from me
Who 'twas on whom thou wrought'st this tragedy;
She was a lady, who for public fame,
Never (since she in thy protection came,
Who sett'st all living tongues at large) received
A blemish; with her beauty she deceived
No man; when taken with it, they agree
'Twas Nature's fault, when from 'em 'twas in thee.
And such her virtue was, that although she
Received as much joy, having pass'd through thee,
As ever any did; yet hath thy hate
Made her as little better in her state,
As ever it did any being here;
She lived with us as if she had been there.

Such ladies thou canst kill no more, but so
I give thee warning here to kill no moe;
For if thou dost, my pen shall make the rest
Of those that live, especially the best,
Whom thou most thirstest for, to abandon all
Those fruitless things, which thou wouldst have
us call
Preservatives, keeping their diet so,
As the long-living poor their neighbours do:
Then shall we have them long, and they at last
Shall pass from thee to her, but not so fast.

F. B.

THE

EXAMINATION

OF HIS

MISTRESS'S PERFECTIONS.

Stand still my happiness, and swelling heart
No more, till I consider what thou art.
Desire of knowledge was man's fatal vice,
For when our parents were in paradise,
Though they themselves, and all they saw was
good,
They thought it nothing if not understood;
And I (part of their seed struck with their sin)
Though by their bounteous favour I be in
A paradise where I may freely taste
Of all the virtuous pleasures which thou hast,

Wanting that knowledge, must in all my bliss
Err with my parents; and ask what it is.
My faith saith 'tis not Heaven, and I dare swear
If it be Hell no sense of pain[8] is there;
Sure 'tis some pleasant place, where I may stay,
As I to Heaven go in the middle way.
Wert thou but fair and no whit virtuous,
Thou wert no more to me but a fair house
Haunted with spirits, from which men do them bless,
And no man will half furnish to possess:
Or hadst thou worth wrapt in a rivell'd skin,
'Twere inaccessible; who durst go in
To find it out? far sooner would I go
To find a pearl covered with hills of snow;
'Twere buried virtue, and thou mightst me move
To reverence the tomb, but not to love,
No more than dotingly to cast mine eye
Upon the urn where Lucrece' ashes lie.
But thou art fair and sweet, and every good
That ever yet durst mix with flesh and blood:
The devil ne'er saw in his fallen state
An object whereupon to ground his hate
So fit as thee; all living things but he
Love thee; how happy then must that man be
Whom[9] from amongst all creatures thou dost take?
Is there a hope beyond it? Can he make
A wish to change thee for? This is my bliss,
Let it run on now, I know what it is.

FRAN. BEAUMONT.[1]

8 *No pain of sense.*] So the old copies.

9 *When.*] So the former copies read.

1 This poem is succeeded in Blaiklock's edition, by "The Hermaphrodite, made after M. Beaumont's Death by Thomas Randolph, M. A." and "Upon the Hermaphrodite, since written by Mr T. Cleaveland." As they have nothing to do with Beaumont's Poems, into which they were probably admitted on account of the simila-

TO THE MUTABLE FAIR.

Here, Celia, for thy sake I part
With all that grew so near my heart;
The passion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love the constancy;
And that I may successful prove,
Transform myself to what you love.
Fool that I was, so much to prize
Those simple virtues you despise!
Fool, that with such dull arrows strove,
Or hoped to reach a flying dove!
For you that are in motion still
Decline our force and mock our skill;
Who, like Don Quixote, do advance
Against a windmill our vain lance.
Now will I wander through the air,
Mount, make a stoop at every fair,
And with a fancy unconfined
(As lawless as the sea, or wind)
Pursue you wheresoe'er you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.
The formal stars do travel so
As we their names and courses know;
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our books;
But never were the clouds reduced
To any art the motion used,

rity of the subject to the fable of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, and as they are not over delicate, they have been expunged, as well as a poem which succeeds to the ensuing one, entitled "Of Loving at First Sight," and subscribed, *Tho. Batt.*

By those free vapours are so light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd sight
Despairs to find the rules that guide
Those gilded shadows as they slide;
And therefore of the spacious air
Jove's royal consort had the care,
And by that power did once escape
Declining bold Ixion's rape;
She with her own resemblance graced
A shining cloud, which he embraced.
  Such was that image, so it smiled
With seeming kindness, which beguiled
Your Thirsis lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting Celia caught;
'Twas shaped like her, but for the fair
He fill'd his arms with yielding air,
A fate for which he grieves the less,
Because the gods had like success:
For in their story one, we see,
Pursues a nymph and takes a tree;
A second with a lover's haste
Soon overtakes what he had chased;
But she that did a virgin seem,
Possess'd, appears a wand'ring stream.
For his supposed love a third
Lays greedy hold upon a bird;
And stands amazed to see his dear
A wild inhabitant of the air.
  To such old tales such nymphs as you
Give credit, and still make them new;
The amorous now like wonders find
In the swift changes of your mind.
  But, Celia, if you apprehend
The muse of your incensed friend,
Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live, repeat the same;

Again deceive him, and again,
And then he swears, he'll not complain;
For still to be deluded so
Is all the pleasures lovers know,
Who, like good falc'ners, take delight
Not in the quarry[a] but the flight.



THE

ANTIPLATONICK.

These lines are inserted in Cleaveland's Poems, and were probably written by him, as they abound in his metaphysical conceits.

For shame, thou everlasting wooer,
Still saying grace, and never falling to her!
Love, that's in contemplation placed,
Is Venus drawn but to the waist;
Unless your flame confess its gender,
And your parley cause surrender,
You're salamanders of a cold desire,
That live untouch'd amid the hottest fire.

What though she be a dame of stone,
The widow of Pigmalion;

[a] *The quarry.*] In the language of falconry, the prey which is pursued is called the quarry.

As hard and unrelenting she
As the new crusted Niobe;
Or what doth more of statue carry,
A nun of the Platonic quarry;
Love melts the rigour which the rocks have bred,
A flint will break upon a feather-bed.

For shame, you pretty female elves,
Cease for to candy up yourselves:
No more, you sectaries of the game,
No more of your calcining flame.
Women commence by Cupid's dart,
As a king hunting dubs a heart;
Love's votaries inthral each other's soul,
Till both of them live but upon parole.

Virtue's no more in womenkind,
But the green sickness of the mind:
Philosophy, their new delight,
A kind of charcoal appetite.
There is no sophistry prevails
Where all-convincing Love assails,
But the disputing petticoat will warp,
As skilful gamesters are to seek at sharp.[3]

The soldier, that man of iron,
Whom ribs of horror all environ;
That's strung with wire, instead of veins,
In whose embraces you're in chains;

[3] *As skilful gamesters are to seek* at sharp.] This is a phrase from fencing, and means fighting with swords, not with foils. So in Henry Shirley's Martyred Soldier—

"I would fain play with half-a-dozen fencers,
But it should be *at sharp*.
Damianus. But they're for foils.
Hubert. Foiled let 'em be then."

Let a magnetic girl appear,
Straight he turns Cupid's cuirassier;
Love storms his lips, and takes the fortress in,
For all the bristled turnpikes of his chin.

Since Love's artillery then checks
The breastworks of the firmest sex,
Come let us in affections riot,
They're sickly pleasures keep a diet.
Give me a lover bold and free,
Not eunuch'd with formality:
Like an embassador that beds a queen,
With the nice caution of a sword between.[4]

AN ELEGY.

This Elegy also occurs among Randolph's Poems, edition 1652, p. 78.

Heaven knows my love to thee, fed on desires
So hallow'd and unmix'd with vulgar fires,
As are the purest beams shot from the sun
At his full height, and the devotion

[4] This poem is followed in the old editions by two songs of Waller on Sacharissa, the first beginning—

"Say, lovely dream, where couldst thou find," &c.

and the second—

"Behold the brand of beauty tossed."

Of dying martyrs could not burn more clear,
Nor innocence in her first robes appear
Whiter than our affections; they did show
Like frost forced out of flames, and fire from snow;
So pure, the Phœnix, when she did refine
Her age to youth, borrow'd no flames but mine.
But now my day's o'ercast, for I have now
Drawn anger like a tempest, o'er the brow
Of my fair mistress; those your glorious eyes
Whence I was wont to see my day-star rise,
Threat, like revengeful meteors; and I feel
My torment and my guilt double my hell:
'Twas a mistake, and might have venial been,
Done to another, but it was made sin,
And justly mortal too, by troubling thee;
Slight wrongs are treason done to majesty.
Oh, all ye blest ghosts of deceased loves,
That now live sainted in the Elysian groves
Mediate for mercy for me; at her shrine
Meet with full choir, and join your prayers with mine:
Conjure her by the merits of your kisses,
By your past sufferings and your present blisses,
Conjure her by your mutual hopes and fears,
By all your intermixed sighs and tears,
To plead my pardon: go to her, and tell
That you will walk the guardian-centinel,
My soul's safe genii; that she need not fear
A mutinous thought, or one close rebel there:
But what needs that, when she alone sits there
Sole angel of that orb? In her own sphere
Alone she sits, and can secure it free
From all irregular motions; only she
Can give the balsam that must cure this sore,
And the sweet antidote to sin no more.

UPON MR CHARLES BEAUMONT,

WHO DIED OF A CONSUMPTION.

These verses upon our poet's nephew are inserted in the Poems of James Shirley, p. 65, and, as he published the collection himself, he is fairly entitled to be considered as their author.

WHILE others drop their tears upon thy hearse,
Sweet Charles! and sigh t' increase the wind, my
verse,
Pious in naming thee, cannot complain
Of death or fate, for they were lately slain
By thy own conflict; and since good men know
What Heaven to such a virgin-saint doth owe,
Though some will say they saw thee dead, yet I
Congratulate thy life and victory:
Thy flesh, an upper garment, that it might
Aid thy eternal progress, first grew light;
Nothing but angel now, which thou wert near,
Almost reduced to thy first spirit here:
But fly, fair soul, while our complaints are just,
That cannot follow for our chains of dust.

FIE ON LOVE.

Now, fie on foolish Love! it not befits
Or man or woman know it.
Love was not meant for people in their wits,
And they that fondly shew it
Betray the straw and feathers in their brain,
And shall have Bedlam for their pain:
If single love be such a curse,
To marry is to make it ten times worse.

A SONG.

This Song also occurs in Dr Donne's Poems with a third stanza, and internal evidence strongly supports his claims to the composition.

Go and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all past years are,
Or who cleft the devil's foot;
Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,

And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
Till age snow white hairs on thee;
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befel thee,
And swear
No where
Lives a woman true and fair.

SECRECY PROTESTED.

Fear not, dear love, that I'll reveal
Those hours of pleasure we two steal;
No eye shall see, nor yet the sun
Descry, what thou and I have done;
No ear shall hear our love, but we
Silent as the night will be;
The god of love himself, whose dart
Did first wound mine and then thy heart,
Shall never know that we can tell
What sweets in stol'n embraces dwell:
This only means may find it out,
If when I die physicians doubt
What caused my death, and there to view
Of all their judgments which was true,
Rip up my heart; O! then I fear
The world will see thy picture there.

ETERNITY OF LOVE PROTESTED.

How ill doth he deserve a lover's name,
Whose pale weak flame
Cannot retain
His heat in spite of absence or disdain;
But doth at once, like paper set on fire,
Burn and expire.

True love can never change his seat,
Nor did he ever love that could retreat;
That noble flame, which my breast keeps alive,
Shall still survive
When my soul's fled;
Nor shall my love die when my body's dead,
That shall wait on me to the lower shade,
And never fade.

My very ashes in their urn
Shall, like a hallowed lamp, for ever burn.



THE

WILLING PRISONER TO HIS MISTRESS.

Let fools great Cupid's yoke disdain,
Loving their own wild freedom better,
Whilst proud of my triumphant chain
I sit and court my beauteous fetter.

Her murd'ring glances, snaring hairs,
And her bewitching smiles, so please me,
As he brings ruin that repairs
The sweet afflictions that displease me.

Hide not those panting balls of snow
With envious veils from my beholding;
Unlock those lips, their pearly row
In a sweet smile of love unfolding.

And let those eyes, whose motion wheels
The restless fate of every lover,
Survey the pains my sick heart feels,
And wounds themselves have made discover.



ON

THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.[5]

Mortality, behold, and fear,
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones;

[5] Four epitaphs, which occur before these lines, are now omitted, as they are by other authors, and were most absurdly inserted by Blaiklock. The first is an Epitaph on Shakspeare, which is ascribed to Donne, and in which Beaumont's grave is mentioned. Then follow two others on Ben Jonson, who died two and twenty years after our poet. Another on Michael Drayton is claimed by Quarles, though inserted among Ben Jonson's poems. Another poem on Spenser is quite unlikely to have been Beaumont's, who was only twelve years old when that poet died, and he is mentioned as living in those lines.

Here they lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
Where, from their pulpits seal'd with dust,
They preach, " In greatness is no trust!"
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royal'st seed,
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin:
Here the bones of birth have cried,
" Though gods they were, as men they died:"
Here are sands, ignoble things
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings.
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

MR FRANCIS BEAUMONT'S LETTER

TO

BEN JONSON,

Written before he and Master Fletcher came to London with two of the precedent Comedies, then not finished, which deferred their merry Meetings at the Mermaid.

This poem is inserted in the first folio edition of the plays, at the end of The Nice Valour. What the two "precedent comedies" were, cannot possibly be now ascertained. Seward's supposition, in the concluding note on this poem, has been proved to be completely erroneous, in a note signed J. N., which will be found in the first volume. This letter has a very considerable portion of merit, and becomes doubly interesting by the allusions which it contains to the friendly intercourse between our poets and Ben Jonson, and to their social meetings at the Mermaid tavern, which was situated in Cornhill. It was entered on the Stationers' Books among "an addition of some excellent Poems to Shakspeare's Poems by other gentlemen."

The sun (which doth the greatest comfort bring
To absent friends, because the self same thing
They know they see, however absent) is
Here our best hay-maker, (forgive me this !
It is our country's style.) In this warm shine
I lie, and dream of your full Mermaid wine.
Oh, we have water mix'd with claret lees,
Drink apt to bring in drier heresies
Than beer, good only for the sonnet's strain,
With fustian metaphors to stuff the brain ;
So mix'd, that, given to the thirstiest one,
'Twill not prove alms, unless he have the stone :

I think with one draught man's invention fades,
Two cups had quite spoil'd Homer's Iliades.
'Tis liquor that will find out Sutcliff's wit,
Lie where he will,[4] and make him write worse yet.
Fill'd with such moisture, in most grievous qualms,
Did Robert Wisdom[5] write his singing psalms;
And so must I do this: And yet I think
It is a potion sent us down to drink,
By special Providence, keeps us from fights,
Makes us not laugh when we make legs to knights.
'Tis this that keeps our minds fit for our states,
A medicine to obey our magistrates:
For we do live more free than you; no hate,
No envy at one another's happy state,
Moves us; we are all equal; every whit[6]
Of land that God gives men here is their wit,

4 *'Tis liquor that will find out* Sutcliff's *wit,*
Lie where he *will.*] If we keep to the old reading, it must reflect upon Sutcliff's hiding himself for debt. I have not the Lives of the Poets now by me, but don't remember any thing of the poverty of this minor poet of our author's age: by reading *it* for *he*, the archness is smarter as well as more good-humoured, "let his wit lie in what part of his body it will."—*Seward.*

We see no great archness in this alteration, nor think the old reading implies Sutcliff's hiding for debt.—Ed. 1778.

"Lie where he will" means nothing more than, in whatever place he lodges. Seward would have searched in vain for Sutcliff in the Lives of the Poets. I have not been so fortunate as to meet with any account of him.

5 *Robert Wisdom.*] He contributed to Hopkins and Sternhold's Psalms the 25th psalm, and the hymn—

"Preserve us, Lord, by thy dear word,
From Turk and Pope, defend us, Lord," &c.

He died in 1568. The quaintness of his name, as well as the poverty of his poetry, caused him frequently to be ridiculed.

6 ——— *We are all equal every whit.*
Of land that God gives men here is their wit:
If we consider fully.] This dark sentence has been cleared up

If we consider fully; for our best
And gravest man will with his main house-jest,
Scarce please you; we want subtilty to do
The city-tricks, lie, hate, and flatter too:
Here are none that can bear a painted show,
Strike when you wink, and then lament the blow;[7]
Who, like mills set the right way for to grind,
Can make their gains alike with every wind:
Only some fellows, with the subtlest pate
Amongst us, may perchance equivocate
At selling of a horse, and that's the most.
Methinks the little wit I had is lost
Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis,[8] which men do the best

by Mr Sympson, who, by pointing differently, gives this sentiment: Men's wit is here in exact proportion to their land; and then the next sentence,—

——— for our best
And gravest man will with his main-house jest,
Scarce please you; ———

has a just connection with the former: *Main-house jest* I read with a hyphen, and understand by it the *jest* that receives its merit from the grandeur riches, and antiquity of his family who utters it, as the hearers admire it upon these accounts.—*Seward*

Main-house is a strange expression; if there needs a hyphen, *house-jest* would be better.—Ed. 1778.

[7] *Strike when you* winch, *and then lament the blow.*] This does not appear sense: The poet speaks of courtiers wearing a painted outside (and perhaps *wear* in the former line would be a better reading than *bear*) and after they themselves have struck you secretly when you did not see them, will pretend to lament the blow. But what has *winch* to do with this sense? I doubt not but that the true reading is,

Strike when you wink, *and then lament the blow.*—Seward.

[8] *Wit is like a* REST *held up at tennis.*] This, we think, tends to explain the expression that so often occurs of *setting up a rest*, which commonly includes an allusion to some *game*, and which game here appears to be *tennis.*—Ed. 1778.

The phrase was not confined to any particular game, but used indiscriminately for money staked at any one.

With the best gamesters: What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtile flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life; then when there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past; wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancell'd; and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty; though but downright fools, mere wise.[9]
When I remember this, and see that now
The country gentlemen begin to allow
My wit for dry-bobs, then I needs must cry,
I see my days of ballading grow nigh;
I can already riddle, and can sing
Catches, sell bargains, and I fear shall bring
Myself to speak the hardest words I find,[1]
Over as oft as any, with one wind,

9 *Though but downright fools*, more *wise*.] *More wise* is an anticlimax after *right witty*, but I believe the true reading is *mere wise*, i. e. nothing but mere wisdom itself. It seems an expression perfectly in the style of the context.—*Seward.*

1 —— *To speak the hardest words I find,*
Over as oft as any with one wind,
That takes no medicines.] This relates to the play of repeating hard words (such as, Chichester church stands in Chichester church-yard) several times in a breath, and generally they are such as betray the speaker into indecencies. But are we to understand *That takes no medicines* only for the sake of strengthening the wind? Or a secret fling at the physicians and apothecaries for affecting hard words, and so one effect of their medicines may jocularly be

That takes no medicines: But one thought of thee
Makes me remember all these things to be
The wit of our young men, fellows that shew
No part of good, yet utter all they know;
Who, like trees of the garden, have growing souls.[2]
Only strong Destiny, which all controuls,
I hope hath left a better fate in store
For me thy friend, than to live ever poor,
Banish'd unto this home! Fate once again
Bring me to thee, who canst make smooth and plain
The way of knowledge for me, and then I,
Who have no good but in thy company,
Protest it will my greatest comfort be
To acknowledge all I have to flow from thee.[3]

supposed to enable a man to talk hard words more fluently?—*Seward.*

The first of these interpretations is, we think, the true.—Ed. 1778.

[2] *Who, like trees of the* guard, *have growing souls.*] What, says Mr Sympson, can *trees of the guard* possibly mean? I believe it corrupt for *garden*, which the old poets would without scruple contract into one syllable *gard'n*, and how easily might a transcriber, not knowing what word it was, change it to *guard.*—Seward.

It is probable *garden* is right; but how could our poets, or any poets, or mortals, contract *garden* into one syllable? The editors of 1750 have presented to our eyes many contractions and apostrophes which no tongue can express, or human organs articulate. —Ed. 1778.

[3] *To flow from thee.*] I had observed upon the Woman-Hater, before I knew of these verses of Beaumont's having any relation to that play, how much more it was wrote in Ben Jonson's manner than any other of our author's foregoing plays: The same is true of The Nice Valour, which consists chiefly of *passions personated*, not of characters from real life; and which allows those passions to be carried to the highest pitch of extravagance. Here is a confirmation of Jonson being the writer they imitated. In the greatest part of their works they seem to follow Shakspeare. I find from these verses, (see the Woman-Hater, vol. X. p. 64,) I was mistaken in supposing Fletcher was the sole author of that play,

Ben, when these scenes are perfect, we'll taste wine;
I'll drink thy muse's health, thou shalt quaff mine.

from the first edition having his name only prefixed: It being printed after both their deaths, it was very easy to make the mistake, which was corrected by the second edition. The character of Lapet in this play has so much of that inimitable humour, which was displayed before in the character of Bessus, in the King and No King, that it was probably the work of the same hand, *viz.* Beaumont's, for to him Mr Earle (in the most authentic copy of verses prefixed to these plays, as being writ immediately after the death of Beaumont, and near ten years before that of Fletcher) ascribes Bessus, together with Philaster and the Maid's Tragedy. How wrong therefore is the prevailing opinion, that Beaumont's genius was only turned for tragedy, that he possessed great correctness of judgment, but that the liveliness of imagination, vivacity of wit, and comic humour which so much abound in these plays, were all to be ascribed to Fletcher only? See Berkenhead's poem on this subject prefixed to this edition.—*Seward.*

See the note signed J. N. in Seward's Preface, in the first volume, where this note of Seward's is proved to be entirely erroneous.

Blaiklock inserted, at the end of his edition, the following poems,—The Ex-ale-tation of Ale; The Good Fellow; The Virtue of Sack; Canto in the Praise of Sack; The Answer of Ale to the Challenge of Sack; The Triumph of Tobacco over Sack and Ales; and The Praises of a Country Life. The latter of these poems is no other than Ben Jonson's translation of the second Epode of Horace. The editor had always suspected Beaumont's title to the others, particularly as Ben Jonson's death is mentioned in The Virtue of Sack. He found his suspicions confirmed just as these sheets were going to the press, by obtaining a copy of Beaumont's Poems under a new title, dated 1660, which is given at length on page cxx. of the Introduction, vol. I. That edition is said to be the second, "with the Addition of other Drolleries, by several Wits of these present Times." These bacchantic poems have been accordingly omitted, as they were undoubtedly written long after the death of Beaumont.

AD COMITISSAM RUTLANDIÆ.

This epistle and the elegy next following were published separately. Elizabeth, widow of Roger fifth Earl of Rutland, daughter of Sir Philip Sidney, died in August 1612. These poems were afterwards prefixed to Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters.

MADAM, so may my verses pleasing be,
So may you laugh at them and not at me,
'Tis something to you gladly I would say;
But how to do't I cannot find the way.
I would avoid the common beaten ways
To women used, which are love or praise:
As for the first, the little wit I have
Is not yet grown so near unto the grave,
But that I can, by that dim fading light,
Perceive of what, or unto whom I write.
Let such as in a hopeless, witless rage,
Can sigh a quire, and read it to a page;
Such as do backs of books and windows fill,
With their too furious diamond or quill;
Such as were well resolved to end their days
With a loud laughter blown beyond the seas;
Who are so mortified that they can live
Contemned of all the world, and yet forgive.
Write love to you: I would not willingly
Be pointed at in every company;
As was that little tailor, who till death
Was hot in love with Queen Elizabeth:

And, for the last, in all my idle days
I never yet did living woman praise
In prose or verse: and when I do begin
I'll pick some woman out as full of sin
As you are full of virtue; with a soul
As black as you are white; a face as foul
As you are beautiful: for it shall be
Out of the rules of physiognomy
So far, that I do fear I must displace
The art a little, to let in her face.
It shall at least four faces be below
The devil's; and her parched corpse shall show
In her loose skin as if some sprite she were
Kept in a bag by some great conjurer.
Her breath shall be as horrible and wild
As every word you speak is sweet and mild;
It shall be such a one as will not be
Covered with any art or policy:
But let her take all powders, fumes, and drink,
She shall make nothing but a dearer stink;
She shall have such a foot and such a nose,
She shall not stand in any thing but prose:
If I bestow my praises upon such,
'Tis charity, and I shall merit much.
My praise will come to her like a full bowl,
Bestowed at most need on a thirsty soul;
Where, if I sing your praises in my rhyme,
I lose my ink, my paper, and my time;
And nothing add to your o'erflowing store,
And tell you nought but what you knew before.
Nor do the virtuous-minded (which I swear,
Madam, I think you are) endure to hear
Their own perfections into questions brought,
But stop their ears at them; for if I thought
You took a pride to have your virtues known,
Pardon me, madam, I should think them none.

To what a length is this strange letter grown,
In seeking of a subject, yet finds none!
But your brave thoughts which I so much respect
Above your glorious titles, shall accept
These harsh disordered lines. I shall ere long
Dress up your virtues new, in a new song;
Yet far from all base praise and flattery,
Although I know whate'er my verses be,
They will like the most servile flattery show,
If I write truth, and make the subject you.

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THE VIRTUOUS LADY ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF RUTLAND.

I MAY forget to drink, to eat, to sleep,
Remembering thee; but when I do, to weep
In well-weighed lines, that men shall at thy hearse
Envy the sorrow which brought forth my verse;
May my dull understanding have the might
Only to know her last was yesternight!
Rutland, the fair, is dead! and if to hear
The name of Sidney will more force a tear,
'Tis she that is so dead! and yet there be
Some more alive profess not poetry;
The statesmen and the lawyers of our time
Have business still, yet do it not in rhyme.
Can she be dead, and can there be of those
That are so dull to say their prayers in prose?
It is three days since she did feel Death's hand;
And yet this isle not feel the poet's land?
Hath this no new ones made? and are the old
At such a needful time as this grown cold?
They all say they would fain; but yet they plead
They cannot write, because their muse is dead.
Hear me then speak, which will take no excuse;
Sorrow can make a verse without a muse
Why didst thou die so soon? O, pardon me,
I know it was the longest life to thee,

That e'er with modesty was called a span,
Since the Almighty left to strive with man;
Mankind is sent to sorrow; and thou hast
More of the business which thou cam'st for past,
Than all those aged women, which, yet quick,
Have quite outlived their own arithmetic.
As soon as thou couldst apprehend a grief,
There were enough to meet thee; and the chief
Blessing of women, marriage, was to thee
Nought but a sacrament of misery;
For whom thou hadst, if we may trust to fame,
Could nothing change about thee but thy name:
A name which who (that were again to do't)
Would change without a thousand joys to boot?
In all things else thou rather led'st a life
Like a betrothed virgin than a wife.
But yet I would have called thy fortune kind,
If it had only tried the settled mind
With present crosses: not the loathed thought
Of worse to come, or past, then might have wrought
Thy best remembrance to have cast an eye
Back with delight upon thine infancy.
But thou hadst, ere thou knew'st the use of tears,
Sorrow laid up against thou cam'st to years;
Ere thou wert able who thou wert to tell,
By a sad war thy noble father fell,
In a dull clime, which did not understand
What 'twas to venture him to save a land.
He left two children, who for virtue, wit,
Beauty, were loved of all; thee and his wit:
Two was too few; yet death hath from us took
Thee, a more faultless issue than his book,
Which now the only living thing we have
From him, we'll see, shall never find a grave
As thou hast done. Alas! 'would it might be
That books their sexes had, as well as we,

That we might see this married to the worth,
And many poems like itself bring forth!
But this vain wish divinity controuls;
For neither to the angels, nor to souls,
Nor any thing he meant should ever live,
Did the wise God of nature sexes give.
Then with his everlasting work alone
We must content ourselves, since she is gone;
Gone, like the day thou diedst upon; and we
May call that back again as soon as thee.
Who should have looked to this? Where were you all,
That do yourselves the help of nature call,
Physicians? I acknowledge you were there
To sell such words as one in health would hear:
So died she. Curst be he who shall defend
Your art of hastening nature to its end!
In this you shewed that physic can but be
At best an art to cure your poverty.
Ye're many of you impostors, and do give
To sick men potions that yourselves may live.
He that hath surfeited, and cannot eat,
Must have a medicine to procure you meat;
And that's the deepest ground of all your skill,
Unless it be some knowledge how to kill.
Sorrow and madness make my verses flow
Cross to my understanding; for I know
You can do wonders: Every day I meet
The looser sort of people in the street
From desperate diseases freed; and why
Restore you them, and suffer her to die?
Why should the state allow you colleges,
Pensions for lectures, and anatomies,
If all your potions, vomits, letting blood,
Can only cure the bad, and not the good,
Which only they can do? and I will show
The hidden reason, why you did not know

The way to cure her: You believed her blood
Ran on such courses as you understood;
By lectures you believed her arteries
Grew as they do in your anatomies;
Forgetting that the state allows you none
But only whores and thieves to practise on:
And every passage 'bout them I am sure
You understood, and only them can cure;
Which is the cause that both ——
Are noted for enjoying so long lives.
But noble blood treads in too strange a path
For your ill-got experience, and hath
Another way of cure. If you had seen
Penelope dissected, or the Queen
Of Sheba; then you might have found a way
To have preserved her from that fatal day.
As 'tis, you have but made her sooner blest,
By sending her to Heaven, where let her rest.
I will not hurt the peace which she would have,
By longer looking in her quiet grave.

TO

MY DEAR FRIEND M. BEN JONSON,

UPON HIS FOX. 1605.

These commendatory verses are far above the general tenor of such compositions. The first, written when Beaumont was but nineteen years old, gives a favourable idea of his acquirements at that early age. It is not, however, to be lamented that he contented himself with approving and admiring his severer friend's judgment, and did not cramp his own genius by subjecting himself to an implicit obedience to the same rules.

If it might stand with *justice* to allow
The swift conversion of all follies; now,
Such is my *mercy*, that I could admit
All sorts should equally approve the wit
Of this thy even work, whose growing fame
Shall raise thee high, and thou it, with thy name.
And did not manners and my love command
Me to forbear to make those understand,
Whom thou, perhaps, hast in thy wiser doom
Long since firmly resolved, shall never come
To know more than they do; I would have shewn
To all the world, the art, which thou alone
Hast taught our tongue, the rules of time, of place,
And other rites, delivered, with the grace

Of comic style, which only, is far more
Than any English stage hath known before.
But, since our subtle gallants think it good
To like of nought, that may be understood,
Lest they should be disproved; or have, at best,
Stomachs so raw, that nothing can digest
But what's obscene, or barks: let us desire
They may continue, simply to admire
Fine clothes, and strange words; and may live, in age,
To see themselves ill brought upon the stage,
And like it: whilst thy bold and knowing muse
Contemns all praise, but such as thou wouldst choose.

FRANC. BEAUMONT.

UPON

THE SILENT WOMAN. 1609.

HEAR, you bad writers, and though you not see,
I will inform you where you happy be:
Provide the most malicious thoughts you can,
And bend them all against some private man,
To bring him, not his vices on the stage;
Your envy shall be clad in some poor rage,
And your expressing of him shall be such,
That he himself shall think he hath no touch.
Where he that strongly writes, although he mean
To scourge but vices in a laboured scene,

Yet private faults shall be so well express'd
As men do get 'em, that each private breast,
That finds these errors in itself, shall say,
"He meant me, not my vices, in the play."

FRANC. BEAUMONT.

TO

MY FRIEND M. BEN JONSON,

UPON HIS CATILINE. 1611.

If thou hadst itch'd after the wild applause
Of common people, and hadst made thy laws
In writing such as catch'd at present voice,
I should commend the thing, but not thy choice.
But thou hast squared thy rules by what is good,
And art three ages yet from understood:
And (I dare say) in it there lies much wit
Lost, till the reader can grow up to it;
Which they can ne'er outgrow, to find it ill,
But must fall back again, or like it still.

FRANC. BEAUMONT.

ADDENDA, &c.

Vol. I. p. lxi.] The following passages in one of Shadwell's comedies convey some information respecting Fletcher's private life, which, there is every reason to suppose, was derived from traditional anecdote, or perhaps, from the communication of some antiquated wit who survived the Restoration long enough to have served as the prototype of Oldwit, the character, who, in the following speeches, boasts acquaintance with the principal poets of King Charles I.'s reign:

"I myself, simple as I stand here, was a wit in the last age: I was created Ben Jonson's son, in the Apollo. I knew Fletcher, my friend Fletcher, and his maid Joan: Well, I shall never forget him; I have supped with him at his house on the Bankside: He loved a fat loin of pork of all things in the world; and Joan, his maid, had her beer glass of sack; and we all kissed her, i'faith, and were as merry as passed.

"*Wildish.* This was enough to make any man a wit.

"*Oldwit.* Puh! This was nothing. I was a critic at Blackfriars, but at Cambridge, none so great as I, with Jack Cleaveland: but Tom Randal and I were hand and glove: Tom was a brave fellow; the most natural poet!"—*Bury Fair, Lond.* 1689. 4to, p. 6.

And again in the second act:

"*Lady Fantast.* If ever you had wit, it is obliterated, antiquated, and buried in the grave of oblivion.

"*Oldwit.* No wit! Ounds, now you provoke me. Shall I, who was Jack Fletcher's friend, Ben Jonson's son, and afterward an intimate crony of Jack Cleaveland and Tom Randal, have kept com-

pany with wits, and been accounted a wit these fifty years, live to be deposed by you?

" *Lady Fantast.* Ha, ha, ha!

" *Oldwit.* Ha, ha, ha? I that was a judge at Blackfriars, writ before Fletcher's works and Cartwright's, taught even Taylor and the best of them to speak! I cannot go to London yet, but the wits get me amongst them, and the players will get me to rehearsal to teach them, even the best of them."—*Ibid*, p. 16.

If it is allowed that Shadwell had the authority of traditionary information, at least, which is not at all unlikely to have reached his time, the first of these extracts seems to corroborate the supposition, that Fletcher lived and died a bachelor. See vol. I. p. lix.

Vol. II. p. 117. *Runts.*] I believe this explanation is wrong; and that *runts*, in this place, signifies small horned cattle, a meaning which the word still bears in Scotland and the northern counties of England.

Ib. p. 275. The principal actors in The Custom of the Country, as enumerated in the second folio, were,

Joseph Taylor.	Robert Benfeild.
John Lowin.	William Eglestone.
Nicholas Toolie.	Richard Sharpe.
John Underwood.	Thomas Holcombe.

Vol. III. p. 168. *Sounder.*] This is not a term for one wild boar, but twelve together: "Twelve," says Dame Juliana Berners, "make a *sounder* of the wild swyne." Hubert, in the text, seems to say, that he could *single* out from the herd the wild boar which was the proper object of the chase, and then strike him down.

Ib. p. 191. *Clapper.*] Churchyard furnishes Jane Shore in her misfortunes with one of these attributes of beggary:

" When I was wont the golden chaynes to weare,
A payre of beades about my necke was wound,
A lynnen cloth was lapt about my heare,
A ragged gowne that trayled on the ground,
A *dish that clapt*, and gave a heavy sound,
A staying staffe, and wallet there withal,
I beare about as witnesse of my fal."

Vol V. p. 144. The extravagancies of fashion in the sixteenth century are ridiculed in the following satirical verses, entitled ' Whence certaine Thinges came first:"

" Whens come great breeches? from little wittam.
Whens come great ruffes? from small brain forth they cam.
Whens come these round verdingales? from square thrift.
Whens come these deepe copped hattes? from shallow shift.

Whens come broudered gardes? from the towne of euell.
Whens come vncombe staryng heades? from the deuill.
Whens come these vntrimed scarfes? from folly, John.
Whens come these glitteryne spanges? from much wanton.
Whens come perfumde gloves? from curiositee.
Whens come fine trapt moyles? from superfluitee.
Whens come corne crooked toes? from short shapen shoone.
Whens come wylde hie lookers? from midsomer moone.
Whens come fayre painted faces? from painters tooles.
Whens come all these? from the vicar of saint fooles."

Vol. VII. p. 62. *Clary.*] The use for which this herb was applied may be learnt from the following passage in Brome's Sparagus Garden:

"All your best (especially your modern) herbalists conclude, that your asparagus is the only sweet stirrer that the earth sends forth; beyond your wild carrots, corn-flag, or gladiall. Your roots of standergrass, or of satyrion, boiled in goat's milk, are held good; your *clary*, or horminum, in divers ways good, and dill (especially boiled in oil) is also good: but none of these, nor saffron, boiled in wine, your nuts of artichokes, rocket, or seeds of ash-tree, (which we call the kite keys,) nor thousand such, though all are good, may stand up for perfection with asparagus."

Ib. p. 103. *Hollock.*] This is no corruption of the old text, but the name of a wine, enumerated with others then in repute in Taylor's Praise of Hempseed:

"And, brave wine-merchants, little were your gain
By Mallegoes, Canaries' Sacke from Spaine,
Sweet Allegant and the concocted cute;
Hollock and Tent would be of small repute;
Your Bastards their owne fathers would forget
Nor they our gossips lips no more would wet.
The wind no Muscadine could hither bandy,
Or sprightful Malmesey out of fruitful Candy.
Liatica, or Corsica, could not
From their owne bearing breeding bounds begot,
Peter-se-mea[1] or headstrong Charnico,
Sherry, nor Rob-o-Davy, here could flow;
The French Frontiniacke, Claret red nor white,
Graves, nor High-Country, would our hearts delight.
No Gaskoygne, Orleans, or the crystal Sheriant,
Nor Rhenish from the Rhine would be apparent:
Thus Hempseed with these wines our land doth spread,
Which if we want, wine-merchants trade were dead."

Peter-se-mea, mentioned in the eleventh line, is probably the liquor mentioned by the name of *Peter*, p. 105 of the same play, which therefore was probably a kind of wine.

GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

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